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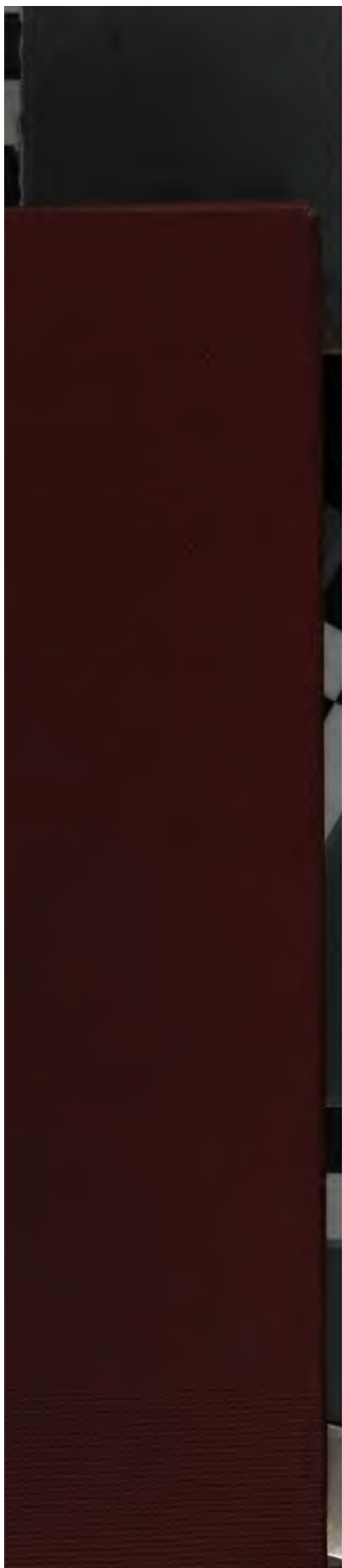
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02



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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,
FOR
1852.

Embellished with Elegant Engravings,

AND

A HIGHLY-FINISHED PRESENTATION PLATE.

CONTRIBUTED CHIEFLY

BY MEMBERS OF THE ORDER,

THEIR WIVES AND SISTERS.

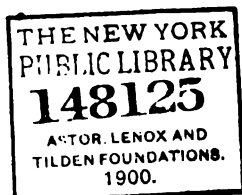


NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD WALKER,
114 FULTON-STREET.

M DCCC LII.

1852

FOR THE
ODD-FELLOWS
OF THE
UNITED STATES



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,
By EDWARD WALKER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

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EDWARD WALKER
1851
YR 1851

DEDICATION.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

WE have adorned thee with rare gifts and graces,
O, "Offering" fair! and now we send thee forth,
A gladsome traveller through all pleasant places,
Bearing bright blessings with thee o'er the earth.
We have bedeck'd thee with the choicest flowers
Of Wit and Wisdom, Song and Poesie—
And much we hope, with labor *such* as ours,
The good and guileless will delighted be.

We send thee forth, like a Redeeming Angel,
On a wise mission, harmless as the Dove;
Afar and wide, spread our dear Lord's Evangel,
In the soft words of Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Not meant for falsehood, jeerings rude, and riot,
Art thou, fair Book! but beautiful and pure,
Go find sweet rest, in homes of blissful quiet,
And loving hearts will make thy welcome sure!

And thou wilt tell them of the wondrous merits
Of that High Order,—which hath sent thee forth,
In the blest name of its three guardian spirits,
To bear glad tidings of great joy on earth!
And fair befall thee! go—caress'd—caressing—
All generous spirits, thou wilt win the best—
Still leave behind an everlasting blessing
Where'er thou goest—a true Angel-guest!

New York, 1852.

THE following literary relic of the lamented FRANCES S. OSGOOD will be perused with melancholy satisfaction, as a *last memorial* of that gifted poetess, whose esteemed contributions to the "OFFERING," in times past, are still cherished in the hearts of her many admirers.

The Artist in the Burning Ship :*

A Posthumous Poem.

BY THE LATE MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

On the dread scene he gazed unappalled,
With a strange and exulting delight,
While the flames roared above in the gray, misty shrouds,
And the brave vessel reeled 'neath their might;
For his high Artist-soul, amid all—
The terror, the madness, the woe—
Forgot, in that wonderful glory and gloom,
The ruin the morrow would show.
They blazed on the black midnight heaven,
They lit up the white stormy spray
From mast to mast wreathing like serpents of fire
Till the great ship a burning wreck lay.
And the boy lost his all in that wreck,
Yet he gave not a thought to his gold;
For he saved in his spirit that pageant of light,
And it lives there—a treasure untold.

* Mr. Osgood was a passenger in the packet ship *Boston*, which was struck by lightning in the year 1829.

THE PUBLISHER'S SALUTATION.

ON presenting the tenth volume of our "OFFERING" to the Brotherhood of our esteemed Order, we confidently cherish the hope that, as a literary production, it will at least be found not inferior to any of its predecessors, but even more worthy, as a work of art, of the liberal patronage which the previous volumes have already enjoyed.

Under the symbol of a Temple consecrated to the worship of the beautiful and the true, we present this volume to our patrons and friends. At its porch may be seen presiding the genius of "PEACE,"—the goddess whose prerogative it is to bless and exalt mankind, to foster the arts of life, and to shield by her genial influences the hearts and homes of virtue. Passing through the vestibule of our beautiful edifice, we are greeted by another bright-winged being—"LOVE"—who, decked with the dazzling insignia of "our Order's Star," shares, with sweet "PEACE," the guardianship of this consecrated fane,—excluding all who would seek to disturb the harmony and concord which ever reign within. The several compartments are studded with the various choice relics culled from the exhaustless resources of nature, art, and mind. Here may be seen the memorabilia of the past, the tempest-tossed Pilgrims sadly

grouped on the desolate Rock of Plymouth ;—here, also, the cherished mementoes of blighted affection ; and here, again, the glowing pictures of rustic simplicity and the gentle charities of domestic life. Again, we have presented “phases of beauty”—dazzling, but delusive—now contrasted by the solemn mockery of the grave of a “Lost Loved-One.” Yonder is a vision of the ancient Jewish sires lamenting over the desolations of the Holy City ; and here, again, we catch glimpses of our own wild children of the forest, listening with amazement to the mysteries of astronomical science. Yet further on, we descry the terrific horrors of War ; and, as if to silence its hoarse thunders, comes up the “still small voice” of “A Mother’s Call”—the melodious accents of maternal love.

This rich garniture of painting is sweetly intersected by fairest flowers of poesy, whose honeyed fragrance fills the Temple with the odor of a most delicious incense. Here, too, are all manner of dainty and delectable fruits to fascinate the fancy and regale the taste :—the choicest treasures of Pomona and Flora are here spread out in all their affluent variety and beauty. With so much to attract and charm the sense, who would not enter and participate of the bounties so lavishly displayed ? Pictures for the eye, and poetry for the heart, a moral for the musing, and a soothing solace for the sorrowing, may here be found clustered within the sacred inclosure. Moreover, this Temple, dedicated to the triple graces—“FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH”—is freely accessible to all who are enrolled under the patronage of that glorious trio, for they alone have right to worship at this shrine.

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

PEACE.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

"I had a dream—yet 'twas not all a dream."—BYRON.

I SAT by a deep-curtained window at the close of a day in winter. The parting rays of the evening sun, pale as the moonbeams, came dancing over the crisp snow on the hills, the valley, and the frozen streamlets, and lighted up the beautiful tracings of that sweet art-epic, Landseer's picture of PEACE, which hung upon the wall. The light touches of the artist upon the pictured Devonshire coast sparkled in the sunbeams with all the vividness of nature, and the twilight seemed to gather perceptibly upon the distant ocean, and admonishingly counsel the happy group in the foreground to gather up their baskets, unsaddle their kids, and hasten to the cottage on the moor, before night should come upon them. Oh! how charming—how suggestive of the purest aspirations for the advent of that day,

"When *right*, not *might*, shall be the creed,
In the good time coming,"

was the dear lamb nipping the tender grass and budding flowers at the mouth of the destructive mortar!

It appeared like the spirit of Christianity, preaching with all the boldness, eloquence, and divinity of the Prince of Peace, in the very ears of the demon of discord ; or planting the seeds of its precious plants within the black portals of the horrid den of War ! An aura, brilliant as the sun, seemed to surround that little weanling ; and the eye of Faith, looking out from the hopeful heart, perceived in it the lovely symbol of "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

I gazed and mused until the end of the vesper hour, when the daylight had departed, and the sky was jewelled with stars. As the picture faded from the external eye, the interior light beamed forth, and a vision of inexpressible interest was opened. I seemed to sit upon "the circle of the heavens"—upon a rainbow, the covenant sign of peace and reconciliation between man and his Maker. Beneath me rolled the ponderous earth, glowing with the beauty of its primeval creation, before lordly man became its tenant—before dissonance marred the harmony of its creatures.

Ages swept by, like the short hours of the morning, and the murmur of on-coming generations of humanity came up to the ear, like the mysterious whisperings of the evening wind. I listened and wondered ; and while I listened and wondered, a seraph and a cherub stood beside me as interpreters of the opening vision.

A million times the earth traversed its vast ecliptic, and animal organism within its stately forests and deep blue waters advanced towards perfection and higher development. The culminating point of mere Instinct appeared, and Reason came down from heaven to establish her dominion upon the earth. "God created

man in his own image, in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them." In the temple of man's intellect Reason set up its throne, and all creation chanted a coronation hymn. "The morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

The new creature was inaugurated lord and governor of the demesne around him. Divine Love wrapped him about as with a mantle. Omnipotent Strength and Omniscient Wisdom delegated to him their glorious attributes. The purest angel from the inner pavilion of the Deity came down to companion with him and teach him the way to highest enjoyment. Her garments were like the snow in purity ; her words were sweet music ; her face beamed with the benignity of the Father. Her name in heaven was HARMONY ; her name upon earth was PEACE. Oh, how lovingly did she walk among the children of men ! and how I yearned to stoop from my lofty observatory and listen to her sweet teachings ! Her spirit pervaded the whole earth, and all creatures bowed reverently before her sceptre of love. The lamb nestled with the wolf ; the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion, lay down together, and a little child led them with a silken string. From the whole round earth a perpetual hymn of harmony went up, and mingled with the symphonies of heaven.

While gazing with rapture upon the paradise below me, a speck, like a little bird, appeared in the distant heavens. As it approached the earth, it expanded into a fearful monster, riding upon dark clouds, as in a chariot, and followed by a retinue of hideous shapes.

It alighted upon the highest pinnacle of earth, and gathering there its fearful followers, like the congregation of dark vapor before a tempest, it erected a mighty altar, huge and forbidding in aspect, and upon it lighted a lurid fire. With a great trumpet, it spoke to the happy inhabitants of earth, and cried, "Come up! come up hither, and worship; for might, dominion, personal aggrandizement, are mine to give!" A shudder ran through the nations, and all eyes were at first averted. By degrees, those trumpet notes became more musical, and the features of the monster, covered with a mask beautiful as the face of a holy angel, no longer repelled the gazers and listeners.

"Come up! come up hither!" was repeated a thousand times, and each time with a more winning cadence, until all creatures were charmed, and turned their faces approvingly towards the tempter. Loving arms were unlocked, and loving companions no longer joyed in each other's presence. The fangs of the serpent, the sting of the scorpion, the talons of the eagle, the beak of the vulture, the teeth of the lion, and the claws of the tiger, began to grow, and ferocity usurped the place of gentleness. Men stood apart, for the heat of selfishness weakened the cohesion of their natures, and separated the hitherto attractive particles of society. Man lifted his arm against his brother man, and slew him! Earth trembled; heaven sorrowed; and PEACE, weeping as if her full heart would burst, spread her white wings, and soared to her native skies, for DISCORD, her mighty enemy, had seduced her followers, and usurped her throne in the hearts of men.

Sorrow, like the plague-darkness of Egypt, began to

brood in my heart. Then the seraph spoke and said : "Sorrow not because DISCORD hath captivated the earth and dissevered the ligaments of Love which bound man to his brother. He must suffer a season of woe, that he may better appreciate the succeeding season of joy. Those of earth who shall sit nearest the Father at the great feast of jubilee will be 'they who come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'* PEACE hath abdicated the earth, and gone up to heaven, but DISCORD shall not reign forever. Already a decree hath gone forth from the councils of the Most High, that the Son of the Father shall overturn the great throne of the Destroyer, pull down the altars of his priesthood, quench his unholy fires, and restore the sceptre to Harmony and PEACE. Sorrow not, for thy race shall yet sing, in the fulness of joy, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth *peace* ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!'+ When she cometh again, the idolatrous worshippers of DISCORD shall forswear their allegiance, and rejoice with the few who 'never bowed the knee to Baal,' but ever stood gazing hopefully up to heaven, whither they saw PEACE ascend, and with them loyally shall shout, 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations ; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.'‡ Already the heralds are preparing to proclaim to earth, 'Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not com-

* Rev. vii. 14.

† Is. lli. 7.

‡ Is. lrv. 2.

forted! behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the *peace* of thy children.* He will proclaim to the people of earth, 'Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with *peace*; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.'† 'The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy.'‡

I was comforted by THE PROMISES.

Sad, sad indeed was now the aspect of the vision. Men built cities, and selfishly walled them in; they reared strong houses, covered them with towers for defence, and barred their doors against their brothers. They made weapons wherewith to slay each other. They forged chains to enslave; the mighty cast down the weak, and the feeble were made bond-servants to the strong. VIOLENCE, the great captain of DISCORD, sounded his trumpet for recruits, and thousands upon thousands flocked to his black standard. He marched over the earth with all the majesty of a conqueror; he made beautiful places desolate, for his armor-bearer was CRUELTY. Broad valleys, where waving corn laughed in the golden sunlight, and green groves, where

* Is. liv. 13.

† Is. lv. 12, 13.

‡ Is. xl. 8, 9.

the singing-birds warbled hymns of adoration to the Great Giver of Life, were swept by his besom, and made as barren and accursed as if a river of lava from the deep furnaces of the earth had flowed over them. He set up an image of brass and iron, whose serpent-locks were red with the blood of men; and he made his followers, whose voices were hoarse with curses, sing a *Te deum laudamus* to War, and shout "*Glory!*" with all their might.

He bade the artisan to make spears and swords instead of ploughshares and pruning-hooks; he bade the ploughman leave his furrow, and wield the spear and sword in the ranks of slaughter. Tares grew up in the wheat-fields, and golden harvests, for the want of reapers, perished by the early frosts and keen winds of autumn. The sun appeared "to go down at noon," and the earth "was darkened in the clear day."* FAMINE, the mighty grave-digger of VIOLENCE, came down from the presence of DISCORD with a legion, and they sat in sullen silence at the doors of the once happy and full, ready to carry them forth and mercifully lay them in the affectionate bosom of mother earth. Blessed CHARITY, the sweet almoner of PEACE—the last ministering angel to leave the earth, while FATH and HOPE would bear her company—was not allowed to enter with her basket and radiant smiles. She, too, seeing no abiding-place, spread her white wings, and, with her companions, was about to soar away to the land of LOVE. A swift messenger, of solemn but benign aspect, sent from the FATHER, hastened towards the darken-

* Amos viii. 9.

ing earth. She met the departing seraphs, pointed to a green oasis in the midst of the desert of desolation, and thitherward they bent their way. The messenger was DIVINE PITY : the oasis was the gathering-place of the few holy worshippers of PEACE—the devotees of Faith, Hope, and Charity—yet remaining upon the earth. In the midst of the universal wretchedness, they stood unmoved, for their souls were perpetually open to the influx of glorious promises flowing down from the throne of Jehovah.

Great was the joy of that company when the voice of DIVINE PITY proclaimed to them, "Awake! awake! your redemption is nigh!" "For unto you a child is born, unto you a Son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of PEACE. Of the increase of his government and *peace* there shall be no end."* "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."† "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate."‡ The time is near when the people shall know Wisdom and love Truth; when righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The laws of being shall be unbroken, and the "healing of the nations" shall be accomplished. "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child

* Is. ix. 6, 7

† Is. ii. 4.

‡ Is. lxii. 4.

shall die a hundred years old.”* “I will extend *peace* like a river.”† “The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like a bullock; and dust shall be the serpent’s meat.”‡ Turn ye now, blessed remnant of the faithful, “Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth *peace*!”§

Centuries rolled by with the rapidity of moments. Hopeful men, leaning upon the staff of Faith, waited joyfully for the advent of THE CHILD. Violence held high festival upon the earth, and men, tigers, and vultures contended for the palm awarded to cruelty. Men were the winners. Tigers and vultures preyed upon other beasts; men smote and destroyed each other. PITY wept; HOPE desponded; LOVE grew cold.

Surfeited with abundance, VIOLENCE sought repose. Her votaries ceased their horrid orgies, and the earth became tranquil. The dark vapors rolled away from its scarred bosom, and its pristine beauty began to return. From the golden gate of the empyrean,

“A multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number,”

winged their way towards earth, chanting the birth-day anthem of the Prince of Life, and bearing good tidings to humanity. They sang, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.”

THE CHILD was born, and

“At his birth a star,
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,

* Is. lxx. 20.

† Is. lxii. 12.

‡ Is. lxx. 25.

§ Nahum i. 15.

and Truth met together, Righteousness and Peace kissed each other."* LOVE brought all hearts into communion. PEACE left the Presence, came down to earth, and established her throne in its midst. A cordon of guardian angels hovered around the orb, ever watchful for the approach of evil, mighty in strength to beat back assailants. One law bound all nations, kindreds, and tongues; and that law was LOVE.

I felt ineffable delight as the vision thus brightened and glowed with all the splendor of its paradisaal aspect, ere DISCORD came to seduce humanity; and I felt drawn towards earth by the cords of sympathy. The Seraph leaned forward to give me a parting salutation—my little daughter kissed me a sweet "Good-night," and I sat by that curtained window, with Landseer's picture before me, but in the deep shadow of a statue dimly lighted by a distant taper. The vision was ended, but a conviction of its prophetic truthfulness filled my heart. Doubt queried, "Will these glorious promises be fulfilled?" Faith and Hope responded affirmatively, and my thoughts went out into the world of reality around me, to view passing events and seek confirmatory lessons. These everywhere abound. The nations are leavened with the spirit of Christianity, preaching Peace, Truth, and Harmony. The glorious idea of BROTHERHOOD—that blossom which holds the ripe fruit of the millennium—is everywhere receiving tangibility as one of the divinest forms of Truth. The sunlight of intellectual freedom has warmed that idea

* Psalm lxxxv. 10.

into an active strength, by which it has burst the cerements of the chrysalis, and it is now a glorious winged creature, speeding its way upon the breath of heaven, with its sister-spirit of Progress, upon a sacred mission of social regeneration. It is a gospel of divine charity, which speaks encouragingly to the intelligent watcher, and touches with power his panting heart that longs for a brighter day upon the earth. It pours condemnation upon the social Pharisee, and teaches the unbelieving Sadducee that there *is* to be a resurrection of the divinity of man—his fraternal aspirations—how much soever he may scoff and ridicule. It says to the turbulent waves of the sea of Passion, wherein dwell the saurian monsters of Envy, Injustice, and Fraud, "Peace, be still!" It pours a blessed light upon the retina of the bigot blind, and creates there visions of rarest beauty, where love is the central attraction. It makes the man, palsied by the paralysis of Intolerance, leap for joy; and it casts out of the heart of man the evil spirits of Hatred and Wrong, Violence and Duplicity, Lust and Cruelty, which have so long polluted the arena of the affections by their gladiatorial conflicts.

Who can look, even superficially, upon passing events, and not perceive this glorious sentiment practically developing upon every side, and daily gaining new accessions of strength? Christians of every creed are breaking down the partition-walls of separation, and bow in brotherly communion before one acknowledged Mercy-seat. The lines of *social* demarcation between nations are being effaced one by one, and even the walls of *political* antagonisms are rapidly dis-

appearing *in fact*, although still high and seeming strong in *name*.

While I write, the portals of the "Crystal Palace," in the heart of London—the initial temple dedicated to Universal Brotherhood—are wide open to receive the holy and acceptable offerings of the nations, prepared for the altar by Science and Labor, the high-priests of the new dispensation. Dimly did the prince who suggested, and the monarch who sanctioned that great movement, perceive the glorious results of the gathering of the nations there. Who are they that come from remote continents, and from the far-off isles of the sea, to present their gifts? They are the *enlightened* of all nations, whose minds are capacious enough to receive, and hearts tolerant enough to cherish, the mighty truth which that gathering will demonstrate—namely, that men of all colors and creeds are brethren, and that their highest happiness and dearest interests consist in the practical recognition of that sentiment. Every man, woman, and child of the millions who shall visit that vast temple of CONCORD, will return to their homes imbued with the spirit of its worship, and become preachers of the new revelation. Like Peter the Hermit, they will have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, the things whereof they will speak, and their common voice will be, "Arise, shine, for your light is come!" "Bury the sword; consume the throne, the crown, and the tiara; trample the sceptre and chain in the dust; raise high the holy standard of EQUALITY, and proclaim with one heart and one voice, the coronation of PEACE!"

NEW YORK, MAY, 1851.

THE ORDER'S STARS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity—stars of our Order,
That to the poor and sorrowing send their gleam!
Beneath their light upon life's blighted border,
Once more spring flowers, however shrunk the stream.
Faith to the doubters of our common nature;
Hope to the baffled, stricken to the heart;
And Charity for our poor fellow-creature;—
What joy, what joy these blessed stars impart!

How many, stretched upon the couch of illness,
Have these pure, glorious starbeams happy made!
How many, in despair's deep desperate stillness,
Have to their radiance seen roll off the shade!
Stars of our Order! radiant is your glory;
One in your radiance, in your blessings one:
Long have you cast your light on man's sad story;—
Will it not last till Time itself be done?

Beneath the shadow of Rome's eagle pinions,
The Order stood in blight-defying green;
As the sun-soarer, poised o'er earth's dominions,
Coequal with her flight the dove was seen.
Yea, with the tramp of those stern iron legions,
The Order marched, to temper War's alarms;
Its blossoms glowed amidst strife's blighted regions—
Sorrow and fear took refuge in its arms.

Still in Time's track—Time, Saturn stern of ages!
Fierce foe of empires!—mower of our race!
Through all the changes of earth's rolling stages,
Our Order's Stars in braided light we trace!
Stars of the desert! stars of life's wild waters!
How many brethren hail your blessed ray!
War changes day to night with his dark slaughters—
Your light is peace, and changes night to day!

NAPOLEON'S FIRST LOVE.

BY JAMES NACK.

THE "Representatives of the People" had exercised their authority in Toulon so oppressively, that at last the indignant populace arose against them, and imprisoned two of them; a fate which their coadjutors only escaped by flight. But afterwards, alarmed by what they had done, and conscious that they had provoked the vengeance of the Convention, which it would be hopeless to contend with unassisted, the citizens adopted the desperate resource of treason to their country, and called in the aid of the English and Spaniards, to whom they gave up possession of the city, the fortifications, the ports, and the shipping.

The footing thus given to the enemy seemed to open the road to an invasion of France, and made it an object of the greatest importance to the French government to recover the possession of Toulon. General Cartaux was sent with a rather inadequate force to besiege the city; but no decisive progress was made till the arrival of a young officer, designated as the Second Commandant of Artillery, who immediately assumed the duties of First Commandant, that officer being disabled by sickness. On his arrival at head-quarters, he found the army completely destitute of every thing indispensable for a siege of such magnitude; but his fertile and active genius appeared to create resources as if

by magic. One of the first measures he advised was to establish batteries commanding the ports, in view of dislodging the hostile fleet.

One day, while he was busily engaged in dictating instructions, an officer came in, and, after apologizing for the interruption, said there was a young girl without who insisted on seeing the Commandant; and believing, from her importunity, that it was possible she brought information of importance, he had felt it his duty at least to announce her request.

“Admit her for a moment.”

The officer soon returned, introducing a girl apparently about sixteen years of age. She was plainly though neatly apparelled, but her person had little need of foreign ornament. Her figure was slight, but exquisitely moulded; there was an unconscious grace in all her movements; the clustering raven curls, the soft brilliance of her dark eyes, the delicacy of her complexion, and the expressive beauty of her youthful countenance, made her appear like a heavenly apparition among the grim soldiery that surrounded her. The Commandant, after one rapid glance, motioned her to a seat, and said abruptly, though not rudely, “Speak, but be brief.”

It was not, however, to convey information that she had come, but to present a petition. One of the engineers had told her mother that, in course of constructing a contemplated fortification, it would be necessary to demolish the house she occupied; and as this would have occasioned them much distress, she had acted on the advice some one had given her to appeal to the Commandant.

"I will not flatter you, my child. If it is necessary to the public service, your house cannot be spared ; no, not if it were the house of my own mother. France before all things ! But I will see. Look at this map : can you point out the location of your house ?"

The girl gave a troubled look at the mysterious document, with its wilderness of winding lines and its minute inscriptions ; and then, with a look of increased awe at the master of such recondite lore, confessed she had never seen a map before, if that was a map. At this display of ignorance the Commandant for a moment returned her look of wonder, but dismissing it with a smile, he turned to the officer and said, "Escort her safely to her home, and bring me word to-morrow where it is located. In the mean time, give orders that the house is not to be disturbed for the present."

The ensuing day the Commandant passed in that direction, and having satisfied himself that the house did not interfere materially with the proposed fortifications, he called at the door to reassure the inmates himself. The lady of the house invited him to enter and accept some refreshment. She began to thank him for his generosity. "There was no generosity in the case," he replied : "had it been necessary to my purposes, I fear you would have found me very hard-hearted." He then gracefully turned the conversation to other subjects, and was pleased to find her an intelligent and well-informed woman. She had evidently belonged to a higher sphere than she now occupied ; the furniture and the whole appearance of the house indicated a degree of poverty little above destitution ; yet the manners and conversation of Madame Vaucy were

such as could only have been acquired in refined society. He learned that she had lost her husband when Juliet was yet an infant, and from the straitened circumstances in which she had been left, she had not been able to do justice to the education of her daughter.

Juliet remained silent, but from time to time stole timid glances at the young officer. There was little in his personal appearance calculated to attract the notice of youthful beauty. His countenance, which in later years acquired a beauty almost superhuman, was at that time emaciated and careworn. The massive grandeur of his forehead was hidden by the long dishevelled hair that fell over it; his dress, which at no period of his life was remarkable for display, was now soiled and torn with constant toil and exposure. Still, these disadvantages might have been forgotten by a partial spectator when his eyes flashed with animation, or his face brightened up with that smile, which was one day to be an irresistible fascination for which millions were ready to die.

On his rising to take leave, Madame Vaunoy politely invited him to repeat his visit. Pleased with her conversation, and perhaps not insensible to the beauty of Juliet, he returned more than once. Sometimes he found Juliet alone, and seating himself at her side, he encouraged her to converse with him, applying himself to that most difficult task of genius, to talk down to the level of an inferior mind, without making the effort apparent or the condescension felt. But at times he would forget himself, and, carried away by the ardor of his thoughts, would give utterance to his lofty aspirations and magnificent conceptions; to which, without comprehending, Juliet would listen with rapt awe, as to the

revelation of some inspired prophet; till, suddenly meeting her wondering gaze, he would recollect himself, and gracefully descend to some theme more congenial to his lovely companion.

Though his superiority was never intentionally obtruded, Juliet could not remain insensible to it; and at times she asked her heart how it was that a man of such extensive attainments, and so lofty a genius, could condescend to notice a poor illiterate girl; and that heart replied, "Because he knows I am entirely his own."

And with every day that heart drew nearer and nearer to him. And how was it with his own? He could hardly have told. At first he had merely yielded to the impression of that refined sense of the beautiful, whether in nature or art, which is an inseparable characteristic of genius; and nothing in art or nature had he ever yet looked upon that could compare with Juliet, in the first bloom of her maidenly beauty. But when he noticed how eagerly she watched for his coming,—with what animated delight she hastened, at the first glance, to meet him at the threshold,—with what rapture she bade him welcome,—how she hung on his words and watched his every look, a new feeling awoke within his bosom, a sense of the most exquisite happiness, and a sentiment of grateful affection to the source of that felicity. Other circumstances concurred to draw them into more endearing intimacy. It was a part of his nature never to see any imperfection which he could repair, without an impulse to apply the remedy. Observing the deficiencies of her education, he undertook to direct her studies; and the result was a rapid prog-

ress, perhaps not in her learning, but certainly in their reciprocal affection. For, as it has no less truly than eloquently been observed by Goethe, "A young couple formed by nature to love each other, never feel a more powerful mutual attraction than when the one is anxious to instruct and the other eager to learn. From this reciprocal inclination arises the most intimate and amiable intercourse. The fair pupil cherishes in her lover the creator of her intellectual existence; the lover delights to contemplate his own work in the improvement of his beloved, who hence becomes dearer to him than ever. This intercourse of docility and instruction is so delightful, that connections of this kind have given rise to passions the most ardent, to happiness the most exquisite!"

Alas! if it could but last!

One day, when he called at the usual hour, he found Madame Vaunoy alone. "M. Bonaparte," said the lady, after the usual compliments, "I have purposely sent Juliet to visit a neighbor, in the view of having some particular conversation with you."

"Madame, I shall feel honored by any confidence you may repose in me."

"I fear you will be pained, but it is necessary to prevent greater pain to all parties. You love my daughter: nay, do not interrupt me. You love Juliet, and it cannot be concealed that she loves you."

"Madame, I well believe it; and God is my witness how fondly and entirely I love her."

"But where is all this to end? M. Bonaparte, I know you and your lofty and generous nature. I will not do you or myself the wrong to suppose that one un-

worthy thought has ever sullied the grandeur of your soul. No: it is not you that would ever think of wronging a confiding girl, or taking advantage of her trustful innocence. Your affection, I well believe, is as pure and generous as it is ardent and impassioned. But of what avail is all this? You know that Juliet can never be your wife."

"And why not, since you are convinced of our mutual affection?"

"Her youth, our poverty—"

"The first objection will remove of itself with every day; and, as to poverty, it would be about an equal match. I have no fortune but my sword."

"And a brilliant fortune it may yet prove: but the very contrast of what you are and of what you may well hope to become, should deter you from embarrassing your progress at the very outset. How can you expect to climb the heights you have in view, with a simple girl clinging helplessly round your neck? Believe me, Bonaparte, I know you—better than as yet, perhaps, you know yourself. I made some inquiries, and I learned that you arrived at head-quarters in a subordinate capacity; that in the midst of veteran generals, and in the presence of the representatives of the Convention, whose very names are the terror of France, you have quietly obtained an ascendancy over them all, and are suffered to act as the master-spirit of the siege. When you have been conversing with Juliet, I have sometimes listened to the lofty aspirations that escaped you, and I recognized a mind destined to the accomplishment of mighty achievements. And is Juliet the fit partner for such lofty enterprise? She,

uninformed, timid, and yielding—she can love you, indeed, passionately, devotedly,—but helplessly! It is not to her you could look for a friend or adviser in your path of peril and difficulty. You would require in a wife an intellect that can comprehend yours—an energy that would sustain your own. Can you look for this to Juliet?”

“Madame, you are unjust to your child.”

“No. I appeal to your own convictions; and let me also appeal to your justice.”

“What would you require of me?”

“Nothing but this:—to be just to yourself, to my daughter, and to France.”

“France!” He raised his drooping head, and his eyes flashed with supernatural light.

“Yes, France! She has a claim on you, even more potent than the spell of youthful love. You know it; you feel it; your looks betray the consciousness. Her claim is, that she has need of you, and not of the imbecile butchers who are successively hurling each other down, without a thought of upholding their country. Yes, France has need of you. Look at her situation. All is anarchy and confusion. Rapine and murder walk the streets at noonday. No man’s life is safe. Blood flows like water. All laws, divine and human, are subverted. Morality is a jest; vice is canonized. Frantic Atheism plants its foot on the neck of prostrate Religion, and howls its mad blasphemies to the indignant heavens. The throne is demolished; the altar is in the dust. God himself is renounced! Oh, France! unhappy France! how long must thou remain at once the horror and derision of the world?”

Napoleon sprang to his feet: he clenched his sword with a convulsive grasp—"By the living God! all this shall be changed!"

"May God grant it! The task before you is a great one: it is sublime; it is holy;—you are called to be the saviour of a nation. Approve yourself worthy of your mission. Leave human passions to those who are not required to be more than human. Throw aside the silken fetters of love, and gird on the armor of iron resolution, and go forth conquering and to conquer!"

"A glorious dream, if it be but a dream. But, Madame, is glory incompatible with happiness? Does the love of country permit no other love?"

"I would not say that. I trust, and I know, you will be happy in the accomplishment of your great designs: happy, also, I would hope, in the love of a woman worthy to partake those designs. Nay, if I felt assured that you could be truly happy with Juliet, you, of all men, are the one I would choose for her husband; for I know the goodness, as well as the greatness, of your character. But the time would arrive when you would find her an obstacle in your path—when you would repent the transient delusion that burdened you with her weakness, at the moment your circumstances require strength from all around you; and however generously you might conceal your regret, she could not but be sensible of it; and what then would remain to her, in her wounded love, but to despair and die? Forgive me, Bonaparte, but this must never be."

"I do not think that it ever could be."

"Well, Bonaparte," said the lady, after a pause,

"I have a wealthy kinsman at Florence. He would be able and willing to advance my son-in-law in commerce. I will make a proposal to you. Quit the army; go with us to Florence; embark in commerce; and, thus assured that you will lead a safe and peaceful life, congenial to my daughter's disposition, I will no longer refuse her to you."

As she spoke, he looked at her with a mingled expression of surprise, indignation, and scorn, at which she could not help smiling.

"Enough, Bonaparte! I could not seriously make such a proposal to you; but you can judge by the feelings to which it gave rise, that you are not prepared to sacrifice your higher destinies to the romance of love. To close this discussion forever, you must decide to give yourself up entirely, either to Juliet or to France."

"France, though my heart should break!"

"It is well; and no other answer would become you."

He bowed in silence, and turned hurriedly away. As he proceeded, he slackened his pace, and, folding his hands behind him, walked slowly along, in deep and painful thought. "The sacrifice is accomplished! France, I am thine—entirely and forever! Nor will I turn aside from any path to which thy glory calls me, though it should be paved with hearts; for mine is the first I have trampled on. But Juliet's!—poor Juliet!"

And there was an unwonted moisture in his eyes.

Exciting occupation is the most effectual relief from mental suffering. He plunged with restless activity into the details of the siege; and it was decided that the next day an attack should be made on Fort Mul-

grave, which, from the strength and importance of its situation, had been named the "Little Gibraltar." The acute eye of Bonaparte had, at the first glance, detected that the fate of Toulon depended on that fort; and he had caused a battery to be secretly erected on a level with it, and at a short distance; the works being concealed from the enemy by some olive-trees in front. But as soon as the battery was unmasked, the English opened a terrible and unceasing fire. The boldest hearts quailed at the perilous proximity of the guns of the fort, and the cannoniers rapidly deserted the battery. In this exigency, Bonaparte resorted to the moral influence of which he was the great master. He caused to be inscribed in conspicuous characters, "The battery of men without fear!" and placed the inscription in front of the battery. Instantly every cannonier in the army was eager to prove himself a man without fear. Bonaparte exalted the enthusiasm almost to phrensy by his own reckless courage. Drawing his sword, he rushed up to the parapet, where he stood a conspicuous object to the enemy, and remained giving his orders, amid the storm of death, as calmly as if seated in the seclusion of his study. A heavy cannonading continued to be kept up on either side for four days and three nights. On the fourth night, the fort was carried by assault: Bonaparte was among the first to enter, and immediately gave orders to point the guns on the enemy's shipping. This was decisive of the siege, for the enemy hastily evacuated Toulon, after doing all the injury they could to their late allies. The brilliant services of Bonaparte during the siege had not escaped the notice of General Dugommier, who, in writing an

account of the siege to the Committee of Safety, made use of this remarkable expression : " Reward and promote this young man ; for if he is treated with ingratitude, he is capable of promoting himself ;"—a prophecy afterwards so wonderfully fulfilled.

But no immediate reward or promotion came, and the young officer, disdaining to take any part in the pillage and oppression to which the inhabitants of Toulon were now subjected by their own countrymen, he experienced, even in the hour of victory, the pressure of want.

The tumult of the siege, " the thunder of captains, the shouting," had not drowned the still small voice in his heart. In momentary expectation of quitting Toulon, he thought it incumbent on him first to see if he could render any service to Madame Vaunoy and her daughter. He called at an hour when the mother was usually at home, but, as it happened, Juliet was alone.

She was seated by the window, but with her head averted, as if taking no further interest in external objects. A book, which he recognized as one he had given her, was held partly open, but evidently her mind was otherwise occupied than with its contents : most probably with the giver. At the sound of the well-known short, quick step, she looked up and sprung to her feet ; she rushed to meet him, threw her arms around him, and pressed him to her heart, while she showered kisses on his forehead, his cheek, his lips, and his eyes.

" Oh, my friend ! my only friend ! beloved of my heart ! idol of my soul ! thou hast returned ! thou art

mine!—forever mine! Never more wilt thou leave me or forsake me! Oh, Bonaparte, my beloved! if thou hadst but known what I have suffered while we have been parted!—what anguish wrung my heart!—the restless yearning of my soul! But thou art returned, my own! my best! and again shall we be happy, and forever!”

He had not the heart to unwind her embrace. Almost unconsciously he returned her caresses.

She seated herself and drew him to her side; and clasping his hand in both of hers, she gazed up in his face with a look of unutterable fondness and devotedness that melted the very heart within him.

“Poor Juliet!”

“Merciful heaven! Why art thou so sad, my beloved, and so silent? Is any misfortune at hand?”

“The worst that can befall. Oh, Juliet! we must part!”

“Part!—never! never!”

“Are you not aware that your mother will not consent to our marriage?”

“My mother! Oh, yes! She has spoken to me more than once. She has told me it will not do for me to be your wife. She has charged me to forget you! As soon could I forget her.”

“And yet it were better you could forget me. In a few days I must leave Toulon.”

“But you will not leave me?”

“Alas! I must.”

“No, you will not leave me, for I will go with you.”

A thrill of rapture shot through all his veins; he

drew his arm closer around her ; but instantly withdrew it, with a despairing sigh.

"And what is to become of your mother?" he inquired, sadly.

"Oh, my mother! my dear mother! how could I forget her? But how can she think of parting us? No, she shall not part us: nothing shall part us. Home, friends, mother, God himself! Oh, Bonaparte! what are they all to *you*?"

"Hush, Juliet, for heaven's sake!"

"Oh, you think I rave! Oh, Bonaparte, if you did but love me with a love like mine, you would know—you would feel—you would—" Her head dropped on his bosom, and she sobbed aloud.

It was a trying moment; and he so far yielded to his emotions as to ask himself if it would not be excusable to take Juliet with him, and marry her, regardless of her mother's opposition; but his generous nature promptly rejected the idea of wounding a mother's bosom, and carrying desolation to the hearth where he had been seated as the chosen guest.

"That I love you, Juliet, as never man loved, that I love you more than life, more than happiness, be this the proof—that I tear myself from you forever. My only consolation is, that I leave you innocent as I found you. And may the God who is the friend of innocence evermore protect and bless you. Farewell! best and dearest Juliet! farewell! Forget me!"

"Never!"

He had unwound himself from her embrace and approached the door. She sprung forward and fell lifeless at his feet.

At this moment her mother returned. In a few hurried words he told her what had passed. She only answered with a look of inexpressible gratitude, and he withdrew.

The next day he received a note from Madame Vaunoy. "I was not deceived," she said, "in my estimate of the grandeur of your soul. Accept the blessing of a mother's heart, which you have spared at the expense of your own. My poor child has received a severe shock, and is very ill. Change of scene may be of benefit to her; for here every thing reminds her of you, and opens the wounds of her heart afresh. In a few days a vessel is to sail for Florence, and should we be able to secure a passage, we will go to our friends there. But where can we find a friend like you? Alas! that the noblest instance of your friendship must be to renounce us! But the time will come when Juliet can do justice to the grandeur of your sacrifice, and will thank and bless you for it as I do."

Bonaparte inquired out the captain of the vessel that was bound for Florence, in the view of commending Madame Vaunoy and her daughter to his particular attention.

"Well, I don't think they will go," said the captain; "for the old lady is poor, and cannot afford to pay the passage. I understood her she was attempting to borrow the means among her acquaintances; but that is no very promising expedient."

There is nothing more humiliating to a generous nature than to be obliged to apply for a loan. But carrying out the principle of self-sacrifice, the young hero resolved to spare Madame Vaunoy this humiliation by

assuming it himself, his own funds being quite inadequate, at the moment, to his own wants. With considerable difficulty, and after several mortifying repulses, he succeeded in raising the required amount on the security of his arrears of pay, and inclosed it anonymously to Madame Vaunoy, with the full conviction that it was the final measure to part him forever from Juliet and happiness.

A few years passed, the most eventful in the history of the world ; and in that brief time how changed was the condition of France ! Society was regenerated, law and order were established, morals were respected, religion reared her altars ; and France herself stood at the head of nations, a magnificent empire, exceeding in power, extent, and glory all that the world had ever yet witnessed, or is ever again likely to behold. And all this was achieved by the indomitable energy and stupendous genius of one man !

As General, First Consul, Emperor, and "King of kings ;" as the Conqueror, the Dictator, and the Legislator of Europe, even in the highest plenitude of his power, he never forgot those in whom he had felt an interest in his early days ; but secretly caused them to be sought out, that he might promote their interests in the manner best adapted to their respective dispositions.

Among the first inquired after was Madame Vaunoy and her daughter, but they could not be discovered. In fact, on their arrival at Florence, they found their relative had removed to Marseilles, whither they followed him, and, on his invitation, concluded to remain. The youthful beauty of Juliet made an impression on M. Delporte, an elderly merchant, who visited their

kinsman ; and Madame Vaunoy, impatient of their dependent position, and anxious to have her child settled in life, did not discourage his attentions. We hardly know what our fair readers will think of Juliet's inconstancy ; perhaps we should say it was not in fickleness, but in the apathy of despair, that she at last yielded to her mother's advice, and gave her hand to the merchant in less than a year after the separation from her lover. Her husband was more than twice her own age, but this difference of years is not always incompatible with domestic felicity. His unceasing attention to her comfort, his deference to her wishes, and, more than all, his kind and respectful attention to her mother, gradually won upon Juliet's affections, till she almost doubted whether she could have been much happier with the object of her early preference.

Though she lived in some seclusion, the growing fame of Bonaparte came to her ears ; and as she watched with awed astonishment his rapid and magnificent career, she would sometimes admit that her mother had judged her rightly ; that she would have stood in too much dread of a man so much above his fellows, to have dared love him as she had once loved him ; that he would soon have awakened to the consciousness of her complete insignificance, and shaken her from him "like a dew-drop from a lion's mane ;" but candor obliges us to own that these convictions were not unmingled with some feelings of regret.

Mercantile interests were subject to many vicissitudes in those days. M. Delporte suddenly found himself on the brink of ruin ; from which, however, he unexpectedly recovered himself, to the surprise of some of his

friends, who could hardly forgive him for defeating their inauspicious predictions. However, they soon had the satisfaction of seeing their worst prophecies more than realized, though in a manner they had not been prepared for. M. Delporte was suddenly arrested and hurried off to Paris. To the distracted inquiries of his wife and mother-in-law, the police condescended to reply that his presence was necessary at Paris, in order that he might be confronted there with others, who had been arrested as concerned in a treasonable correspondence, which M. Delporte was accused of having been an agent in transmitting.

The merchant did not hesitate to assure his wife of his entire innocence, admitting that he had forwarded some correspondence for another house, which he had supposed to have been of an entirely mercantile nature. He had no doubt, he said, of proving his complete ignorance of its contents, and the integrity of his motives; and, of course, she might expect his immediate return, honorably acquitted.

Madame Vaunoy did not partake his hopes, whatever may have been her opinion of his innocence. It might not be easy to satisfy the tribunal before which he was to appear. But if the case were properly laid before the Emperor, they might confide in his Majesty's intuitive perception of truth, and his sense of the exact justice due to all his subjects. She said as much to Juliet.

"Oh, mother! it is not for us to speak to the Emperor!"

"Nor would I propose it, by any means. It would not become Juliet to appeal to the compassion of her

early love ; but it may well become the unknown Madame Delporte to invoke the justice of her sovereign. We will hasten to Paris with a petition to the Empress. She is said to be an angel of mercy, and all-persuasive with her husband."

"Then she is indeed like an angel of heaven," sighed Juliet, "for she is blessed !"

On their arrival at Paris, they hastened to the palace, but were repulsed at the gates by the guard, who, however, perceiving their distress, advised them to make interest with some lady of the court, through whose intervention the petition might arrive to the Empress. They turned sadly away. Juliet drew her veil over her face, to hide her tears. Each asked the other what could be done, or where they should apply, for they had no acquaintance at court, and every moment was precious.

Some words of their conversation caught the ear of a man who was passing them. He turned back, paused before them, and, slightly touching his hat, said abruptly, "You wish to have speech with her Majesty the Empress ?"

Madame Vaunoy looked up, and saw a man wrapped in a plain cloak ; his hat, by no means a new one, was pulled over his forehead, so that his features could not be distinguished ; and she judged from his whole appearance that it was not a person likely to effect their object ; but she replied, "Oh, yes ! we wish to see the Empress on a matter of life and death."

"Umph !" said he, somewhat harshly ; "these are not women's matters. Why do you mix yourself up with such things ? What is it ? What do you want ?"

"If we could only present this petition to the Empress—"

"Let me have it. I am one of the humblest of her Majesty's servants; but, perhaps—"

"We are grateful for your kindness; but it would be better for us to see the Empress, that we may second the petition by our prayers and tears."

"Disagreeable things those. I hardly know if the Empress would thank me for exposing her to such annoyance. But I will see what can be done. Follow me."

He turned from the principal entrance, and led them to a side-door, which a sentinel threw open at his approach. Followed by the ladies, he ascended a winding staircase, traversed a corridor, and passed through several apartments, till he suddenly paused before a little door, at which he tapped in a peculiar manner. As the door flew open, the ladies found themselves in the boudoir of the Empress.

She made a movement as if to rise, but at a look of his she resumed her seat. While the ladies stood motionless near the door, he approached the Empress deferentially, but with something of good-natured sarcasm on his face, while he said, "Will your Majesty forgive me that for once I take the liberty to present some petitioners to your Majesty?"

The Empress smiled, and replied, "Very well; and if the petition is seconded by you—"

"By no means," he replied, hastily; "I do not even know what it is, and have no wish on the subject but that your Majesty will make use of your own judgment on the merits of the case, according to what may be

consistent with the interests of France and the Emperor ; and then, perhaps, you may learn to appreciate—but—”

“ Oh, Madame ! oh, your Majesty ! ” exclaimed Juliet, throwing herself at the feet of the Empress, in an agony of impatience. “ Mercy for my husband ! ”

“ Aye ! aye ! the old story,” muttered the gentleman ; “ some poltroon of a deserter—some parricidal traitor—some swindling financier ; but that is all one. These women—”

Madame Vaunoy approached, and, kneeling to the Empress, tendered the petition, and said, “ I can assure your Majesty, M. Delporte does not belong to any such unworthy class. He is an innocent man, and only desires the opportunity to prove his innocence to the Emperor himself.”

“ That would be rather difficult,” said the gentleman. “ Delporte ?—yes, that was the name. Will your Majesty excuse me a few moments ? ”

When he had withdrawn, Madame Vaunoy, who had begun to distrust the influence of his prejudices, eagerly availed herself of his absence to pour forth a rapid defence of Delporte. Juliet had said all she had courage to say, but she had thrown back her veil, and fixed on the Empress a look more eloquent than words.

“ Be assured,” said the Empress kindly, “ that justice shall be done to M. Delporte.”

“ I did not think your Majesty could be so severe,” said the gentleman, with a sarcastic smile, as he returned at that moment with a paper in his hand.

But as he spoke, he for the first time encountered the unveiled face of Juliet. Severely as he had disciplined

himself, from his earliest years, to suppress all external appearance of sudden emotion, he felt a momentary shock, and, sinking into the nearest seat, with his head drooping on his bosom, and his eyes still fixed on Juliet's face, he gave himself up for the moment to the impassioned dream of his youth.

The Empress, in some alarm, hastened to dismiss the petitioners. "What you ask of me," she said, "is, that I shall lay this statement before the Emperor, and request his favorable attention. This shall be done at once."

And approaching the gentleman, she bent her knee, and placed the petition in his hand.

"Good God! it is the Emperor!" exclaimed Madame Vaunoy, sinking on her knees.

"The Emperor!" shrieked Juliet, starting to her feet, and gazing wildly in his face.

"No, Juliet! it is the Commandant of Artillery."

"Saved! saved!" she exclaimed; and, sinking at his feet, she printed one burning kiss on his hand, and fainted away.

The Empress summoned her attendants, who conveyed Juliet to an adjoining apartment, followed by her mother.

When they had withdrawn, the Empress exclaimed, "In the name of heaven, Napoleon, who is this young lady?"

"Josephine! my last love and my best! that lady was my first love. And now I place her future destiny in your hands."

"It shall be a happy one, so far as depends on me. Dearest Napoleon! all you love or have ever loved, are

made sacred to me by your affection. And now, what had I best do for this lady? for as to pardoning her husband, that I can trust you to do. Shall I make her one of my ladies of honor?"

"No, Josephine, my good friend; it would be of no real service to her to take her out of her proper sphere, or to place her where every thing would remind her of what it is better for her to forget. The best thing I can advise is, that you should secure an independence to her mother; that whatever may happen, Juliet may always be secure of a home. Her husband is a traitor. I hold the evidence in my hands. Menaced with bankruptcy by the failure of his commercial speculations, he yielded to the temptation of his principal creditor to become an agent for the correspondence of the enemy. But if he has treated Juliet kindly, I can afford to forgive him for her sake; but that is all I can justly do. I will not reward his treason by assistance of any kind; but I can depend on you to provide for Madame Vannoy, in a way that will also provide for Juliet, if need be. And now, Josephine, go and see how it fares with the poor girl."

Juliet, overcome by fatigue, anxiety, and emotion, had fallen into a profound slumber. The Empress engaged in conversation with her mother, who, in reply to her questions, gave her the details of Napoleon's first love. On returning to the Emperor, Josephine threw her arms around him. "Napoleon! my husband! my hero! my beloved!—greatest and best of men!—how worthy thou art of all love!"

The look she gave him repaid in a moment all the bitterness of his early sacrifice.

"How is it with Juliet?"

"She is still asleep."

"Summon her mother."

"Madame," said the Emperor, when the lady appeared, "it is not fitting that your daughter should learn to despise her husband—therefore, let the secret never be made known to her; but it is necessary that he should be made aware that the proof of his crime is in my possession, lest impunity should embolden him in guilt, and make it necessary to crush him. Do you know this hand? do you recognize this signature?"

"M. Delporte's!"

"Yes, Madame, you see it under his own hand that he was knowingly a party to the treasonable correspondence."

With a groan of despair, Madame Vaunoy fell on her knees.

"Rise, Madame: it is no crime of yours. And now answer me, and truly, as you shall answer it to God. Has M. Delporte been a good and kind husband to your daughter?"

"The best of husbands to her, the best of sons to me; and this I take heaven to witness."

Fixing his look steadily on her, he slowly folded up the evidence of Delporte's guilt, and threw it into the fire.

On the evening of that eventful day, there was a grand reception in the saloons of the Empress. Several officers, who had distinguished themselves in the late campaign, were presented to her Majesty, and were received with that affable grace which was a brighter ornament to her lovely brow than the diadem that en-

circled it. The conversation turned on the campaigns of the Emperor, and a discussion arose as to which of his memorable battles would occupy the most distinguished place on the page of history. The question was finally referred to the Empress.

"That I am not prepared to decide on," replied Josephine; "but I can confidently say, that of all the Emperor's victories, the most difficult, the most admirable, the most sublime—the one to which he will be able to look back with the most satisfaction to the latest moment—was achieved at the siege of Toulon."

The officers exchanged a look of wonder, and then a significant smile, which seemed to say, "How little do women know of military science!"

Josephine divined their thought; but she also smiled as she said to herself, "How little does the world know of Napoleon's true greatness!"

THE HURRICANE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "*Atlantis*," &c.

WITH dawn we started on our pilgrimage ;
The day was fair at first, with rosy streaks
Suffusing all the east, that, as the sun
Rose radiant o'er the tree-tops, grew to gold,
And, softening palely as he soared aloft,
Yielded, at length, to the intenser fires
He kindled as he sped. But, ere an hour,
And while the flaming standard he advanced
Flaunted most proudly o'er his eastern towers,
We marked a dissonant aspect in the west,
That glowed adverse :—a cloud, with sulphurous edge,
Rising with gradual vans, that soon diffused
Its murky tints o'er half the western heavens,
Thence stretching to the north. Suddenly, fell
A weight upon the atmosphere, that breathed
Wearily, and with moaning, as at night
The giant struggles with the incubus,—
Struggles and sighs, but with no power to stir.
Hotly, as from a furnace, came the breath,
That was nor breeze nor zephyr, from the south,
Where denser grew the shape. Shorn of his beams,
Yet burning redly in a vaporous void,
The sun toiled on in heaven, as dreading still
The encounter that now threatened in his path.
Momently grew he paler as he sped,
Then sudden sank from sight,—swallowed in a sea,

That all his beams extinguished. Over all
Hung the gigantic shape that soon became
The pall of the universe ; and, settling down,
Shrouded the sky and forest. Thus, the mass
Hung brooding, while accumulating clouds
Merged momentarily within his large embrace,
That still expanded wide. The great pines groaned
As straining 'neath the burden that they bore,
And trembling with a something yet to bear
From the great vans incumbent. Slow the day
Creeps on ; a deathly silence wraps the scene
As of a terror threatening.

• Wer't cloud, or wind,
Or storm of rain and thunder, that impends,
It might be well to hurry on our way
With traveller hardihood, that rates the hours
By miles, and at the measured hostel baits.
But he who dwells beneath a tropic sky,
Knows better, in these aspects, what to fear.
The lowly cabin of the Borderer,
Close crouching in the shade of yonder hill,
Offers best shelter. Thither, for a while,
Till these great wings, expanding with their blasts,
Collapse in arrowy tempests, that shoot swift
While forests groan and sink beneath their sweep,
And placid waters, from their valleys roused,
Roll, raging in their terror—roll apart,
To meet again in strife, with angry crests,
That thunder as they meet. The awful hush,—
The sultry atmosphere—the stifling breath
That makes the laboring bosom heave with toil,—
Betoken wrath.—This is the Hurricane !—
The vampire of the storm, whose raven wings
First soothe to dreaming slumber earth and sky,
Then, in the deepest lull of their repose,
Rend them, with ruthless talon, and wild shriek !

Nor long the pause, though deep. See, where its brows
Peer threatening through the skies. A brooding mass
Hangs crouching, like the tiger that below
Measures his victim. It will plunge anon,
A mountain in its weight, yet, in its speed,
Mocking the free-winged eagle. In the south,
For many a league outstretched, the sluggish form
Lies shapeless—volume upon volume piled,—
Thin robes of gray between,—a melting mist,
That wraps its dusky limbs as in a sea,
Whose farthest waters lose themselves from sight
In deepening folds of cloud. And now the shape
Takes motion :—soon that motion will be life !—
How terrible the pause that grows between !
Thick vapors close around us, stifling and hot,
Till, with a difficult breath, we pray for storm,—
For the wild tempest in its angriest mood,
That threatens,—rather than the breath of fire
It sends in foretaste of the wrath to come !
Nor pray we long in vain ! A wing is felt,
That stirs the masses with a sulphurous gale,
Evolving all their lightnings. Murmurs swell,
Mysterious, low, as rising from the seas,—
A hollow voice, that, kindred with their depths,
Takes on the sullen chiding of their caves,
And threatens with their billows. Now, a shaft
Speeds sudden from the bosom of the cloud,
Opening the sable jaws that close as soon,
Just showing the dread gulfs that lie below,
Steaming with thunders. Deeper murmurs flow
From the faint edges of the o'erwhelming mass,
Whose vans are now in motion, wide unrolled ;
But ever and anon up-curling still
Their lengthened volumes as for newer strength :—
Thus the grim serpent, eager for his prey,
Contracts his spiry form in knotted folds,
That he may better fling him forth in ire,

With muscle proper to his venomous will !
Look, where the lighter volumes upward float,
To fill the valleys which the terrible shape
Hath yielded. See them as they mix and make
A whirlpool in the sky. The birds fly low,
Screaming, for shelter, to the stunted copse ;—
The vulture hath no longer eye for prey ;
A single owl cries, hooting, from the wood,
As grateful for the darkening sky he loves ;—
And the imperial savage who presides
O'er the thin realms of air, with wing less swift
In flight than conflict, bends his eastward way
To some abandoned summit of the storm !
The horrid pause is o'er ! It comes at last,
The shrieking terror, with convulsive bounds,
Solemn but swift, that, still before its path,
Sends fearful intimations of approach ;—
Even as some mighty host of Attila
Goes singing into battle,—singing of blood,
And striking horrid shields with spears of rage.
How sullenly bend the great boughs of the wood !
The oak scarce breasts the strife, and groans to meet
Its legions. To the roaring in the skies
Ascends the voice of waters. Deep to deep
Is calling,—and their mighty concerts make
An awful choir of storm. Behold, where still
The black battalions gather for the charge ;—
The wings contract—the rearward masses crowd
As struggling for the van. A deadlier shape
Shoots outward from the midst ; and, breathing now
With pestilent heat along its destined path,
It gives the terrible signal, which begins
The warring of three worlds. With lightnings armed,
The fearful spectre hurries on his course,
And the great forests crouch. The mountains heave,
As with the earthquake's labors ; and the plain
Is shrouded with his legions. For the sea

They take their arrowy progress. The strong pine
They wring while passing, and, with scornful might,
Tear from the earth the great well-rooted oak,
And fling it on their path. Sweet fields that lay—
The virgin gifts of summer, by the sun
Bestowed, when first he looked on her with love,—
Are ploughed with furrows, such as leave broad scars
For ages on their beauty, and deform!
But, reckless, the invader, with his scourge,
Their lawned realms still ravages. An hour
Has left the blight of centuries. For late,
Though with such terrible haste, he darts away
For other victories. For the seas he speeds,
With power that grows from progress. Ocean roars
With mortal agonies, as his giant form
Down-plunges in its billows. The green waves
Divide in horror! With triumphant shriek
He ploughs the abyss, lays its deep hollows bare,
And shows their ghastly secrets. Then away
He hurries, as if satisfied in rage;—
His lengthened lines still following, howling hoarse,
In train of battle; and his terrible form
Still rending,—till the gray void swallows all.

BLANAID.

A TALE OF THE ATTACOT REBELLION.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

ON the death of the heroic Irish monarch, Crimthan, the Attacots, or plebeians,*—who were the descendants of the old Celtic and Belgic tribes, and who were held in every respect by the Milesian, or dominant caste, as a servile and helot class,—confederated among themselves by a common sense of humiliation and wrong, seized the opportunity of a great public assembly, held at Magh-Cru, in Connaught, to strike the first blow of their conspiracy. A massacre of all the princes and chiefs, collected on that occasion, was the signal of general revolt among the confederates throughout the kingdom, and the revolutionists, everywhere victorious, succeeded in overturning the ancient monarchy, and placing one of their own caste upon the throne.

The five years during which the plebeian usurper, Cabre-Cat-Can, reigned in the halls of Tara, and swayed the sceptre of misrule over all Ireland, are described by the annalists as a period of general gloom and sterility. Abandoned wholly to the dominion of the rabble, “no grain upon the stalk, no fruitfulness in the

* “The Plebeians engaged in this rebellion are, in general, called Attacots, a name corrupted from the compound Irish term Attach-tuatha, which signifies, according to Dr. O’Connor, the Giant Race, but according to O’Reilly’s version, simply the Plebeians.”—*Moore’s Hist. of Ireland*.

waters, the herds all barren, and but one acorn on the oak," there appeared no hope of better days for this distracted country.

But Cabre-Cat-Can "slept in his narrow house," having bequeathed the kingdom to his brother Moran, who was of the order of Brehons, or legislative bards.

Convoking, according to custom, the General Assembly of the States at Tara, with a view to the arrangement of the important question of the succession, Moran steadily refused to accept the crown, at the same time urging upon the Assembly the restoration of the legitimate monarchy in the person of Tuathal, the son of Crimthan.

This proposition the fierce Attacots rejected, and, setting the Brehons at defiance, determined to reverse the old law which precluded females, of every degree, from the inheritance, and to place the daughter of Cabre, the youthful Blanaid, upon the throne.

The Irish, besides their sacred groves and fountains, had their consecrated hills; and these were held by them in peculiar reverence; for there the sacrifice was offered by the Druid, from thence the lawgiver and the judge promulgated their edicts and decrees, and there the king, on his inauguration, pronounced the ancient and solemn oath, "by the Sun and the Wind," that, as long as Ireland should be encircled by the sea, he would preserve the customs of the country inviolate.

Of these memorable high places, the Hill of Usneach, in Meath, was the most remarkable, as well that it was frequently the scene of the National Convention, as because, upon its summit, the limits of the five provinces of Ireland touched. Thither, on a bright morning in

June, from the palace of Tara, went forth a royal procession with the fair daughter of Cabre in the midst, borne in an open chariot, and arrayed in robes of the saffron hue,* embroidered with the seven colors appropriated to the sovereign princes; and there, in an open temple formed of a circle of upright stones, was the oath proffered, and the maiden presented with the Wand of Power.

There was great rejoicing at Tara. Three nights they feasted in the Hall of Shells, and on these three nights had Blanaid danced the *rinceadh-fada*, among her young and joyous guests, with a youthful and unknown chieftain, who sought her hand in the national dance; and on the third night of the feast, a bard entered the Hall of Shells at midnight, and raised the war-song, striking at times, with the blunt end of a spear, a shield that hung aloft, and singing the war-song between.

Hurriedly the chieftains arose from their meadh-cups and seized their weapons, while the bard proclaimed that he came from Tuathal to offer them battle;† and hurriedly were messengers dispatched to summon together the confederate tribes.

Tuathal, who, although a mere youth at the first outbreak of the plebeian war, had fought at the head of his adherents against the Attacots until their final triumph, and who had lived, during the reign of Cabre, with a few faithful followers, hidden among the hills, waiting for some moment of popular excitement to attest his

* The attachment of the Irish to this color was such, that in after-time their English conquerors forbade the wearing of it, under a penalty.—See *Moore's Hist.*

† The persons and property of the bards were held sacred, even in the midst of civil commotion, throughout the land.—See *Walker's Hist. of the Bards.*

rights; now, on the death of the usurper, determined on making an attempt to regain his inheritance, and, joined by a large number of Milesians, had taken the field and waited for the battle.

From all quarters came the tribes, and the royal troops of the five provinces, marshalled under their own banners and led by Elim, king of Ulster, assembled at the call.

On a plain in the county of Meath, near to Tara, the embattled armies met; while Blanaid, in her war-chariot, and wearing the Asion, or crown of gold, upon her head, from an eminence upon the field witnessed the conflict.

How her heart sickened at the sight of the battle, and at the fierce shouts of the contending foes! Onward crashed the war-chariots of the opposing chieftains, carrying slaughter everywhere upon their wheels;* while the short arrows, winged with death from both sides, darkened the air like an overhanging cloud. At length, in the middle of the plain, the two leaders, Elim and Tuathal, met; and Elim, leaping from his car upon the trampled sod, confronted his adversary, while the armies on either side paused to witness the conflict.

Face to face they stood, with interposing shields, each like an avenger of the carnage around them—then, fast and loud clashed their brazen swords,† while

* "There are said to have been discovered some scythe-blades of bronze, such as were attached anciently to the wheels of war-chariots; the use of that Asiatic mode of warfare having prevailed formerly, we are told, in Ireland as well as in Britain."—*Moore's Hist. of Ireland.*

† "Numbers of swords, made of brass, have been found in different parts of the country; and of these, some are averred to be exactly of the same description with the swords found on the field of Cannæ."—*Moore's Hist. of Ireland.*

Blanaid, with breath suppressed, and intense gaze, watched the conflict.

Elim fought on her side, but the prayer of the maiden was all for Tuathal—for in him she had discovered the young chieftain who had sought her in the dance at the festival of her inauguration. A brief moment and she sank, fainting, upon the floor of her chariot, for the brave object of her solicitude lay stretched upon the field, beneath the uplifted sword of his opponent.

The fall of Tuathal terminated the battle; for many of his followers fled, on seeing their chieftain slain, as they supposed, while others yielded themselves prisoners to the conquerors.

There was feasting that night, again, in the Hall of Shells; and again the korn—the trumpet in battle, and in peace the drinking-cup—flowed high with *meadh*, while the bards sang to their harps the songs of victory.

It was midnight, and the moon was riding high in the heavens, shining upon the silent battle-field, and on the upturned faces of the slain, when Tuathal awakened from his long insensibility, to behold the beautiful form of a maiden bending over him, and attempting, with the most earnest solicitude, to stanch the wound in his side, from which his life was slowly oozing away.

She was robed in white, and her abundant hair swept, like a golden web, over her rounded shoulders, from which, in the eagerness of her employment, her parti-colored mantle had fallen.

As wondering his eyes sought her face, he thought he had already entered upon the delights of Flat-hinis,

the Druidical heaven, but the next moment his pale lips murmured softly, "Blanaid!"

With an exclamation of delight the maiden arose from her kneeling posture, and fled rapidly across the field.

In a moment, however, she returned, followed by an old peasant and his son, who raised the wounded chief and bore him to their hovel of mud and thatch, beyond.

And here, with the assistance of the peasants, the maiden bound his wounds, and nursed him tenderly, coming secretly each evening to perform the kind offices for her captive that her gentle nature prompted; nor did she ever ask herself why she had sought Tuathal on the field at midnight, nor why she now paused outside the hut to still the almost audible throbbing of her heart, before entering.

Under the care of his tender nurse, Tuathal's recovery was rapid, and then arrived, for them, the moment of separation—for they both knew that it was unsafe for Tuathal to remain in the kingdom, where every man he would meet might prove the instrument of his destruction. Disguised, therefore, in the habit of one of the peasants, and bidding farewell to his kind entertainers, he resisted the impulse that prompted him, on taking leave of Blanaid, to fold her to his breast, while the murmured adieu died upon his lips, and impressing a first kiss upon her forehead, he departed.

Making his way to the coast, under the cover of night, and crossing the Scytic valley—as the sea between Ireland and North Britain was then called—in the rude carrach of a fisherman, (a boat made of leather stretched over a frame-work of wood and wicker,) he

took refuge with his maternal grandfather, Brude, king of the Picts, who received him warmly—remembering the aid rendered by Crimthan, the father of Tuathal, to the Picts in their heroic stand against the legions of Rome.

To the feeling of curiosity which had led Tuathal to mingle in the inaugural festivities at Tara, had succeeded one of deep interest in his lovely adversary, unacknowledged even to himself. He would have scorned to obtain possession of his rights through the hand of their fair usurper, and—impossible! for was she not of the plebeian caste? Therefore he never questioned his heart whence the thrill he experienced, when he awoke upon the field of slaughter, and met the eyes of Blanaid bent so anxiously upon him; why, through the *ennui* of his long day's confinement to his couch, he looked forward with so much impatience to the evening; nor why such a sensation of happiness filled his being when he heard the approach of the maiden, or while he replied with words of courtesy to her modest inquiries. But now, to the excitement of the past weeks succeeded that listlessness—that vacuum of the heart which follows on, and exists ever, during separation from a beloved object.

It was now autumn, and the fierce Picts, who mainly depended on the fields and pastures of the Britons for sustenance, regardless of the custom which imposed a cessation from strife during the gathering in of the harvest, and anxious, while they harassed the Romans, to despoil their neighbors of a share of the product of the

season, determined on making an incursion into the territory of the Britons while they should be celebrating their great annual festival of Hertha, or the Earth, in the vast temple of Stonehenge. Tuathal, restless for action, seeking to relieve the old king, his grandsire, from the danger and fatigue of the foray, and striving to find, in the excitement of warfare, other thoughts than the ever-present one of Blanaid, sought and obtained the command of the expedition.

From this inroad on their neighbors the tribes returned rich in spoils of the harvest and in cattle, while to Tuathal's share, according to the annalists, "fell much valuable and even luxurious booty," for the tents of a Roman outpost, but slightly guarded, had fallen on their pathway; and of this plunder, which he laid at the feet of Brude, is enumerated, "a suit of armor, ornamented with embossed gold and gems, a military cloak with golden fringe, a sword with figures of serpents upon it in chased gold, and a brace of greyhounds, joined together by a silver chain, whose price is estimated, according to the primitive usage of barter, at the value of three hundred cows."

On the evening of their return, King Brude made a great feast to celebrate the success of the expedition, and Tuathal sat beside his grandfather at the head of the board, the rich trophies hung upon the rude wall above them, while on either hand below were ranged the rude chieftains.

Merrily flowed the feast, enlivened by the song of the harper and the martial tones of the bagpipe, which instrument the Picts had quickly adopted on its introduction into Britain by the Romans; when, in the midst of

their revelry, a stranger claimed admittance to the presence of Brude.

He was a youth, slightly made, and arrayed in the embroidered *cotaigh*, or tunic, the *truisse* of plaided weft, the long, fringed colchal, and the high barrad cap of a bard. He wore a small harp slung at his shoulder, also; and, entering the hall, he approached Tuathal.

"Rest thee, youth, and partake of our hospitality," said the old king. "All of thy people are welcome to us for Tuathal's sake." But the bard replied, "I may not take food nor rest until I have told mine errand. Ierne calls for Tuathal. Elim, the dethroned king of Ulster, aspiring to the monarchy, has revolted, and, joined by the other provincial kings, and aided by the discontented mob, leads the insurgents onward from province to province, leaving everywhere blood and famine on his track. Blanaid has fled, no one knows whither, and the people, weary of the strife, call loudly for the son of their lawful monarch. Aid! noble Brude! Chieftains! aid! Will ye not lead onward, under the banner of Tuathal, to fight for Tuathal and Ierne?"

"For Tuathal and Ierne!" shouted the chiefs, with enthusiasm, as they rose from their rough seats, covered with skins, and pledged each other, draining deep their drinking-cups; and the old king joined in the rallying cry as he raised a golden flagon, spoil of the Roman, filled with hydromel, to his lips, and drank it dry.

From tribe to tribe sped the messengers, each bearing in his hand a blazing brand of pine wood, the signal for

warfare; and ere three days were over, an army of Picts, with Tuathal at their head, and bearing the blessing of King Brude, were on their way to the coast.

Embarking on board a large fleet of currachs that had been moored for their use, they hoisted the leathern sails to the breeze, and were speedily wafted over the Scytic valley, and landed on the shores of Ireland. Marching directly into the heart of the country, while from every side the people, wearied of their own excesses, and suffering already from famine, the usual consequence of a state of anarchy, flocked to his standard, Tuathal learned from the flying peasantry that Elim, having heard of his approach, with his combined army, was on his way to meet him.

In a country where kings were so numerous, and all of them elective, every new demise of royalty was a signal for a fresh outbreak; but the sovereign crown was, of course, always the greatest object of rivalry and cause for strife. Elim, therefore, dispossessed of his own kingdom by his turbulent subjects, and bent on obtaining this object of his ambition at any sacrifice of life, knowing that the sympathies of many of the people were with the son of their noble monarch, Crimthan, marched onward to the attack.

The armies met. The morning sun looked down upon the battle, and the evening twilight hung over the field of the slain—over the dead Elim and his shattered and flying host.

Throughout the long day's fight the bard who had sought Tuathal at the court of Brude, protected by the

garb of his sacred profession,* had kept close beside the chieftain, covering him with a shield from the arrows of the enemy, and receiving upon it many of the sword blows aimed at the leader; until at length, in the thickest of the battle, Tuathal missed his young protector from his side.

With hurried step that far outstripped the few who followed him, the victorious Tuathal wandered at evening over the silent battle-field, pausing with anxious brow everywhere above the slain. At length his eye kindled at the sight of something beyond, and, shouting to his followers to hasten, he sprang swiftly forward. A harp with its strings all shattered lay upon the sod, and there, above a heap of the dead, was stretched the inanimate form of the bard.

Rapidly the chieftain paced his tent, impatient for the coming of the leech, whom he had sent to summon; and now he paused beside the couch of skins where lay the insensible form of the bard, and gazed anxiously upon him. The object of his anxiety appeared to be a mere youth; the face, beautiful in its repose, around which clustered the long golden hair, was of a swarthy hue; the outline of the rounded form was graceful in the extreme; and over the shaggy skins which composed the couch fell a small, dimpled hand, that might

* At the battle of Cruchan, where the Monarch Eochaidh was defeated by Eana, king of Leinster, Eana killed Cetmathch, Laureat Bard to the Monarch, although he fled for refuge under the shields of the Leinster troops. For this base deed, so singular and so abhorred, the ruthless king was stigmatized with the epithet *Cinsealch*, or, "the foul and reproachful head," which name descended to his posterity.—*See Walker's Hist. of the Irish Bards.*

have served a sculptor for a model. He appeared to be unwounded, although his garments wore the stains of outward contact; but his insensibility was like that of death, and still the leech delayed; and Tuathal, fearful lest he might arrive too late, loosened the embroidered girdle and unclasped the throat of the sufferer's tunic, and of the pure linen vest beneath, to give him air; and there, under all, and tranquil as if in its last repose, lay the fair white breast of a maiden. Shocked at the sacrilege he had committed, the chief hurriedly folded the robe again over her bosom; and, as his quick glance once more sought her face, he recognized, beneath the stained skin with which she had so well disguised it, the face of Blanaid, his gentle foe.

"For me! for me!" he cried, in anguish, as he sank beside the couch and buried his face in the skins that covered it. "Dead! dead!—and for me!" Then starting suddenly from his kneeling posture, he wildly clasped the inanimate form to his bosom, and covered the pale brow and lips with kisses. "For me!" he murmured between; nor did he note how, even while he spoke, the beautiful lips grew red with returning life beneath the pressure of his own. Slowly the heavy lids unfolded, and the large, liquid eyes were fixed wonderingly on the face of Tuathal; and, as she met his ardent gaze, the brow of Blanaid flushed, and her cheek crimsoned at the thought that her secret might perhaps be already discovered.

And the chieftain had been more than mortal if in that hour he had failed to tell all his worship to the lovely being who had dared so much for him; and Blanaid had been untrue to her own heart had she

not listened to the words that thrilled and filled her with such new delight ; and thus we will fold the opening of the tent over their sweet communion.

When the morning dawned, the conquering army was on the way to Tara, and close beside a rude litter, borne in the midst, rode the chieftain Tuathal ; and as the troops came near to Tara, an escort guarding the litter, within which it is perhaps unnecessary to say Blanaid was placed, defiled from the main body and took the road to the retreat of the sacred Druidesses, called " The Retreat until Death."

Tuathal entered Tara in triumph, amid the glad acclamations of the people ; and ere the sun went down the States of the kingdom had sworn their ancient and solemn oath, " by the sun, moon, and stars," that, as long as Ireland should be encircled by the sea, they would acknowledge him alone as their lawful monarch.

Three days were devoted to the usual festivities, and on the fourth day Tuathal, impatient to meet again the object of his fondest thoughts, sought the sacred abode of which she was an honored inmate, and Blanaid, in her radiant beauty, came blushing forth to meet him ; and ere they parted he had folded the maiden to his breast as his promised bride, and felt that the pure love which so exalts and refines our mortal nature, owns no distinction of caste in its dominion.

By the active measures of Tuathal, who pursued his course against the insurgents from victory to victory

throughout the kingdom, the usurpation was wholly extinguished, and the former relations of society everywhere restored.

The festivals of the nation, which, during the reign of Cabre-Cat-Can, had been unobserved, were again celebrated; and, in addition to these, to gratify the taste of the people for shows, he revived the ancient Taltin games, which were first introduced in the time of the old Danonian kings.

His rule everywhere firmly established, Tuathal now rendered his popularity unbounded with the conquered Attacots, by taking to his heart and throne one of their race, the daughter of their king, his beloved Blanaid,—and by bestowing the post of Chief Justice of the realm upon Moran, the brother of Cabre.

The administration of this wise counsellor, to whose fame, acquired by his upright decisions, is to be attributed the fable of the *Iodham Moran*,* or Moran's collar, which is said to have given warning to the wearer, by an increased pressure about the neck, whenever he was about to pronounce an unjust sentence, earned for his king the title of the Just; and under their joint sway the whole country long enjoyed unexampled peace and tranquillity.

* "The traditional memory of this chain or collar (says O'Flanigan) is so well preserved to this day, that it is a common expression for a person asseverating absolute truth to say, 'I would swear it by Moran's chain.'"—*Trans. of Gaelic Society*, vol. i.

MY LONE HEART'S DOOR.

BY MRS. E. ANNA LEWIS

ONE December evening cold,
Filled with sorrows manifold,
To the sere and fallow wold
With an elfin step I stole,
To hold converse with my soul
Of the loved and lost of yore,
Dwelling on the shadowy shore—
The Spirit-shore.

Very lonely was my breast :
On that night no genial guest
By its hearth-stone paused to rest ;
Dim the lamp of hope did gleam
O'er my young heart's darkened stream ;
And I sought from mystic store
In that lamp new oil to pour—
Fresh oil to pour.

Dark, and drear, and desolate,
On a mossy crag I sate,
Watching through the heavenly gate
Many a solemn Angel-band
Marching to the Spirit-land,
When Love, tapping on the door
Of my heart, did there implore—
A Home implore.

Trembling, shivering, timid-hearted,
From that holy dream I started,
As a ghost of the departed
From the gates of light had drifted,
And with icy fingers lifted
Up the latchet of the door
Of my doting heart once more—
Ah me! once more!

Then aside I dashed the tear,
Lower bent my mental ear,
More distinct the taps to hear,
And all thoughtless did begin
To tell Love to enter in,
When an Angel sought this shore
To defeat him at the door—
My lone heart's door.

Low his golden tresses streaming
O'er his wings with soul-light beaming,
Perched he down amid my dreaming,
Perching, sat ere I could rise,
Gazing full into my eyes,
As my soul he would explore—
And this Cupid by the door—
My lone heart's door.

Calmly then the Angel spoke,
Words that o'er my spirit broke
Like the chimes in dream-land woke—
"Sad, meek solitaire of earth,
Loving, trusting from thy birth—
Soul that heavenward dost soar!
Turn this traitor from the door—
Thy lone heart's door.

"In thy breast he seeks no home—
From the blithest he will roam ;
He will enter the heart's dome,
Filch its every jewel fair,
Plant his barbed arrow there,
And then straight go out the door,
Back returning never more—
Ah! never more!

"Search the chronicles of love,
See the nets that he has wove,
To entrap the timid Dove ;
See in Lethe's crowded domes
Ashes of his hecatombs ;
And I wot thou'lt keep the door
Of thy heart locked evermore—
For evermore.

"Blossoms in thy heart may bloom,
E'en while Love hath there his home,
But their roots are in the tomb ;
And the tramp of funeral feet
Lone thy spirit's ear will greet,
When too late to lock the door
Of thy heart for evermore—
Ah, evermore!

"Therefore, mournful child of song,
Leave Love to the heartless throng,
Who can cope with woe and wrong ;
Pour thy soul's surcharge of fire
On an altar holier, higher,
And let Reason keep the door
Of thy fond heart evermore—
For evermore."

When the Angel this had said,
Out his burnished wings he spread,
And above the tree-tops sped;
Upward, upward, where the moon
Floated in her cloudy noon,
Leaving me to guard the door
Of my heart for evermore—
Ah, evermore!

But this heart would not obey
What the missioned sprite did say—
It would have its wilful way;
It made Love its chiefest guest,
Till he banished Peace and Rest,
When he straight went out the door,
Locking Woe in evermore—
Ah, evermore!

THE SECOND SHIP.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE night of July 21st, 1620, was wearing rapidly away—rapidly, though it gave no sleep to heavy eyes—no refreshing rest to weary body, or troubled mind; for in the house of one of their brethren at Delft-Haven, the PILGRIMS were keeping their last watch on the shore of Holland, previous to their departure for the great, and then almost unknown, Land of the West.

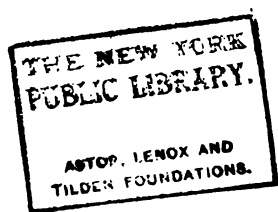
Beneath the dim light of the declining lamps there were groups of sad and earnest faces; and never were tableaux of profounder interest, of deeper feeling, of intenser thought, of stronger will, exhibited by any combination of human forms. If the resolution for a moment wavered, and the affections, or weaknesses of nature, seemed struggling for ascendancy, the strength of a high and holy purpose braced the relaxed muscle, composed the agitated nerve, dried the tears in the clear eye, and, even while it quivered with the vitality of crushed emotion, converted the pale lip into a curve of rigid marble. Never were gathered together truer, or more devoted hearts, than throbbed in the bosoms of that little band—the Fathers, and the Mothers, who were to plant on a far and savage coast the germs of a GREAT PRINCIPLE.

They knew not that the Religious Freedom they were seeking to preserve should give character to a mighty



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Nation—should give nobler impulses, and higher aims, to all Christian People, and ultimately to the world at large. They dreamed not that they should be recognized, in all subsequent ages, as the most august exemplars of a pure Religious Faith, shining forth in noblest action—or that the scene which was then enacting should forever live in the memory of their Race, as one of the grandest periods in the whole march of Time. They knew only that the purpose which animated them was RIGHT; and, in the integrity of a strong heart, and a single mind, they clung to it with the tenacity of life itself. They had sacrificed their estates—ambition—honors—all that men most strive after—for its sake. They had weighed it against the World—and seen that it went down in the balance. To preserve it, they had left their country, with all the privileges and emoluments of citizenship, subjecting themselves to be hunted as criminals, daring shipwreck by sea, and suffering imprisonment by land, making themselves outlaws at home, and aliens abroad. The tenderly and daintily bred had submitted to almost incredible toils and privations, daily looking the grisly monster, Poverty, calmly in the face, during a pilgrimage of twelve years—by their devotion, and exemplary behavior, winning favor and unwonted admiration, even from the cold, phlegmatic Hollanders.

And now they hear a call, as of the Voice of the Lord, swelling and booming over the sea, speaking to his faithful servants day and night—bidding them forth, to plant the Tree of Religious Liberty in a new place—even where it might find soil to thrive, and grow, and bring forth its appropriate fruits. They questioned not

of the cost. They only heard, and believed ; and they could not do otherwise than obey.

Therefore it was that they were thus gathered together—they who should go, and they who must remain—to keep their last, solemn feast, of Love and Sorrow ; for by this removal families were severed, and the closest ties were, at least for a season, rent in twain. Well they knew that many who were now speaking together the sweet words of love, and hope, and faith, should meet no more, in all this Earth-Pilgrimage ; and no wonder their Human Feeling should strive so hard with their Resolution for the mastery !

But a group of more than ordinary interest now may be observed. A fine-looking matron, scarcely declining from the zenith of her womanly charms, was conversing with a person who, from his whole aspect, might be known as their devoted pastor, John Robinson, whom they were now about to leave behind. His identity was clear, not only from his modest consciousness of authority among them, but from his venerable air, which, however, came more from sanctity of character than from age, though he was on the verge of sixty. Near by sat the husband of the dame, a grave and thoughtful man, who was well known among the Pilgrims as James Chilton ; and, half leaning on the arm of her chair, stood a young man, in whose comely form and finely chiselled features even then began to be legible to the penetrating eye, the latent power which was to work out such an important passage in the great unopened Volume of the Future. This was EDWARD WINSLOW. He had been listening to some remarks of Mr. Robinson ; but even as he did so, his eye wandered yet further on,

where a youth and maiden were engaged in still closer conversation. The first was John, his youngest brother; and the other was Mary, the daughter of James and Good-wife Chilton.

The girl could scarcely have known eighteen summers. She was so fair and delicate, she seemed rather suited to be the nursling of some rich and dainty palace, than a pioneer of a wild and savage land. She appeared born to be the first; but an overruling Destiny made her the last. Scarcely older, and hardly less fair, was the gentle youth who drew so closely to her side; and yet he exhibited the dawn of a noble manliness, which should do honor to his ancient and honorable House—ay, more—should do honor to the Race, investing Humanity, itself, with new insignia of nobility. It was clearly to be seen that the youth and maiden were breathing in, with every draught of air they respired, the vitality of a first and holy affection, and that the silken cords of love, which were wrought with every fibre of their young and tender hearts, would eventually grow into their deepest and purest life, making them indissolubly one.

He was speaking in low, earnest tones, as if he would entreat her stay.

“Dear Mary, hast thou well weighed my sorrow for thy loss—my loneliness without thee—the pangs of a divided heart? Consider, dearest! it will be only a few months; and then I shall be ready to go. Why shouldst thou be severed from my side—now, when I have just come to know how very precious thou art?”

“If thou hast but just made this important discovery, John!” she answered, with a pretty air of coquetry,

ry, which, as it dimpled cunningly in the soft, round cheek, and peeped out roguishly from beneath the golden fringes of the drooping lids, became her well—for woman will be woman, after all—"If thou hast but just begun to estimate the value of what I gave so freely, there is surely nothing to blame but thine own dullness; for others have arrived at this sage conclusion in much less time than has been accorded thee. But I shame to speak to thee in this light manner, at such a time!" she added, after a short pause, "when I am so soon to leave thee!"

As she spoke, the blue eyes filled with tears—her voice quivered with emotion—and, forgetting the presence of witnesses, she threw her arms round his neck, and faintly sobbed upon his bosom.

"But why *shouldst* thou leave me?" he asked, gaining courage in his suit; and as he spoke, he turned the fair face up to his, pleading further only with the *looks* which are far more eloquent than words.

"Say, dearest!" he resumed, after a little pause, "why *shouldst* thou go? Give me permission, that I may entreat thy father—ay, and thy mother; and here, in the presence of this solemn assembly, let us be made one in marriage, as we already are in love."

In the earnestness of his speech, lest the hallowed words he uttered should find access to other ears, he bent his head so close to hers, that, as cheek pressed against cheek, his dark chestnut hair cast a shadow on the glistening waves of her own bright, sunny tresses.

The pale cheek quivered for a moment; and the large, lustrous, blue eyes were again suffused with tears, as she answered: "Strive with thyself, my dear John!

and let thy own heart and soul sustain thee in the right; for, indeed, I cannot do what thou requirest. They have but only me; and I cannot sever myself from them, in this, the great hour of trial." She looked towards her parents as she spoke, when her glance encountered that of Dame Chilton, who, with true womanly tact, seemed to divine the cause of their peculiar expression; for she ceased from speaking, and seemed to listen with her eyes, so intense was the interest she betrayed in the position of her daughter.

"But reflect, my dearest love!" pursued the youth, in still lower tones, for he felt himself observed. "Consider, dear Mary! Thou art gentle and delicate, both from nature and from habit. This soft hand"—he pressed it between his, to illustrate his meaning—"this little hand is delicate and fair; but it will never make theirs the stronger. It should rather sway the silken rein of gentlest pony, than grapple with weapons, if need be, to war with savages and wild beasts. How will thy tender frame learn to support unseemly burdens? How will it endure the pangs of cold—the tortures of hunger—and all the yet unknown miseries attending a first settlement in the wilderness—and that of a cold and inhospitable clime! But when I go, with thee by my side, I shall lend my strength to theirs, so that, instead of losing a daughter, they will only gain a son; for I, too, shall be their child—bound, in all filial duty, to labor for them—suffer for them—ay, and if need be, die for them, as well as for thee."

"Ah! John!" she answered, slowly and sorrowfully, though her words seemed like chiding—"I see that the guile of a deceitful and selfish thought is stealing into

thy heart, and flowing from thy lips. Dost thou not know that the bare look and presence of those we love, though they are babes in strength, maketh the hand readier for work, and the heart firmer for suffering? But look around thee. Here are other women daintily bred as I have been. They do not shrink from their duty; and shall I not cleave unto mine? It is true, my dear parents, having only me, have labored late and early, to spare me from labor, and to give me all the advantages I could have had in our own country; but shall I make the tenderness of their nurture an apology for deserting them in the time of sorest need? Be contented, John; and let it not afflict thee, when I say that though I love thee much, I love my duty better. This hand, small as thou wouldst fain persuade me that it is, can lay about itself right lustily, when occasion calls; and be assured, my dearest love"—she whispered those two sweet words softer in his ear—"it will strengthen and grow, with the exercise of its necessity, into more seemly proportions; and were it not so, the impulse of a willing mind, and a loving heart, will make the weakest strong enough for its occasion. It shall learn to do much good work; for I would fain make it more valuable, ere I finally bestow it on thee. Nay, reply not—seek not to dissuade me from my duty," she added, after a short pause, laying that very little hand playfully on his lips: "nor blame me, that I have a womanly pride in achieving true worthiness, so I may be worthy of thee."

"It is well," he answered, bowing his head, that no one else might see how tenderly he pressed the dear pledge to his lips—ay, and even let tears fall on its fair

surface. "I submit to thy better reason," he continued, after a short silence, "yet not without wonder, that one so young and fair—for of such most are given to vain thought and speech—should be gifted with such a sweet, persuasive wisdom."

"The condition of pilgrimage in a strange and working-day land does not afford a school for Fashion and Folly; and if I have been removed beyond the reach of temptation, or profited by that teaching I have had, it is only what the simplest might do," meekly responded the maiden.

But even while she was speaking, a sudden hush crept over the assembly; and the low murmur of many voices dropped into a devout and holy silence. The early light had just begun to glimmer faintly in the gray east; and every one felt that the last day that should ever look on them all together, had already dawned. And as John and Mary sat, hand clasped in hand, wrapped in that imposing stillness, they felt the sweet peace which is not of this world flowing into their hearts, with assurance that the tie thus wrought, though it might yield to the accidents of Time, had within itself a bond that could not be severed through all eternity.

And when the flow of conversation again found way, John Winslow rose; and taking a hand of each of Mary's parents, thus addressed them: "You have always, my beloved friends, looked on the love for your daughter, which I could not conceal, with approving eyes. Will you now, with our dear pastor, and my own loving brothers, in the presence of these good brethren, sanction our betrothal?"

"Yea, my son!" answered James Chilton; "and

much joy it giveth me, in these troublous times,—when all life is peculiarly uncertain, and I feel that my own is still more especially so,—to bestow my child on one so worthy as thou art.”

“Thou sharest with our own Mary our heart’s dearest love,” said the matron ; and as she spoke they arose, passing to where Mary sat, followed by Mr. Robinson and the two brothers, Edward and Gilbert Winslow, when each spoke a few appropriate words of blessing, comfort, and advice.

Then the pastor, taking the young pair each by a hand, said, solemnly, “The Lord be magnified in this union! May you, my children, be a fountain of light in the wilderness—precious as a well of pure water in a thirsty land—and a source of blessing and love, both to each other, and to the world.”

Just at that moment it was announced, by the return of one who had gone forth to take note of the weather, that the wind was fair, and there was nothing to delay the sorrowful hour, which was then pressing heavily on all their hearts. Family and friendly groups were once more drawn together, all striving to strengthen and cheer each other, in view of the bright and high goal they had established for themselves, in the light of which the sorest afflictions, privations, losses, suffering,—ay, and death itself, they were fain to represent, not as grievances, but as so many gems for the crown of glory each was destined to win.

Having partaken of such good cheer as their host proffered, or they might avail themselves of, they departed for the ship, their friends accompanying them on board. The description of this affecting scene, as

given by an eye-witness, is penned with such a deep and touching pathos—in language clothed with all the powerful simplicity of truth and genuine feeling—that it seems hardly less than profanation to substitute any other words in their place; and therefore it is given entire.

“Truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to see what sighs, and sobs, and prayers, did sound amongst them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other’s heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers, that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was, to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away, that were thus loth to depart, their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks, commended them, with most fervent prayers, to the Lord, and his blessing; and then with mutual embraces, and many tears, they took their leaves of one another, which proved to be their last leave to many of them.”

Her anchor being raised, and her canvas set to the wind, the *SPEEDWELL* stood out for the deep water; and then a round of shot, and three pieces of ordnance, spoke the last audible adieu to those on shore. But when every figure on the quay had become dwarfish in the distance, Mary yet saw a slender form, leaning against a pile of wares, with a handkerchief fluttering like a white-winged bird in the air before it,—and she knew well who was there. For a few moments the figure diminished rapidly; and then only a white speck

was seen. Again, even while her eye was resting on it, it was drunk up in the light; and then nothing was to be seen—nothing but the profound depths of the horizon, which had dropped its blue curtain on the mournful scene.

Having arrived in London, dispatched their business, and divided their company between the *SPEEDWELL* and the *MAYFLOWER*, which last, by arrangement, they found awaiting them, the Pilgrims proceeded to sea. But after having advanced a little way, Master Reynolds, who commanded the *Speedwell*, announced that his ship was so leaky he dared not proceed further, when both ships put into Dartmouth for repairs. But on a second attempt the *Speedwell* again failed, being overmasted, as was afterwards found, but chiefly through the disaffection of Captain Reynolds, who had been engaged by the company to stay in the country a year, and had become sick of his bargain.

It was then resolved again to divide the company; for all could not go in one ship. Another sad parting ensued; when the *Mayflower*, under the command of Captain Jones, finally set her head towards the New World. After a voyage of many perils, both from tempestuous storms, and the weakness of the ship, on the ninth of November, they discovered land—which finally proved to be the promontory of Cape Cod; and on the eleventh they entered the spacious harbor which it incloses.

The same day, the Pilgrims entered, with each other, into a solemn compact, combining themselves into a civil body politic, for their better ordering and preservation. And here, for the first time in the history of

the world, the philosophical fantasy, or fiction, of a community based on purely social principles, was realized, and carried out in practice. By the express provisions of this compact, they empowered themselves to enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal laws, constitutions, ordinances, and offices, from time to time, as were meet for the general good of the colony. Thus, by their very first act, the Pilgrims planted in good soil, the germ of our since great and famous Democracy. They also chose John Carver for their governor.

Only one of the passengers died during the voyage; and one child was born. The little adventurer, named Oceanus, was a son of Stephen Hopkins, a man held in great esteem, and invested with much authority among our forefathers.

The Pilgrims who came to land were just one hundred, including the child born at sea. "And this," says Mr. Prince, "is the solitary number, who, for an undefiled conscience, and the love of pure Christianity, first left their native and pleasant land, and encountered all the toils and hazards of a tumultuous ocean, in search of some uncultivated region in North Virginia, where they might quietly enjoy their religious liberties, and transmit them to posterity."

It would seem as if some overwatching angel had hovered around the precious vessel, now weakened by many bitter storms, and wholly unable to encounter another, and with white, outspreading wings, had beckoned it forward, to the only point in which, for hundreds of miles, shelter and protection could have been obtained; where, indeed, certain destruction could have been avoided. If we have guardian angels, and the

good, and the true, are the objects of their especial care, when should they be expected to come, if not at such a time? Reason and affection alike justify the almost inevitable conclusion, that such was the fact. And worthy to be thus guided was the gallant little *Mayflower*, for she was laden with treasures far richer than silver, or gold, or gems,—Courage, Patience, Truth, Zeal, and that high, Heroic Daring, which has its birth in the strong and determined Soul. Freighted with the destinies of a continent—with the seeds of Freedom for a world—she held fast the angel clue amid shoals and breakers, which drew her, inevitably, into the encircling arms of that wonderful promontory, that stretches itself out into the sea, defying and battling with its storms, while it enfolds a deep and serene haven on its calm and placid bosom.

But the life of the Pilgrims, in their early sojourn, may be best shown by a Journal, which was kept by Mary Chilton, with the intention of sending it, by any opportunity that should offer, to John Winthrop. There is enough in these thrilling adventures and heroic sufferings to fill volumes. A brief summary of points is all that can be attempted here; but they are points of the deepest interest and importance. And now we avail ourselves of the substance of the Journal.

Cape Cod Harbor, November the 12th, 1620. Should this ever reach thee, my dear John, comfort thyself in the Lord, and sing a joyful song in behalf of his people; for the terrible sea is behind us, and this great, new land is before. A goodly land it is, wooded to the very water's edge, with oaks, pines, cedar, sassafras, and

other sweet shrubs. Our people are getting wood and water, and refreshing themselves on shore with whatever they may. They have not had much luck in fishing, for it is not now the season of cod; and unfortunately, we are not furnished with fishing-tackle, which is a great oversight; but there is the greatest store of sea-fowl ever seen; and we also get muscles very fat, and full of sea-pearl, but they make all sick who eat them. They are fitting out a shallop to explore the bay. Many great whales are playing about the ship; but, for want of weapons, we could not take any.

A number of men, who went ashore to spy out the land, have just returned. They have found a good soil, with many trees, but neither people nor habitation.

Nov. 13. Being Monday, divers of our women, among whom number thy handmaiden to command, went ashore to wash, as we had great need; and thou wouldst never again speak doubting words of this same right hand, couldst thou see what good service it has done in the labors of the day.

Imagine us, my dear John, with our rusty and sea-worn tire, bringing our foul linen under the shelter of a friendly hillock. There we set up forked sticks, hang over great kettles, and kindle great fires—even of juniper, whose savor is so sweet in the burning, that it rises from our labor as an incense of true worship. Just think of it! We, a handful of weak men and women, gathered here alone, on the borders of a great and unexplored land—with the stormy sea behind, and a wilderness of unknown dangers before—wild beasts and savage men! The thought is so grand, so full of solemn and awful interest, I almost feel like a tragic

queen ; and I sometimes fancy we are growing into a statelier aspect with every free breath we draw, and every step we take on this solemn shore.

After we had finished our work we sang a hymn ; and the great birds came rushing by us on their strong wings, stooping when they drew near, as if to question us of the reason of our coming ; and the music of the winds roaring through the pines, and the surging swell of the sea, made solemn accompaniment for our voices.

Nov. 17. Our men have returned in safety. They report a fair land, with many springs of very sweet water. They bring with them corn, which they found buried in the earth, some ears red, some yellow, and others mixed with blue. It is a goodly sight, and speaketh well for the country. They have seen Indians, and traces of habitation. The houses are built of slender sapling trees, bended over with both ends stuck in the ground, in the fashion of a bower. They are matted, both within and without, with fair and goodly mats, well wrought of flags, rushes, and the fibres of wood. The chimney is an open hole in the roof ; and under it strong truncheons are driven in the ground, over which they hang their pots to seethe, lighting their fires under them. Their beds are made of planks split from the trees, and laid on platforms about twelve inches from the ground, and are well covered with mats. They lie in a circle, with their feet all pointing to the fire. Our people found, also, in the houses, trays, earthen pots and dishes, and dainty wooden bowls, made of the fairest maple wood ; and also sundry baskets, some finer, some coarser. They were made of willow, some being curiously wrought in black and white, of corn-husks,

rushes, crab-shells, and others of a kind of silk grass, very fine and delicate. Some of them, also, have the pictures of birds, beasts, and flowers, in very good semblance, being done in colors, well imitating nature.

Dec. 4. This day Edward Thomson, servant to Mr. White, hath departed this life, being the first that hath died since our arrival. We must hope and pray for the best ; but our people are in a sad condition.

Dec. 5. Death yesterday, birth to-day ; and so the scenes of Time are continually changing. Mistress White has just given us a fine little boy ; and, in token of our wanderings, we have named him Peregrine. This is the first English child born to the inheritance and citizenship of North Virginia. To-day, also, we have narrowly escaped a very great and awful danger. John, son of Francis Billington, who is for the most a naughty lad, got gunpowder, and shot off a gun in his father's cabin, there being many flints and iron things, and also a small barrel of powder, much of which was scattered about in the cabin. It could only have been through God's special mercy that we were saved from a horrible death.

Dec. 6. I know not why I should be so happy, for there seems little external cause of joy, especially since our loving friend, Mistress Carver, hath just given up her little son ; but still I cannot do otherwise, selfish and strange as it appeareth, than feel so happy this day : my heart seems to float in my bosom light as the thistle-down on the summer air.

My friend, Deborah Hopkins, who hath her father's strength and soberness of character, hath been entreating me, divers times through the day, to moderate my

spirits, for it is a sign of rare sorrow that one should be so moved; but I might as well stop my breath itself, as this tide of rapture that is flowing through my soul.

It is so joyful to see land! so lovely to think of rest—of home! I stretch my arms to thee, O my new and adopted country! I stretch my arms—and my heart goes forth to thee; for even in thy bleak wintriness, wild and savage as thou art, still art thou fair to look upon; for I seem to gaze into the future, and this savageness disappears. I behold fair orchards, and waving corn-fields, and golden harvests—all pouring out their treasures for a great and free people. My vision overlooks all the difficulties, sufferings, and dangers of the Present; for the Spirit forgets the arduous course that is between, and takes hold of the goal at once. It rejecteth the obstacles which encumber the senses, and graspeth the golden apples in advance! Oh, but my thought is so cheering, I could cry aloud in pure joy; and for very fulness of satisfaction I can write no more to-day, but just to add that a party of our people have gone forth to explore the country.

Dec. 7. Was it prophecy that lay hid in the words of Deborah that I have such sad news for this writing? This day the good-wife Dorothy, companion of our beloved friend William Bradford, fell overboard, and was drowned; and in view of this solemn event, we are struggling, with many prayers and bitter tears, to nerve our hearts for what may lie before. The husband is now absent with the exploring party; and this addeth much to our trouble, lest he should think that any means might have been neglected to save her. The Lord strengthen him to meet his trial! My heart is sinking

with heaviness, for this is the beginning of sorrow. Our people are falling sick; and we have not so much as a crust of sweet bread to comfort them, nor a hut for shelter; but their sick and weary frames are still tossing on the troubled deep. My dear father seems failing. I dare not think of it; yet why should I consider myself better than others? My eyes are blind with weeping. I cannot write more to-day, for I am called to my father. He is taken suddenly worse.

Dec. 11. The blow has fallen. My father died on the day of my last writing, and was buried yesterday. I cannot write about it, for it will make my tears flow again; and there is no time for weeping.

Dec. 15. The absent party is just returned. Poor Bradford, at the first news, seemeth overwhelmed with anguish. He had brought many little curiosities and presents for the lost one; for he was ever a kind and loving husband; but he is bearing his trouble as one who knoweth his affliction is from the Lord.

Our adventurers have had enough dangers and escapes, both from roaring lions* and howling wolves of the forest, and from men as savage, to make fireside stories for a whole winter; and how shall I, with this single gray goose-quill, put them all on paper—even for thee?

Our people report a fair country to the southwest.

There they landed on the eleventh day of this present month, stepping to the shore on a great rock, that did make for them a kind of natural wharfing.

This day we again weigh anchor for the other place,

* The Pilgrims, in their first visits to the shore, frequently spoke of lions, doubtless meaning the Cougar, which is commonly known as the panther.

is a fearful thing to suffer hunger ! The Lord preserve and strengthen us to meet his appointed time, as becometh the true and devoted !

The great ocean, that separateth us from the civilized world, is a solemn and awful sight—the great wilderness, that swarms with savages and wild beasts, is still more solemn and awful. A view of this bleak and wintry shore, where, as yet, we have neither food nor shelter, is sickening to the heart ; and sometimes, especially when we want comforting things for the sick, we are ready to sink beneath our many trials. We have only Heaven to look unto ; and when we bow ourselves before the Lord, sweet comfort droppeth down, like manna, from above ; and we feel the sweet assurance that, as the Lord hath brought us here, so, in his own good way and time, will he strengthen, and comfort, and reassure us.

Monday, Feb. 5. Yesterday a frightful storm beset us, with great power of wind and waves, so our ship, being light, did seem no more than a feather, the sport of every breath ; but, by God's good providence, we have been kept in safety.

On the 29th of January died Rose, the wife of our gallant captain, Miles Standish ; and the same month seven others of our number are taken from us.

Saturday, March 3. I have been ashore to-day. The birds sang in the woods very pleasantly, but we could not enter into the spirit of their joy. Indeed, it made us more sorrowful for our great losses and sufferings, to hear such sweet music ; for time was when we could sing also ; but now our harps are hung upon the willows, and we eat the bitter bread of mourning. We

are looking constantly to see who will next be taken ; and it must be confessed, that strength and heart often come near to failing among us. But as yet, my dear mother hath been spared ; though Death has come very close to us, on every hand.

I cannot but rejoice, even when I may give so much as a cup of water to the suffering ! I rejoice that I was counted worthy for this great ministry. Terrible it is to see our friends die, for want of what would be to you, at home, common and necessary comforts ! Yet such sweet Charities, such tender Loves, do wait upon our afflictions—yea, and such strength of will to suffer, and die, and bear our losses bravely, we cannot but feel it is a privilege to be here !

On the 21st of last month died William White, the father of our little Peregrine ; the same day, also, William Mullins. They were both men well esteemed among us. On the 25th of May, the wife of Isaac Allerton was taken from our midst ;—and my sweet friend Mary is without a mother ! In the whole month we bury no less than seventeen.

March 28. The wife of your dear brother took leave of us day before yesterday—manifesting such sweet and true affection in her bitter sufferings, such care and tender concern for others, and such forgetfulness of self, that truly we could scarce look on her without envy, but for her own sweet love, that forbade the association of any unworthy or selfish feeling, with one that seemed already an angel.

We are now fallen into sad extremities indeed. The well are scarce able to care for the sick, or even to bury the dead. Much of this month there have been only

seven of us all, able to go about ; and of these, thy handmaid has been permitted to be one. O my dear friend, daily do I rejoice in my coming hither ; for if I had been persuaded to stay, I could not have smoothed the hard pillow for my dear father's dying head, nor have drunk the last precious light from the eyes of many who are now saints in heaven ! O, this ministry to the help of need sorer than thou canst well imagine, is blessed indeed ! It is far more worth than all the sacrifice it demands ! All our people are mourning for the loss of kindred ; and often there are several lying dead among us at the same time.

Our good Elder, our Captain, and our Surgeon, Samuel Fuller, have done a wonderful work of love in our midst. Their strength seems to increase with the demands made on it ; and the labors they perform are almost incredible. This month thirteen of our number are removed ; and during the last four months, almost half our company.

April 5. This day the Mayflower sails for England ; and I must make haste to prepare these papers for sending, knowing that there will be joy for thee, as well as sorrow, to get this record from mine hand. Not one of our people hath chosen to return by present opportunity. We have laid our friends all around us, thus making in this wild wilderness a homestead of death. Our purpose in coming hither is yet unaccomplished. We must wait, and labor, and watch, if it yet may also become a homestead of Life and Liberty, both for a remnant of us, and for the world.

Believe, my dearest, that this is truly bound up with love in every thought, and a blessing in every line. In

hope and faith, still waiteth for thee, thy own—MARY CHILTON.

Here, at this break in the Journal, it may be well to speak more fully of the first landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. This memorable event happened on the 11th of December, old style, which corresponds with December 22d, according to our mode of reckoning. And henceforth the return of that period became a holyday, and that bare and barren rock an object of love and veneration. Who could stand there, and think of the brave little band who first set foot on it, without yielding the deepest feelings of his bosom to a strong and uncontrollable emotion? for the high heroism of patient suffering, and spiritual daring, has invested this rock with a nobler, grander, holier power, than belongs to any battle-field, ay, even to the far-famed Thermopylæ itself.

De Tocqueville, in the second chapter of his "Democracy in America," in allusion to this subject, says: "This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this sufficiently show, that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant; and straightway it becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?"

Again we return to the private narrative, as given by our heroine.

April 12. Praying that fair and quick winds may speed to thee in safety the long letter I have dispatched, again I resume my writing; but my first word is one of sorrow. Our well-beloved and precious governor is now numbered among the lost. He came in ill from the field, complaining greatly of his head; and in a few days he departed, to our great lamentation and heaviness. It was supposed he had been sun-struck.

But as the spring advances, the sickness declines. I should have told thee last month that we had taken possession of our houses. They are built in a row, or street, fronting the hills; and they have a winsome and sightly look, after having seen nothing but the naked wilderness, and the unstable sea, for so long. Each one has a little garden which is already planted; and when leisure serves, we set rose-trees, and eglantine, and virgin's bower, which are plenty round as brambles, in all the borders. But little space of time should we have for these trifles, only that they cheer the sick and sorrowful, speaking as they do to the heart, of the homes we have left—with sweet hope for the homes we shall be making here. The birds, too, sing cheerily; and our souls are beginning once more to break forth into singing; for we know that our afflictions are from the Lord. Nevertheless, the heart is sometimes stubborn, in clinging to its lost loves.

We have lately had a visit from a great king—the chief of a large country, called Massasoit. He is a comely person to look upon, curiously adorned with bead-work and wampum. Both himself and his followers drink*

* Drinking tobacco was the term used by the early Pilgrims to express smoking.

much tobacco. He hath shown himself very friendly; and we have made with him a solemn league of goodwill and amity, so that the angels of Peace are once more enfolding us with their protecting wings.

Our houses are built of solid logs squared at the side, and plastered with clay. They are also well thatched on the roof, with windows of oiled paper, which let in a soft and gladsome light, and stand bravelier against these wintry winds than thou couldst believe, not having seen how strong and pleasant they are. It is true our tenements are small; yet loving each other, we mind not being brought close together in our homes; and yet there are many sad, vacant places in our midst, which, were it the Lord's will, we would fain see filled by those who have left them desolate—and in our dreams we do often so behold them.

May 13. Yesterday we celebrated the first marriage of the colony, between thy brother, Edward, and Mrs. Susanna White. It was, at the best, but a sad scene, their late loving partners having been so recently laid in the ground, that the young grass is but just beginning to make their graves green.

After the ceremony was over, I went out alone over the hills. Did thy spirit feel how I was stretching out my arms to thee, as I looked over the great, wide ocean, that sundereth us? I was fain to call thee hither; but I felt that even this was sinful; and so I turned my steps landward, where now my chief duty is. Violets and columbines are purpling the southern slopes; and the wind-flower hangs her white bells beneath the coppice-wood. I gathered many flowers, bright and fragrant, but of unknown names; and then I sat down by the

brook-side, and listened to its pleasant murmur. If thou, my belovéd, couldst only have been by my side,—and it sometimes seemed almost as if thou wert,—I should have had little to wish for.

July 24. Our corn, of which we set about twenty acres, is growing finely; and with its tall stems waving their long riband-like leaves in the wind, it is comelier to look upon than any grain I have ever seen. There are found many fruits, plums, grapes, raspberries, strawberries, and the like, all to be had for the plucking. We also get many fowl; and, having better conveniences therefor, a tolerable plenty of fish. Indeed, we are now living luxuriously, blessing the Lord daily for continued health. We are also beginning to look out for the next ship—the ship that is to bring thee, O, my love! and sweet comfort and help to many of us. Having a chance, I shall send this by a fishing smack to Newfoundland, to be put on board of a return ship. So I bid thee, for the present, a loving adieu, trusting that I may not have occasion to send any more letters, but when I next address thee, we may speak face to face. Thy brothers will write by this chance; and with much love from dear mother, also from our good Elder, Captain, and Doctor, with all other friends, I am truly thine, in hope and love—MARY CHILTON.

On the 9th of November following, the Indians of Cape Cod dispatched messengers to New Plymouth, saying that a ship had been seen off their coast; and hardly were the messengers arrived, when the ship also was discovered, making steadfastly for the bay. Whereupon the Governor commanded a great piece to be

fired, to call such of the men home as were abroad at work, for they were not so soon expecting their friends. Then every man held himself ready; and every boy who could manage a gun stood by his appointed post, that if she were an enemy they might make the best possible defence, the excitement all the while running to a terrible height. During this time Mary Chilton sat still in the house. There was, for her, too deep and solemn an interest in the scene, to admit of her entering into the excitement which was moving others. What if he, the one who, spite of herself, filled her present thoughts, as he had long filled her heart—what if *he* were not there! What, indeed, if it were not the ship! What if he were dead? for she had heard nothing from him since that sad parting in Holland. All these reflections had almost overwhelmed her with a conception of widowhood,—that bereavement of what has never been fully given, which is the most bitter to bear. She was so lost and absorbed in these painful thoughts, that she scarce heard the joyful shouts that recognized a friend in the coming vessel. She did not see the gallant streamers floating on the wind, with the arms of her country emblazoned on the banners! She did not see the friends that thronged the decks, stretching their arms, and waving handkerchiefs to those on shore, as if they would have flown over the waters to embrace them! She knew not how sundry of the brave remnants of that little band were climbing the rocks to obtain a better view; while others, in their keen impatience, went far as they might into the water; and others still, bowed themselves down in the clefts of the rock, with devout thanksgivings for the coming boon.

The dreadful suspense of that trying hour almost overcame her. She could not have looked upon the ship lest she should not have seen *him*! And when at last the old music of familiar voices, with ringing shouts and bursts of joyful tears, came near, and nearer, she dared not listen, lest she should not hear *his* voice; but she bowed herself down, clasping her mother's knees,—praying for strength to know her fate.

There were steps as of many persons approaching the house. Her heart became still in the intensity of its emotions; and her whole form was collapsed and rigid. But a manly figure darkened the low doorway—ay, and a manlier than she expected to see. And when he bent over her, and lifted her to his arms, he saw that the struggle was too much; for she had fainted away. But blessed is the return to consciousness, when the occasion of its loss is so joyful!

The New Land opened her arms to her faithful children; and the savage wilderness became to their devoted hearts a paradise of love.

The harvest being gathered in, a great and goodly entertainment was prepared, and the Pilgrims kept their first solemn feast of love and gratitude—a day which, under the name of THANKSGIVING, is still commemorated as the peculiar holyday of New England.

The same evening John Winslow received from her widowed mother the hand of Mary Chilton. The happy pair lived worthy of their honorable lineage and mission. In 1655 they removed to Boston; and when their journey was finished, they left a numerous posterity to rejoice in their worthiness.

HOME LIGHTS.

BY MARY ARTHUR.

THEY are all in peace around me
This wild and stormy night,—
My wayward loving-hearted girl,
My boy with brow of light:
And the father adds his tribute
To the glad and echoing mirth
That rings through all the outside storm,
A blessing o'er our hearth.

Oh! little faces, gleaming fair,
Oh! hearts, so pure and gay,
What clouds may send their shadows there,
Or steal the peace away?
A moment's flight may change the light
To sorrow's sickly hue;
But we'll love them through the grief as well,
And God will love them too.

So, let the storm ride on without,
And bring no sign of ill:
God's love is felt in summer hours,
And God is smiling still.
And clap your hands, my fearless ones,
While I in silence pray,
That the simple trust your childhood knows
May never pass away.

THE DESTINY.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

It was a chill September day, in the year 1780. The sky was lined with ridges of leaden-colored clouds, piled in stiff horizontal folds at the west, relieved here and there by a nearer strata of others ragged and vapory, which occasionally discharged themselves in mist, or gusts of wind. When these had passed over, the declining sun, sinking behind the moveless clouds, occasionally gleamed out in sudden flashes, darting long spears of light over the drear autumn landscape, then sank behind the next mass of vapor, again to flash forth, and again to disappear, as if in his downward course he stepped the bars of a huge ladder, one by one, till at length giving one last giant glow, his red disk was slowly lost behind the hills. This flash had passed over the deeply tinged autumn leaves till they shone like a mighty baldrich rich in a thousand hues. The gray rock of the mountain, with its sombre evergreens, caught the beam; the far-off river rolled in molten gold; the cottage window was all ablaze; the village spire held it transfixed like a glory; and last, the towering pine saw it glide upward like a spirit, and lose itself in the unknown space. Was it significant of a closing destiny?

The wind rose fitfully as the sun went down, hurling the stricken leaves showering in the air, and tossing the dry branches aloft like wrestling monsters. The gray

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twilight, so dreary and chill in the declining year, descended pitilessly upon the earth, casting a chill upon all hearts, and whispering of the sad dirges which life teaches them to utter. In a low stone house, not far from the village church, in the town of Tappan, a young man walked back and forth with a slow measured tread, and his hands clasped behind him. His face was deathly pale, but composed; and his lip, beautiful as an Apollo's, though compressed, had not lost its soft, almost voluptuous curve.

Once, as he moved in this way, he leaned his forehead against the wall, and then mechanically drew forth a pencil, and wrote his name thereon;* but it was evident he was unaware of what he had done, for he moved on as before: and, although the last rays of the sun came in at the low window and shone full upon him, that sun which he would never more behold in his goings forth, he gave it no heed; for under that full brow were thoughts stretching into eternities far beyond the reachings of *his* beams, and beneath that hushed bosom were emotions, compared with which the soundings of suns and worlds were but as the wavering of a feather poised in the summer air. At length a child appeared and placed a light upon the table, and, stopping, looked up with such strange wondering pity, that he reached out his hand and drew her to his side. She did not repel him, but gently put her arms around his neck *so* tenderly, and pressed her young cheek to his: he sat down, and became sensible once more to the external world. The

* This name still remains upon the wall of the dwelling, or did so till a very recent period.

gusty wind swept by, the measured footfall of the sentinels at the angles and in the long hall of the house, and the dying notes of the bugle from the army encamping near by, came to the senses like some boding but undefined pageant, of which the young man was a part, and the child the angel of pity, comforting what she could not save. She did not speak nor weep, but only laid her silken curls upon his shoulder, and her cheek to his; and when he at length placed her upon the floor, she sighed heavily, moved very softly to the door, sighed again, and closed it so gently that he hardly knew she was gone.

For the first time his breast heaved, and a sigh more like a groan escaped him, and then the tears gushed to his eyes. As he reached for his handkerchief, a parcel fell to the floor: he picked it up, and now recollected that this had been put into his hand by his man Anderson, John Anderson, as he stepped into the boat on that disastrous night, now so painfully recalled. He remembered the almost frantic vehemence with which the man had begged to accompany him, the mysterious warnings he had from time to time given him; and, more than all, he remembered the untiring devotion, the affecting fidelity, and almost superhuman courage he had more than once exhibited in his duty upon him. Then came the memory of those wrestlings in prayer in which this strange being exhibited a fervor and enthusiasm which had often filled him with awe.

As these things flitted through his mind, he unfolded a crumpled and soiled slip of paper, on which was written—

“Do not enter upon these bold schemes: stripped of their coverings, *treason* is the word, *death* the penalty.”

He remembered when this had been put into his

hand, the colorless face of Anderson, the terrible brightness of his eye, which had a light gleaming from within—lighted backward in the depths of the soul, and gleaming like the light hidden in ancient caverns which the sunlight pales. He recalled the hurried words of the man at parting, "Call yourself by my name: for God's sake do not use your own;" a request he had so often, so strongly made before. Then there was a larger parcel, which he opened and read with an interest at such a time most singular: at first with a look of incredulity which curled the fine contour of his lips; but gradually, as he went on, his brow flushed, his eye beamed, and he exclaimed aloud, "Folly, superstition, whatever it may be, I bless God even for this, that relieves the naked, barren horror of such a death!"

Again he paced the floor, and again he had recourse to the MS. "Yes," he muttered, "I must die—so young, so full of life. Oh, my God! I bless thee for even this!" and he crushed the paper in his hands. Could he have seen the face that peered through a slight cavity of the shutter; could he have seen that slender form swaying back and forth in its agony; could he have seen the thin hands pressed to the temples—holding back the masses of gray hair—now weeping torrents of tears like a woman, and now tottering to the upper part of the garden, beneath a tree where the newly heaved earth and a rude scaffolding told of some fatal preparation; and there, with groans and tears, with white lips and bowed head agonizing, in the terrible fervency of what would have been prayer had not the soul plead in every element, while the tongue refused its office;—could he have seen all this, he would have

felt how much more poignant is the sorrow the human heart feels for the sufferings of others, than any pangs it may endure for its own griefs.

The door opened softly : some pale fingers, dark, thin, and slight, held it for a moment, and then a figure stole in, so noiselessly that the young man did not at first perceive the intruder, till a sigh, so long-drawn that it might have been the last severing of body and spirit, caused him to turn.

"Why, Anderson, is it you?" said he.

"Yes, I manned the boat that brought that cowardly traitor on shipboard ; but I sprang to the shore, knowing they would not dare to fire upon me : the coward's life was too precious, and needed all speed."

"Then he is safe?"

"Yes ; the bad, the guilty live, but the good and the innocent hang upon the Cross."

The young man shuddered from head to foot, and Anderson crushed his two hands together, as if the bones must yield under the pressure. His brow sharply contracted, while his cavernous eyes gleamed with an unearthly fire of pity, endurance, and sharp anguish.

"How did you find me?" asked the youth.

"In the same way that the brute creation find their young. I followed the pulling of my heart-strings, and they led me to you."

"My poor Anderson," said the young man, extending his hand as he had done before upon the entrance of the man : but Anderson did not take it ; on the contrary, his person assumed a painful attitude of respectful rigidity.

"You know my fate," said the youth, "that I have but a few hours left me."

"I know all. I have been to the American camp. I have prayed and begged for your life as if—ay—as—if—you had been—"

And suddenly casting himself at the feet of the youth,—"my own child!" There was a long silence. Anderson laid his head upon the knee of the captive, gasping for breath, till tears, so long held back, poured like a torrent over his bruised heart.

The young man held up the long gray locks which streamed around the thin, sunken temple, and looked wonderingly upon the small features, wasted by time and suffering, and yet strangely reminding him of something fitting in the vistas of memory.

"Yes, yes, do not mind. I am a woman; think nothing of me; and yet, oh God! nothing but a woman could have endured what I have done to save you, to avert this terrible fate. My child! my blessed child! dearer to me than the fruit of my own body, born of my soul, and nurtured in the foundations of love, amid the travail of tears and the pangs of supplication, God comfort thee!"

There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Anderson, who still lay at the feet of the youth. He remembered the strange story of his infancy, and the tears of his mother when she spoke of her parent bereft of reason—the many years of incarceration in a mad-house, to which that parent had been subjected—his occasional visits to her, and her wild unearthly prayers—the almost frantic love with which she regarded him—and how at length he had been kept entirely from her, as his presence was supposed to aggravate her disease.

Then there were years of calm, of concentrated melan-

choly composure, which people still called insanity, but of a nature so coherent, so hushed, so little in sympathy with the rest of the world, and yet so vast in its deep religious fervor, its concentration of intense thought, a train of thought lying so deeply back in the spirit, that none could fathom its mystery: this was also called insanity, insanity of the most hopeless kind; for she spoke solemnly of some undivulged mission, some lonely and painful duty before her, to prepare for which she fasted and prayed, and inured herself to sleepless nights and long solitary walks. Miles and miles did she wander over unfrequented ways, toilsome and rugged, climbing, with steady effort, high hills, and threading lonely woods, till her form assumed a litheness and power, an elastic and attenuated vigor, astonishing to behold. Sunshine and storm were alike to her: she was secure from injury whichever might assail; for the intense spirit thus made ready for its hidden purpose, glowed inward like a consuming fire, and the external organization became moulded and subjugated to its will.

At first she had been closely followed, and watched with care; but as years passed on, and she remained ever the same, patient, laborious, silent—moving her round of solitary walks, neglectful of the graces of her sex, but intent upon all and the least thing that concerned the interest of her family—she was left gradually to herself, and was supposed to have settled into one of those melancholy peripatetics whom we sometimes meet in our paths, pressed by a secret grief, and lost to human sympathies.

The young man felt all this sliding through his brain,

rather than as a train of events called to recollection ; and now, as he looked upon the pale, wasted face, with its strange beauty—a beauty which the highest sense of the soul acknowledged as nearest to the confines of the eternal—he remembered how often the face and voice of Anderson had recalled some intangible mystery, which still flitted from his mental grasp, and which the silence and reserve of the man had served to enhance.

Anderson had presented himself as the troops were on the point of embarking for America, and had urged his services upon him with such melancholy earnestness, that he had yielded without any defined motive ; but had found him so quiet, his manner so retired, so delicate, so full of grave tenderness, that he had always felt a strange awe in his presence—a reverence that rebuked all levity, as if in the atmosphere of the supernatural. Sometimes he had been annoyed by the pertinacity with which his attendant had watched his movements, and the singular knowledge he seemed to possess of all relating to his interests ; but, as he was solitary in his habits, seeking no companionship, and rarely exchanging a word with those about him, the services of Anderson, faithful and untiring, became of the utmost importance to a young man accomplished, elegant, and full of the joyous gayety of a life that hitherto had known only success.

He had often counselled him wisely, often warned him of danger, and now the recollection of his earnest but vain efforts to deter him from that fatal interview on the banks of the Hudson, which had terminated so disastrously, came back bitterly to his mind.

"Would to God I could die for thee!" sobbed the woman, rising from his feet, and putting back the thick curls from the brow of the young man. "I cannot explain," she continued, "the weird love I felt for you from the first. There was a strange, unnatural beauty about you, that haunted me like a Fate. I could not shake it off; and, in an evil hour, I had your horoscope cast. You have read the result. It drove me mad; and yet, in all these wild, maddening hours, I never lost sight of the great purpose I formed from the beginning—to be with you, watch over you, uphold you, and comfort you to the last. I learned all your movements; and now you are here, and I am here, and, oh my God! the Destiny is here also."

The captive had listened with an awe in which mingled little of human sympathy; but he now arose, and laid the gray head tenderly upon his shoulder. He was silent, but there was a touching grace in the manner, that went to the heart of the woman. For a moment she yielded to the healing comfort of tears, and then, calling back her innate strength of character, she sat long in silence, till the hearts of both grew into beautiful communion with God, and she poured out volumes of holy inspiration, such as the lips of patriarchs and prophets might have owned, in their hours of rapt devotion.

"I distrusted from the first the false-hearted coward who *would* have sacrificed his country, and *has* sacrificed you," she continued, when the "golden silence" had slid into "silver speech." "But he was the terrible Fate appointed by God to bring about this Destiny. 'It must needs be that offences will come, but woe

unto him by whom the offence cometh !' ' Cursed is he that turneth the blind out of his path.' I foresee, in the long future years, the tears of thousands shed over thy fate—I see children and youth, maidens and gray hairs, weeping over thy ashes, and calling thee by names that may soothe a spirit in the regions of eternal worlds—I behold the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet embalming thee amongst those whom an ancient Fate condemned, guiltless, to unheard-of wrongs. Sorrowful is thy death, but blessed shall be thy memory."

These words, uttered in the true spirit of prophecy, conveyed their healing to the heart of the listener, who bent his head, and replied :

" Let us forget my fate in what is due to those I leave to deplore me ; yet not the less do I bless God for the great cheer which thy presence imparts."

We must draw the veil over many paroxysms of agony : we must not tell how the thoughts of home and the memory of a mother called up emotions too great for utterance ; nor how the sweet, virgin face of the Beloved smiled from its golden case, even in its unconscious beauty smiled, as in those summer days when the world was one halcyon calm of loveliness, and the heart a well of unfathomed joy. Softly as the youth gazed, tears dimmed the glass, falling in still sorrow ; and now the face grew serene under the dim veil of tears, till it receded into a look of grief, blent with unutterable tenderness.

Many hours were passed in preparations for the last trial, in writing letters, and giving directions as to the disposal of papers and effects. At length, wearied, and

utterly exhausted, the youth sank to a deep slumber. The woman slept not, but passed the remainder of the night in fervent supplication, pale as marble, her eyes closed and her lips moving, but uttering neither word nor sigh.

The morning came. We must pass over the last hours of suffering: we must not tell how beautiful, in his sublime composure, looked the noble youth, as he stood beholding for the last time the light of the world; we must not record the simple, manly words that gave testimony to his courage, and devotion to a country which now was powerless to save him. No reproaches, no puerile regrets, escaped him—all was true and soul-sustained; and thus the scene closed.

As the group dispersed at the upper end of the garden, a gray-haired woman, now dressed in the garments of her sex, came forward, and begged to be left alone for a while with the unconscious clay. Mournful, very mournful was it, as she sat down upon the ground, and took the poor, dear head in her arms, and showered over it kisses from lips cold and pale as its own, moaning all the while inarticulate groans, with no word and no tear. It was she who prepared him decently for the grave, and sat all day and all night, with the wind and the dew weeping and sighing in her locks, while the pale stars looked down, as they had done upon the childless Rizpeh of old, scaring the birds of prey from the bodies of the Beloved. Ah! very strong is human love, and strong is the body in which its terrible depths lie deepest hidden. The great purpose bears up the clayey tabernacle till it partakes of the glory of the spirit which it enshrouds.

It was she who collected all that remained of him, and embarked at once for England, that she might at length rest in peace in her own land. The following is the purport of the paper she had placed in the hands of her kinsman, and which he had read the night before the execution; the purport only, for it has been necessary to throw it into a form adapted to the character of our story, and in accordance with the spirit of these divinations, so seductive to the imaginative mind, and which Napoleon, Goethe, Scott, and myriads of others, have consulted with a wild eagerness, as if they might wrest secrets from the bosom of futurity in the same manner as they had pressed the outer limits of the great circle of human thought.

The Prediction.

THE astrologer moved the astrolabe slowly from point to point; again inquired the date, the hour, even moment of birth, and then readjusted the instrument with a look of unwonted interest.

"Well?" demanded the lady.

"If the child is yours, my dear Madam, you need ask nothing more in regard to him."

"Will he die?—will the child die?" she gasped, almost convulsively.

"No, he will live many years—with all honor, and love, but"—and he threw the diagrams from him—"Madam, he will probably survive yourself." This was uttered with an expression of commiseration rarely assumed by one so familiar with exhibitions of human

emotion as the follower of such an art must necessarily be.

"You have told me nothing," she persisted; "I must know all: I came here for the purpose; not as a believer in your art, it may be, but because, loving the child as I do, I can bear to know, at least, what he may be called to endure."

The man of science smiled at the *faith* which the remark implied, and then resumed the instruments of his profession. As he did so, he looked down upon the face of the consuler, and saw with what painful interest she followed his movements.

"The child will live to be much beloved; will reach distinguished honors; be witty, graceful, prosperous—but—" Again he stopped.

"Tell me all: I came to know, and will know—let what will be," urged the lady.

"As you will, then," resumed the astrologer, solemnly: "the child will come to a painful end; he will be"—the words clung to his tongue—

"What!" persisted his visitor, turning deathly pale, and sinking back in the chair.

"Strangled," he replied, in a low voice.

She repeated the words in a faint whisper, so low and hoarse it was almost inarticulate.

"Some accident, perhaps," she uttered, gathering courage.

The man shook his head.

"I do not understand you; speak out!"

"He will be hanged."

"My God! the beautiful child! the hope of an honorable family—the sweet, beautiful! Oh my God, it

cannot be. Man, I do not believe in your lying art;" and she grasped his arm as if she might shift the terrible prophecy from her own consciousness.

"Look again—it cannot be." The man of science went over the figures once more, and again shook his head.

"Better he should die now. I have prayed impiously for his life. Oh that he may die!" The veins of her forehead were distended, and she held by the arm of the chair, with a look as if she might arrest the web which the remorseless Parcæ were spinning for her household.

The astrologer hinted at the long career, prosperous and honorable, that would intervene; the improbability that she would ever live to see the termination, and other topics always inutile in moments of suffering.

"No, no; if such is to be, I only have strength to bear it: I must be with him, comfort him, die with him," and tears came to her relief. She yielded a while to the strange consoling which tears always afford a woman; as if the good Father, knowing her many and solitary hours of suffering, had provided within herself this sad fount of relief:—alas! the comforter!—then she gathered a thick veil over her face and went out.

When she had gone, the man revised his diagrams again, with an expression of pain upon his pale spiritual features; for he was a firm believer in the truth of his profession, and not one who followed it for the mere purposes of gain. The fee, which his visitor had laid upon the table, remained untouched, and he talked aloud, as he mechanically turned the index of the astrolabe.

"Poor youth! Venus favoring—graceful, winning,

courteous—yes, yes, the idol of the women—Mercury in his dignity—eloquent in speech—ready with his pen—Mars in his house—brave as a lion—ah! ah! here comes the Moon troubled—and here the baneful Saturn—he cannot escape—poor young man!” and with a beautiful sorrow over the fate as yet unachieved—over the folded scroll of a cradled babe—he arose heavily from his seat, and, lifting his eyes, prayed audibly for the child, that God, in his infinite goodness, would interpose all possible hindrances to the threatened calamity. He was ignorant both of the name and station of his visitor, but he noted the Nativity in his books with much care, and then resumed a ponderous tome containing the prophecies of Nostrodamus, endeavoring to fathom their meaning; and resolving them into astrological tables, the better to aid in their interpretation.

He remained some time occupied in this manner, when the door again opened, and his visitor stood before him. She was fearfully pale, and her voice husky, as she said:

“I have learned more than I ought to have learned:—may God forgive me. True or false, what I have heard will imbitter the remainder of my life. As to the child, I perceive, by what you predict, he must live to manhood—how long I do not wish to hear: I have one thing to ask. Should you be alive when the child has numbered his years, will you bear this period in mind, and call at”—and she named a number and street in London.

The astrologer seemed to revolve the matter in his mind, and then said: “I will come.”

"God willing; I pray you say, God willing," urged his visitor.

"God has willed it," he replied, solemnly; and again he bent his eyes upon the book.

The lady was a woman of strong affections, heightened by a powerful imagination. She had known many and severe griefs, which had given her that half-desponding cast of mind that is apt to superinduce the mystical. The happy marriage of her only surviving daughter, who had recently given birth to a son, seemed to promise a bright close to an eventful life,—so bright that she could hardly believe so much good could be in store for her: hence her application, as we have seen, and the terrible prediction to which she had listened.

She had entered the astrologer's room like one who had laid aside his armor, and feels the enervation of rest. She trembled at the apprehension of evil, and shrunk at the thought of danger. Despite her professed unbelief, she did believe, in the bottom of her soul, all that she had heard, as every one does, who listens to the oracles of Fate. No matter from what source comes the prediction, whoever hears, believes: trembles or hopes—whatever the lips may deny. What the oracle of Delphi was to the Greek, the flight of birds and reeking entrails to the Roman, the Weird Sisters to Macbeth, the astrologer, the gipsy, the fortune-teller, is to the modern ear.

The woman retired, feeling the worst that could befall her was already known, and all intermediate ills were but as the dust in the balance. From that time a sense of mournful isolation grew upon her, as the holder of a secret concerning others, but forever to be

hidden in her own breast. She grew more gentle than her wont, for she was a woman of strong passions, and of an individuality apart from the mass.

The evening of the day which we have described, she sat with a fair child sleeping upon her knee, over which she bent silently; but a close observer would have seen that a torrent of tears fell from her eyes, and dewed its robes. The shaded lights, gleaming amid crimson and alabaster, delicate flowers, and carpets noiseless to the foot, bespoke wealth and luxury; while the blanched outlines of statuary here and there in the high and spacious room, gave a spectral air of taste and grandeur not unallied to that of mystery. Beneath the sumptuous hangings of the antique bedstead slept the fair mother of the child, lovely despite her pallidness, shaded and softened as it was by dainty laces, that told of coming health and renewed beauty, and the absence of all danger. The ticking of the clock alone broke the deep silence, and this had a stern, measured tone vibrating ominously upon the ear.

The grandmother, for such she was, notwithstanding her glossy hair and cheek untouched by time, at length became conscious of what seemed the preternatural loudness of the clock, and she arose and arrested the pendulum; and now the deathly stillness of the room grew audible with the beating of human hearts, counting the seconds one after another, and to the solitary watcher with fearful distinctness. As her eye rested upon the clock she murmured, "Arrested, not run out;" and her eyes slowly fell upon the marble base, which the light threw into bold relief. It consisted of a group of the Laocöon; and singularly enough, as the light fell

upon the youngest child of the suffering Priest, clinging in terror to his parent, the face bore a strange resemblance to the sleeping child. At first this passed through the mind of the kinswoman as a sort of dreamy consciousness ; but as she gazed longer, the likeness became so peculiar that she arose and examined it more closely. Upon a nearer view it in part disappeared, only to be renewed as she resumed her position.

Fearful thoughts grew upon the mind of the strong-passioned woman, as she sat holding that unconscious child of destiny in her arms. At one moment its beauty plead audibly to her heart, and grief intense and overwhelming filled her with a love surmounting death and peril to shelter and uphold it through life. She would abandon society for its sake—she would assume the habiliments of a man, and follow it in all its terrible destiny, and give up her own life that he might escape in the hour of peril. Then she would retire into some desert place, far from the laws of civilized people, and train the child to the freedom and irresponsibleness of savage life. Anon, she determined to exchange him with some child of humbler blood, but better stars ; and then, when the evil day came, she would be ignorant of the event. More tumultuous and wild grew the action of her troubled thoughts ; and at length the final one of destroying it stood like a shape, airy drawn, before her eyes. More and more distinct grew the image : it was a virtuous, a good deed—she might rid the world of a monster—prevent a two-fold calamity. As these suggestions streamed rapidly through her mind she arose to her feet—she approached the Laocōn, where the strange resemblance and the look of agony gave at

once definiteness to the wildness of her emotions. She lifted the child upward—it did not awake—"Ah! ah!" she laughed aloud, "the old man did not say how long he should live—now is his destiny complete;" and her fingers gathered around the throat of the babe. There was a slight scream, and the hurrying of a gathering household. The inanimate child was laid by the side of its no less inanimate mother, and the unhappy woman was borne away, bereft of reason.

CONCLUSION.

Some years after the events which we have here shadowed forth, two persons, each at the extreme limit of human life, might be seen slowly pacing the dim aisles of an old cathedral. The man had reverently removed the covering from his head, and his white silken locks, parted upon the centre, streamed in curls upon each side of his face, like wreaths of snow, while his broad forehead and clear eyes gave him an appearance of one of the Patriarchs of old, upon whose heads blossomed the frosty honors of a hundred years. The woman was of a deathly pale cheek, but clear and soft, and she too wore folds of white hair above eyes of strange brilliancy. Neither had fallen into dotage—neither had bowed under the pressure of life—for a deep spiritualism, an active earnestness, and a brave stirring of the intellect, had left time little power over the subtle elements of thought.

"I remembered well the horoscope I had cast so many years before," said the man; "and when that conjunction of planets indicated a catastrophe of the kind in

high places, I thought of you, and called more than once, as I had promised."

"God's will be my will," responded the woman; "the death was dreadful, but no burning shame was superadded to its many pangs—no human execration mingled bitterness in the cup, and I was spared to comfort him to the last."

As she uttered these words, the two bent over a plain slab of marble, and the woman pointed her finger to the name of—*ANDRÉ*.

TO HEBE,

(A small Statue on the mantle in my Study.)

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

GODDESS of Beauty, and eternal Youth!
 Stray spark from Eden, ere the serpent came,
 And fastened on the human heart his tooth,
 And earth assumed a different hue and name!
 Lovely ideal! Beatific beam!
 For which Canova made a house of clay!
 No more thou art to me a poet's dream,
 Such life and light thou shed'st upon my way;
 Such living freshness breath'st upon the flowers,
 That droop beside the fountain of my soul—
 So much dost speak of Bacchanalian hours,
 How proudly thou didst bear the nectar-bowl,
 How one ill step o'erwhelmed thee with disgrace,
 And Gany  des won thy high celestial place.

TO GERTRUDE.

BY JAMES NACK.

I LOVE thee!—need I say it now?—
Not for the eye of heavenly blue,
Not for the fair, transparent brow,
Which azure streams meander through,
The roseate cheek, the raven curls,
That round the breathing marble dance;—
For those adorn a thousand girls
Who scarce attract my passing glance;
Though thine is Beauty's fairest flower,
And all the magic she imparts,
It is not *that* which gives thee power
To wind into my heart of hearts!
I love thee for thy gentle mind,
Where thought of evil hath no place;
Thy grateful heart, thy feelings kind,
Thy modesty's bewitching grace!
Thy pure affection's welcome rush,
That laves my fevered soul in bland
Refreshment, like the fountain's gush
To Arabs 'mid the burning sand!
I love thee by my perfect trust
In that affection's perfect truth;
My hopes have crumbled oft in dust,
And friends have failed me from my youth:
Though time may common hearts estrange,
And common friends their ties may break,
There is a heart can never change,
A friend that never will forsake!
I love thee—not with passion's fire,
But the devotion pure and high
A guardian seraph might inspire,
Who came with comfort from the sky!

There is a blight upon my heart,
A hopeless sorrow on my mind—
But GERTRUDE! dearest! where thou art,
I seem the peace of heaven to find!
Oh, may the peace of heaven be thine,
Sweet GERTRUDE! be what may my lot!
When life and thee I must resign,
Remember—yet lament me not!—
E'en then be happy, in the thought
That thou hast loved me to the end,
That thou hast been the boon I sought—
A chosen and a faithful friend!

TO THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE.

(A Statuette on the Mantle in my Study.)

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

THY little foot uplifted on thy knee,
Thine eyes intently bent upon thy book,
As in a transcendental reverie,
Ne'er deigning round my study-room to look,
There thou dost mutely sit from day to day,
Lost in the dreamy realm of phantasy;
Yet o'er my heart thou hold'st a mighty sway,
And sagest lessons dost impart to me
Of art, and beauty, and the wealth of lore;
Th' unfathomable seas of mind and love;
The meed for lofty effort held in store,
Till aspiration lifts my soul above,
And I am drunk on intellectual joy—
My charming, beautiful, mute, marble Boy.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"HURRA, brave boys! from your couches leap!
Look out!—look out! for the snow is deep!
The morning sun shines bright and clear
On the first deep snow of the merry year!
Leave girls and babies to books and toys!
There is game abroad! away, my boys!
This sharp north wind will stir the blood,
And send the sparkling, crimson flood
To our finger ends, with a tingling glow,
At the very thought of the gleaming snow!
Come, boys! come, from near and far—
Now for the sport! Hurra! Hurra!"—

They are coming!—they gather—the ruddy and fair;
Their keen shouts ring on the musical air,
And now the thrilling chorus swells
With the joyous chime of the ringing bells!
See the gay steeds dash through the crowded ways!—
Make room!—make room! for the gliding sleighs!—
As each, like a skimming sea-bird, darts
Away with its burden of happy hearts!
The Young, the Beautiful, the Gay,
Are merrier than their wont to-day;
For they catch the joy-beams as they go,
That spangle the wreath of the silvery snow!
Gushing with glee, all the words they speak,
And brighter glows every blushing cheek,
As if the keen but loving Air,
In kissing, had planted roses there.
Glide on! glide on!—ye joyous ones,
And dream of still unclouded suns;
It is well ye see not the Shade of Sorrow,
Whose wing may darken the sky to-morrow!—
Smile on!—smile on!—for come what may,
The Present is yours. Be glad to-day.



The Spirit Knows No Rest

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

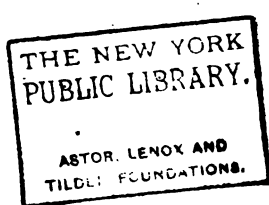
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The First Snow.



Old Winter is not such a churlish elf,
As fain he would represent himself,
For under his garments sere and dun,
He sometimes carries a world of fun ;
And well do Nature's commoners know
That a heart of kindness throbs below.
He chains the rivers, and powders the trees,
And he spreads a feast for the poor chickadees ;
He puts all out doors in masking array,
And he tips with a diamond-point each spray ;
Then he covers with ermine, soft and warm,
The sleeping seed, and the bulblet form.
But when we believe that his sceptre is lost,
And think he has fairly "*cui*" Jack Frost,
His signal whistle comes over the hills,
And afar through the naked forest thrills ;
Then his merry friend responds amain,
To show that he is "*himself* again ;"
Then his fairy fingers will sketch in a trice
On every pane some rare device,
The mossy dell, and the tourney old,
With lady fair, and champion bold
Quick dashing on his glittering steed,
To win from Beauty Valor's meed.
Now turrets gray, and castled peak
Gleaming mid summits bare and bleak ;
Now silvery leaf, and bud, and flower,
Wrought in the Fairy-Frost-Queen's bower,
While gems of birdlings seem to fly
Across the scintillating sky ;
Now stalks a figure grim and tall
Athwart the scene—It is magic all !—

Then Jack, he peeps in the cupboards round,
To see what mischief can be found ;
By spells brought from the Frozen Zone,
Whatever he touches turns to stone ;
And then, if he should but make "*a pass*"
Upon the yet unemptied glass,
The liquid feels his practical joke,
Swelling, though never a word were spoke,
As if its very sides would burst
With pent-up laughter—if they durst—
As it looks up through to the grave old Weird,
With the comical eye, and the grisly beard,
Filling his sack with crystals so bright,
They will dazzle like gems in the morning light !

Then he weaves, with his glistening warp and woof,
The icicle fair on the jutting roof;
And the blink-eyed sun will squint from afar,
As he faintly smiles on the tapering spar.
And if by no Fire-King his purpose is crost,
All this, and far more, will be done by Jack Frost,
Who is the Grand Vizier of all the ring,
That girdles the throne of the Winter-King.

But look; what a group! They are making here
A feast of fun from the sparkling cheer;
And now, as the gathering snow-balls fly,
Quick as the light in each merry eye,
Yon stalworth form on the glittering sheen
Stands forth, the hero of the scene,
With laughing eye, and ringing shout,
He sends his messengers about.
The Leader's voice sounds in his call,
With stimulus enough for all:
"Take care, boys, yonder! Clear the coast!
This arm is in itself a host!
Ah, Bobby! don't be in a passion!
White powder, now, is all the fashion,
And every passer-by shall wear it.
Fie, little Johnny! grin and bear it!
Now hit him just as nice as may be!
Hush, Tom! you make the boy a baby!
Don't blow your fingers, Dick! Take hold!
What do we care, my boys, for cold!
Keep the ball moving, fast and far!
They're scattering now! hurra! hurra!
Hush! round the corner they are coming;
Turn, boys! and let them have it humming!—
It is nine o'clock; but one round more;
And then our sport for the morning is o'er.
There, the school-bell is ringing; and now, away!
To study the harder for our play!"

ON FRATERNITY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COLES.

OF all the virtues that adorn and benefit mankind, Justice and Mercy occupy the foremost rank. Society, though composed of many members, is always regarded in its compact form: thus the founders of our great Republic adopted for their motto, *E Pluribus Unum*—one of many. And as, in the human body, the eyes and ears are placed in the head, the one to listen to recitals of woe, and the other to shed the tear of sympathy for the afflicted; so justice, whose province it is to defend the right, and mercy, whose mission it is to minister to the relief of the sufferer, should stand forth as the most prominent in all the associations of life, whether civil, moral, religious, or fraternal.

That the Divine Being designed us for society, is abundantly evident, both from the order of nature, and from the volume of inspiration.

The *fraternal* principle was perhaps never seen in its most perfect manifestation so clearly as in the first and purest age of Christianity, when the disciples had all things common. Taking the world as it is, it seems necessary that something besides charity should govern its policy in order to bind its component parts together. In every well-governed family, which is a little community in itself, there must be the authority of the

parent, the submission of the child, and the fraternal affection of the other branches of the little society. In such a community, where all the members are alike interested, and all united to the head, and all alike related to each other, there are mutual rights as well as mutual privileges. So in the association of Odd-Fellows, all are bound or governed by the Constitution of the society, and all enjoy its mutual benefits and privileges.

It was said by the Roman orator, that "Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and the dividing of our grief." It has been said, also, by one of our old English divines, that "when God created the world he meant it should be governed by *love* ; but, man having fallen from his primeval rectitude, *money*, in a great measure, takes the place of love." We may remark further, that pure Christianity seems to have been intended, by its Divine Author, to bring back fallen man, not only to the favor, but also to the image of his Maker. Such, however, is the physical and moral condition of the human race at present, that money is an essential ingredient in the government both of the Church and of the world at large. It was a true proverb in the days of Solomon, that "money answereth all things ;" but it is a sad reflection that *war*, the most destructive of all arts, is the most costly of all. An inordinate and improper love of money, we know, is a great evil, and so is an inordinate and improper love of any created good. To love money for its own sake is idolatry ; but while God has commanded us to love our fellow-creatures, he has not forbidden us to make a right use of money ; nay, he has enjoined us

to make to ourselves "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," or, in other words, to do good to our fellow-creatures with our wealth, that, when we fail on earth, they who have been aided in their sickness, and have gone before us to the realms of bliss, may welcome us into everlasting habitations.

In a community of artisans, where every man lives by his labor, there is no one so rich to-day but he may be impoverished to-morrow. The most common hindrance to the accumulation of wealth, though this is not of course the only one, is the loss of health; to provide against such a calamity is the dictate of discretion. "The prudent man foreseeeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished." The benevolent spirit of Christianity requires that its disciples should "feed the hungry and clothe the naked." But it is always painful and oppressive to the feelings of a high-minded and generous spirit to receive alms, even in the time of need. And there is, perhaps, no more certain way of escaping this painful feeling, and of enjoying the fruit of our industry and enterprise, when, in the order of Providence, any sudden or unavoidable calamity overtakes us, than to join ourselves in *fraternal* relation to a community, the terms of whose compact are, that every brother who, by affliction, is disabled from pursuing his calling, is entitled to receive pecuniary aid. When Balak, king of Moab, inquired how he should approach the Most High, and with what sacrifices he should propitiate his favor, the answer of God was, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

LESSONS IN THE FOREST.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

Some clerkes do doubt, in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenlie thing whereof I treat,
Toweeten merle, be of Justice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wot, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place ;
Since in th' Almighty's everlasting seat
She first was bred, and born of heavenlie race
From thence pour'd downe on men by influence of grace.

SPENSER—*Faery Queene*, Canto X., Book IV.

It is strange how long it takes the world to learn human nature. Providence seems to have done all that was needful towards this acquisition, placing man continually in circumstances which must long ago have taught him, if he had not been blind, deaf, and dumb, on this particular point. One would think the new theory of several original stocks of humanity must always have had multitudes of disciples, since no man ever seems to think others made of the same materials and imbued with the same feelings as himself. Ask him what description of behavior would be most likely to influence him under certain circumstances, and he will sketch out for you a course of conduct the very opposite of that which he himself would be sure to pursue. Begin a negotiation with threats and evil words, and he soon resents your assumption, and refuses even what is not disagreeable to him ; yet, perhaps, he will

hardly have turned away from you, when he will attempt to carry his point with somebody else, by the very means which have just proved worse than ineffectual in his own case. When he tells you the story of his youth, you hear of his hatred of the harsh master and the many ingenious devices by which he managed to thwart him; and, on the other hand, how the gentle word of a mother melted into his heart, or the kiss of a sister turned his thoughts from evil. Can a being whose memory is filled with such reminiscences treat his own family or dependents with harshness? Alas! experience has failed to teach him human nature. He has not yet recognized the great truth that we are all of one blood; that what one feels, another will feel too; that force begets nothing but its like; and that, to carry one's point, an ounce of good-will goes further than whole tons of scolding and overreaching. What says the poet?

"A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre."

What perversity, then, is it in us, that so often disposes us to try the "sowre" first?

In old and highly civilized communities, the equalization of power, and the sense of mutual dependence, represses the grosser manifestations of the propensity to force. No thanks to people for restraining their tempers, and practising civility as the best mode of having their own way!

The good old plan,
That those should get that have the power,
And those should keep who can,

is never tried in settled societies, except in a very genteel and disguised way. Even the hungry find it better

policy to ask than to snatch. If a pugnacious individual undertakes to bully his neighbor, the neighbor laughs in his face. If, upon this, he draw a pistol, the police takes care of him; and he obtains time to study human nature coolly and at leisure, in a certain marble retreat in Centre-street. But when the civilized meets the savage, there is an opportunity of dissecting motives and trying principles, undisguised by conventional forms, unmodified by artful concessions. And here it is that we discern the man of true power, namely, him who has power over himself. He has an instinctive knowledge of the best method of dealing with the children of nature, for he has studied his own heart, and knows its weakness and its strength. Being cool, he can be ingenious in devising the best methods to gain his point, and so he always succeeds better in the long-run than he who dashes at once at his desire, thinking only of the present object. It requires, indeed, patience to be mild. We *seem* to settle things more concisely by violence, and hope to dismiss thus readily the business which threatens to be tedious and complicated. But all the world knows (though it does not practise upon the knowledge) that whoever tries to deal with his fellows upon the principle of "a word and a blow, and the blow first," will find the difficulties of any affair grow upon his hands faster than he can manage them.

It is extremely interesting and instructive to study the early histories of the various settlements made on our shores by colonists from the old world. In every one of them, without exception, we observe the different effects produced by kindness and cruelty, good faith and treachery. The history of Penn's dealings with

the Indians, and the result, which was a peace of seventy years' duration—i. e. just as long as truth and justice prevailed,—are too well known, and have been too often cited, to need bringing forward. Opposite effects from opposite causes are no less observable in other colonies. As long as the law of love was adhered to, the savages were disposed to kindness; where they met distrust or violence, they showed their relationship to the great human family by endeavoring to retaliate, and even to outdo their civilized invaders in ferocity, as was to be expected. An antique history of the settlement of Virginia lies before us, and from it we glean many curious and interesting particulars of the character and management of Captain John Smith, one of whose modes of dealing with "salvages" our artist has chosen for the picture which prompts our article.

Captain Smith has never been overrated; we doubt whether he is appreciated. In these lively accounts, written by different colonists, and bearing internal evidence of truth, we find proof enough that he was a man of rare qualities. Brave as a lion, he was yet gentle and tender beyond ordinary men; full of wit and humor, he was none the less fitted for the gravest business; loyal, he knew how to reprove the unreasonable demands and insolence of those at home, when they forgot his claims, and interfered ignorantly with his excellent designs; astute enough always to perceive and prevent the treachery of others, his own dealings were ever fair and open, using only the concealments which wisdom and prudence prescribe in the treatment of savages. The impression he made upon all the Indians whom he encountered in his explorations, shows

what was the power of his personal presence and demeanor; yet, in all these painful wanderings, he never shrank from the severest hardships, or claimed exemption, in his character of leader, from the very front of danger and privation. "Gentlemen," he said, when his companions, in an expedition of discovery, having been in a small barge some fourteen days, weary with rowing, and having no provision, but wet and moldy bread, urged him to return:—"Gentlemen, if you would remember the memorable history of Sir Ralph Layne, how his company importuned him to proceed, alleging they had yet a dog, that being boiled with sassafras leaves, would richly feed them on their return, then what a shame would it be for you, (that have been so suspicious of my tenderness,) to force me to return, with so much provision as we have, and scarce able to say where we have been, nor yet heard of that we were sent to seek? You cannot say but I have shared with you in the worst which is past, and for what is to come, of lodging, diet, or whatsoever, I am contented you allot the worst part to myself. As for your fears that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters, or be swallowed up in some stormy gust, abandon these childish fears; for worse than is past is not likely to happen, and there is as much danger to return as proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for return I will not, (if God please,) till I have seen the Massawomeks, and found Patawomek, or the head of this water you conceive to be endless."

This firmness and good management resulted in the discovery of the Potomac, on whose banks the adventurers found "three or four thousand salvages, so

strangely paynted, grimed, and disguised, shouting, yelling, and crying, as so many spirits from Hell could not have showed more terrible." It was on this voyage that, finding a wonderful abundance of fish, "lying so thicke, with their heads above the water, as, for want of nets, they attempted to catch them with a frying-pan, but found it a bad instrument to catch fish with." Here, too, Captain Smith, who, giving up the frying-pan, was amusing himself in spearing the fish with his sword, received a dangerous wound from a curious fish, called a stingray, with "a long tayle like a riding rodde," that ran into his wrist near an inch and a half, and the torment "was instantly so extreme, that we all," says the journalizer, "with much sorrowe, concluded his funerall, and prepared his grave in an Island by, as he himself directed. Yet it pleased God, by a precious oyle Doctor Russell applied to it, his paine was so well asswaged that he ate of the fish to his supper, which gave no less joy and contente to us than ease to himself."

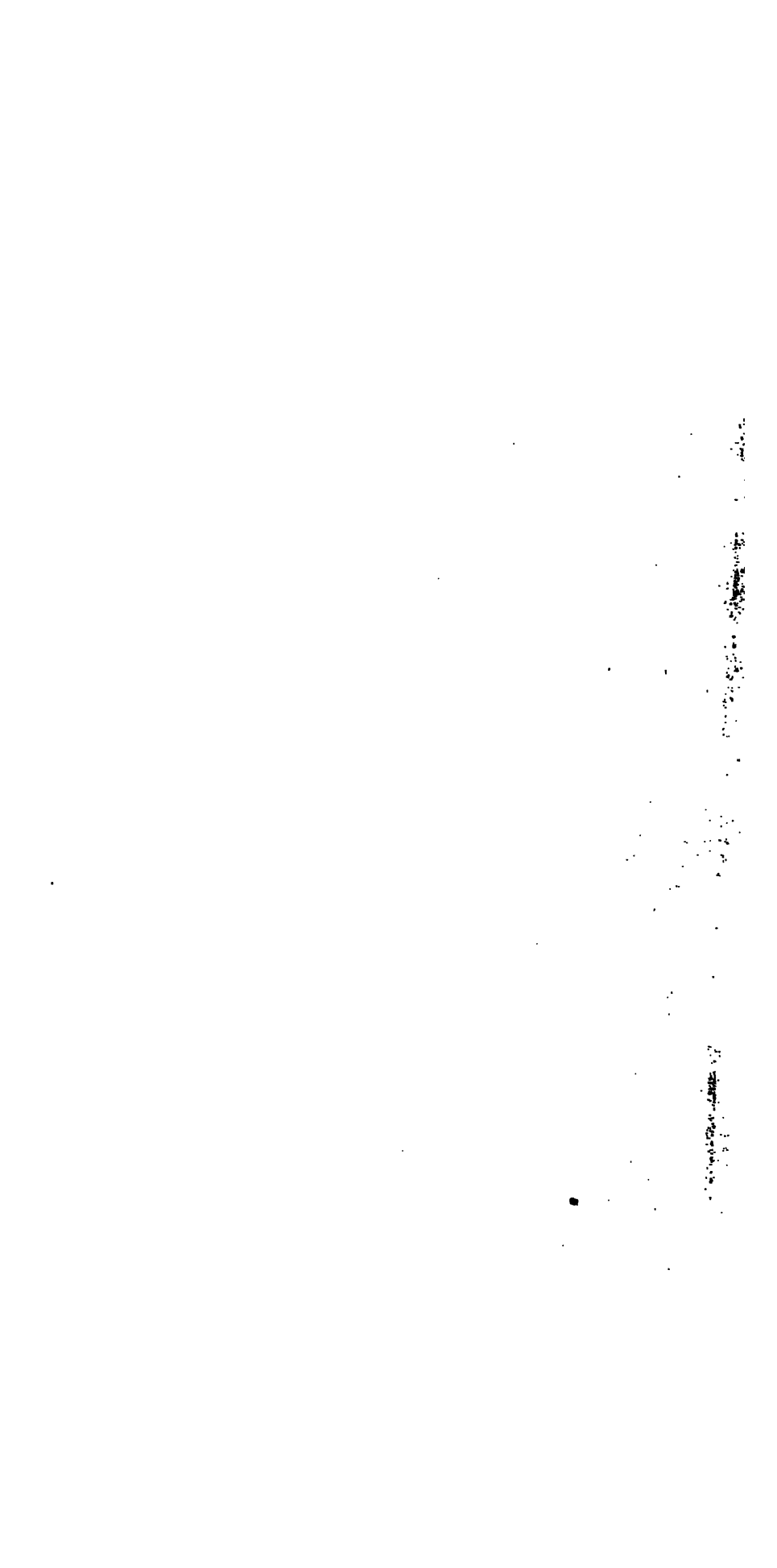
Captain Smith's character was well displayed in his treatment of Opecancanough, one of the barbarous kings, who had laid a plot to murder him. "He snatcht the king by his long locke in the midst of his men, with his pistol ready bent at his breast, and led him, neare dead with feare, among all his people, and then, still holding him by his hair,"—what? struck off his head? No! only made him a speech, which answered the purpose much better. "I see (you Pamunkees) the great desire you have to kill me, and my long suffering your injuries hath emboldened you to this presumption. The cause (why) I have so borne your insolencies is the promise I

made you (before the God I serve) to be your friend till you give me just cause to be your enemy. * * * If I be the mark you aim at, here I stand ; shoot he that dare ! You promised to fraught my ship ere I departed ; and so you shall ! or I mean to load her with your dead carcasses. Yet, if as friends you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you, except you give me the first occasion ; and your king shall be free, and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt him or any of you." Upon this, away went the bows and arrows, and men, women, and children brought in the commodities, &c. Wise Captain Smith ! He knew something of human nature. He did indeed use threats, and sometimes most sternly put them in practice ; but he adhered religiously to his promises of good treatment, and, even in that rough time, showed on every occasion that he esteemed mildness and patience as the most potent instruments in dealing even with the uncivilized.

But we must come to the particular point in his history which our illustration touches ; and we use, for this purpose, the account given by " William Simons, Doctor of Divinitie," though we shall employ principally our own language, instead of the quaint old English of the original, which it might cost our readers some trouble to decipher. The use of *w* and *v* interchangeably, the long *s*, and the antique spelling of a large proportion of the words, make these old books a little difficult at first.

Captain Smith and his party set sail from Blackwall on the nineteenth of December, 1606, and lay six weeks beating about in the Downs through contrary winds. During this time, Mr. Hunt, a clergyman on-board, was







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very ill, and "some few, little better than Atheists," said Doctor Simons, scandalously imputed to him a desire to return, and would, by their disastrous designs, have overthrown the business, so many discontents did then arise, had he not, "with the water of patience and his godly exhortations, (but chieflie by his devoted examples,) quenched those flames of envie and dissention." They stopped for water at the Canary Islands, traded with the savages at Dominica, and spent three weeks among the West India isles, refreshing. During this long voyage, jealousy of Captain Smith seems to have kept the spirits of the company from stagnation; and from the time of leaving the Canaries he was a prisoner, under the charge of intending "to usurp the Government, murther the Counsell, and make himself King;" charges which show us very significantly what the adventurers thought of the captain's abilities. But he triumphed after all, so that even the President, whose commission was found among the sealed orders opened after the arrival of the expedition at the destined point, was adjudged to pay him two hundred pounds by way of amends; "which Smith presently returned to the Store for the generall use of the Colony."

As to the state of things during the first months, the good Doctor describes it as deplorable. "Scarce ten amongst us could either goe or well stand," says he, "such extreame weaknes and sicknes oppressed us. Had we beene as free from all sinnes as gluttony, we might have been canonized as Saints." In this emergency, Captain Smith, to whom had naturally fallen the management of every thing important, set out in the shallop to search the country. "The want of the

language, knowledge to manage his boat without sailes, the want of a sufficient power, (knowing the multitude of the salvages,) want of apparell for his men, and other necessities, were infinite impediments, yet no discouragement." His adventures on this and subsequent tours in search of provisions resulted in various success, but a growing respect and fear on the part of the red-men for these terrible foreigners; while dissensions and selfishness at the colony caused continual disaster and suffering there. Smith made frequent voyages, and provisions became so plenty that, says Doctor Simons, "none of our Tuftaffaty humorists desired to goe for England." But venturing too far at one time, he was surprised in the midst of a marsh by two hundred savages, who overpowered him while he was up to his waist in water; and after a desperate resistance on his part, they bore him to their fire, where they slew his attendants, while he himself momentarily expected the same fate. But to his great surprise they began chafing his benumbed limbs, and showing that they desired his recovery. He asked for their chief, upon which they showed him Opecan-canough, king of Pamunkee, to whom he gave "a round, Ivory, double compass Dyall," a description of scientific instrument which would doubtless be a great curiosity now-a-days. "Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainly, and yet not touch, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated, by that Globe-like Jewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diver-

sitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such-like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after, they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him. But the King holding up the compass in his hand, they all laid doune their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was, after their manner, kindly feasted and well used."

Captain Smith was never in a more characteristic position than when, after a desperate fight, and in a state of *quasi* starvation, scarce thawed, and in momentary anticipation of the death-blow, he undertook coolly to demonstrate astronomical problems to a circle of savages. No wonder that his courage, his ingenuity, his manly firmness, overcame even the malice of his foes; for there is something in a universal human nature that yields spontaneous homage to real power. The savages seem to have wavered continually between their reverence for him and their sense that he was a tremendous enemy; one moment looking upon him as a god, and the next thirsting for his blood. Their treatment of him after the astronomical lesson was worthy of notice in this respect. They conducted him to their village in a sort of triumphal procession. "Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the midst, had all the Peeces and Swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great Salvages, holding him fast by each arme—all the women and children staring to behold him. They cast themselves in a ring, dancing in severall Postures, and singing and

yelling hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of Arrowes, at his backe a club; on his arme a Fox or an Otter's skinne. Their head and shoulders painted red, which Scarlet-like color made an exceeding handsome shew; his Bowe in his hand, and the skinne of a Bird with her wings abroad, dried, tyed on his head—a long feather with a small rattle growing on the tayle of their snaks tyed to it, or some such toye. All this whyle Smith and the King stood in the midst, guarded, and after their dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a large house, *where some thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him*, and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twentie men. I thinke his stomache at that time was not very goode. What he left, they put in baskets and tyed over head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him; all this time not one of them would eat a bit with him till the next morning when they brought him as much more, and then they did eat all the olde, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him think they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate, to defend him from the cold, one Maocasater brought him his gounne, in requitall of some beades and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia." It seems the remembrance of these petty gifts had more power over the mind and heart of a savage than the memory of all the hard knocks Smith had subsequently bestowed upon his people.

The Pamunkees had, evidently, no idea of eating the man who had given them an astronomical lesson; and, finding how favorably this first attempt at education had

been received, Smith tried them with another, by writing to his friends at Jamestown the particulars of his situation, and the plot of the Indians to surprise the fort. This letter, written on a leaf of his table-book, was carried by messengers to Jamestown, and their surprise may be imagined when they found that all was understood, or, as they said, that the "paper could talk." No wonder they ascribed supernatural powers to their wonderful guest, and instead of trying him with arms, got up conjurations, after their fashion, to ascertain his intentions towards them. The description of their ceremonies is given, with great minuteness, by Dr. Simons, but is too long for our present purpose. The result of the oracle seems to have somewhat reassured them, for they treated Smith with great distinction after this. "The Queene of Appamattuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a Towell to dry them." But fear seems after all to have prevailed; and in spite of astronomy, and ingenuity, and kind words, they concluded the shortest way to be secure against the great white magician, was to pound his head between two stones. Here it was that Pocahontas, "the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaties could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his, to save him from death." Pocahontas, then but twelve years old, proved the best magician, after all; for is not love the most potent of all magic? Why will not the world think so?

One reads the story of these early times with intense interest, and this is no less due to the character of the savage men and women who figure in it, than to the

adventures and sufferings of the first white settlers. The poor red-men seem to have been well-disposed, in the main, where their fear would let them be so. Good impulses are often evident; recollection of kindness always powerful in restraining their ferocity. Their curiosity was that of children, and if the invaders had come among them unarmed, and all willing to play Captain Smith's character of schoolmaster, who knows what might have been effected in the way of civilization? But this has unhappily never been tried in similar circumstances. As white people land on savage coasts only for certain selfish and personal ends, the advantage of the people they happen to find is never included in their plan. To exterminate them or drive them off the land, is much more natural, and efforts to these unholy ends result, as all violence must, in deep injury to both parties. To advocate dealing with wild Indians as if they had souls, would be considered Utopian;—perhaps it is really so, but that at least remains to be proved. One thing is certain: those of the aborigines of our country who have had much intercourse with whites, invariably have a deep-seated sense of *wrong*. This is no transient notion, the effect of passion, defeat, or disappointment. All the Indians feel that we have wronged them, and it is a dreadful thought for the patriotic heart, that the just Judge of all the earth, who holds each one responsible for his knowledge and privileges, may in this thing side with the ignorant red-man.

SONNETS.

BY E. J. EAMES.

Do thou, my soul, receive with calm submission
This latest draught from grief's full hemlock cup.
Strive to attain to that sublime condition
Of holy courage, faith, and virtuous hope,
Which, independent of false circumstance,
Shall raise thee 'bove all outward change and chance!
And this condition, which becomes eternal,
Oh, seeking soul, thou must thyself prepare,—
Must toil and strive, to reach that state supernal,
While taking on thee all thou well canst bear.
Meanwhile be sure—(and let it comfort thee)—
Thou hast one hope to keep thee from despair:
Come cross or crown, whate'er thy lot may be,
Thou *art thine own*, and God's eternally!

II.

And since thou canst not purchase back the beauty
And the lost glory of thy happier youth,
Be thankful that the better sense of duty
Hath led thee on, through suffering, to Truth!—
Led thee to feel, though tortured in the clay,
That still the Spirit speeds on its progressive way.
While Duty, which is the Eternal right
Of moral souls, must be thy teacher still!
Must with the same unconquerable zeal
Lead all thy actions to the purest light.
Oh! then sink not in dim, dejected mood,
But bravely toil thy mission to achieve;
Too well hast thou life's best aims understood,
Now to sit down, and idly, vainly grieve!

THE LOST LOVED-ONE.

BY W. D. WADE.

"WHY so pensive, dearest? Can shade of sorrow lurk, unknown to me, within thy faithful breast? It surely may not be that I have deceived myself in thinking that the eye of affection could fathom the translucent depths of thy soul's purity—where never yet has seemed to dwell a tint of sorrow or regret, since our happy union?"

"Nay, Edward, surely not! The time has flown so very, very happily along, I can scarcely credit the enjoyment I have actually experienced; and, to tell the truth, the faint sigh, of which I was scarcely sensible, but which your watchful love detected, sprang from the sudden recollection of your favorite quotation, from the German poet, of feeling and force—'*Ich habe genossen das Irdische Glück! Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!*'"

"I felt my heart so swell with pleasurable emotions at the retrospect of our late tour and our present state, as I believe a woman's only is capable. The excess of her joy is indeed silent as it is deep, but it will find vent when accumulated to o'erflowing. I will to my harp; and oh, if I can but transfer delight to *thee*, how happy my *relief!*"

"First, say, is there here no sophistry? no little mental reservation? You have not told me why you sighed

at the quotation, which, as we can so satisfactorily apply to ourselves, would seem no less pleasing than appropriate; for truly, '*we* have enjoyed the highest human happiness, *we* have lived and loved!'

"Do not probe too deeply the hidden recesses of a weak mortal's thoughts. But yet, perhaps, it is better so, for really I am ashamed of myself."

"Stay, Louisa, love, I cannot think you should have cause for that; but far from me to wish another word, if it will pain you. I only wondered what that sigh meant."

"You will spoil me, Edward, with your infatuate fondness—that you will, I see, if I do not unmask a little, and lower myself to my proper level. I was indeed ungrateful to kind Heaven. Having nothing at which I could possibly repine, I allowed a gloomy foreboding to suggest that, being too happy, I must needs make myself miserable by anticipation; thus, with womanish apprehension, forestalling that which may, possibly, never occur, or which will only be permitted with accompanying grace, and for kindest ends."

"Nobly spoken. A pretty way indeed, though, you take to look less lovely, by proving *that* faith and confidence which alone can fortify against (by enabling to endure) the vicissitudes incident to this present world. Now for your soothing and composing music. The holy strains, of sacred ethereal enjoyment, will restrain the feelings to their proper limits."

Promptly the wife complied, and whilst the spell of music's charm is stealing o'er the senses of the still loving couple, we will inform the reader of the few incidents of the recent past, necessary to an understand-

ing of the position of the parties, whose story is about to be introduced.

Mr. Mandeville, the first speaker, was an artist of considerable talent in his profession, as a landscape-painter, which had begun to bring him profit as well as fame. At the time when he became acquainted with Louisa, (the wife so fondly addressed,) she was the only daughter of a clergyman resident in a sweet romantic part of Devonshire. The young artist was visiting the place, in the course of a professional ramble, to sketch amongst the hamlets, and along the sea-girt cliffs, the wild scenery and soft beauties of the richly cultivated, garden-like country.

The ladies of this favored portion of England, whose ever-changeful climate is proverbial, are habituated to taking a great deal of exercise on horseback, and also very long pedestrian excursions, such as most of the fair daughters of America would shrink from emulating.

Louisa and Edward Mandeville had frequently seen each other during their morning peregrinations; the one being in search of the picturesque or grotesque, the other on her errands of charity, which led her, as distributor of her father's bounty, amongst the rude cabins of the peasantry, and the fishermen's huts, dispersed for miles along the shores of the large parish of which he was the esteemed incumbent.

These meetings, at first accidental, drew the attention of these youthful beings towards each other, and the favorable impression being reciprocal, a desire for an opportunity to become on speaking terms was aroused. This was not long in presenting itself.

One calm summer's evening, the artist was seated

on the edge of a cliff, which overhung a village that nestled, as it were, close in a curve of the shore, protected behind by a high wall of precipitous rocks, at the base of which the placid waves rippled softly, yet melodiously, almost to the doors of these rural dwellings. His portfolio lay open on his knee, the pencil was in his hand, but his fingers traced no sketch; for his eye was enthusiastically sweeping o'er the vast expanse of the treacherous deep, whose present tranquil mood and unruffled surface were in sweet unison with the stillness of the hour and the repose of the landward scene. No animate thing, visible, was in motion. The cows were lazily ruminating on the steep hill-side. The dogs were sleeping before the cottage doors, vigilant, even though in rest. The little urchins had ceased their gambols, and retired to refresh their weary limbs with "balmy sleep," and no sound disturbed the reverie of the poet-artist.

After a time, whilst Mr. Mandeville still sate mentally transferring the view, he heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and turning around quickly, he saw the beautiful girl (whose blooming rosy cheeks had already caught his fancy) riding, at a rapid rate, along the steep road which, winding around the brow of the cliffs, passed within a few yards of the perilous spot on which he was seated. Inconsiderately he arose, forgetting, in his agreeable surprise, the portfolio before him. The leaves fluttering and rustling, the horse, a gentle but skittish filly, was startled and scared. It reared, wheeled about in affright, and hurried impetuously down the declivity that led to the hamlet beneath. Expecting to see the lady dashed to pieces, though

powerless to avert her doom, young Mandeville, as soon as he could collect his presence of mind, which had deserted him on the sudden emergency, followed to witness the result.

Our hero was not destined, hero-like, to rescue beauty in peril. On arriving below, he found the horse panting and snorting at the door of a small, neat cottage. He was out of breath, agitated, and somewhat ashamed. *His* was the unromantic part of having caused the risk, instead of having perilled life or limb to save his lady-love. Nevertheless, the result of the occurrence was in one respect the same: it created interest, and served to introduce the parties to each other less rigidly, and without the ordinary formality and reserve.

Could the stranger do less than enter the cottage to inquire after the fair equestrian? Certainly not!

No fainting, hysterical damsel did he discover in need of succor or consolation. Her practised skill had controlled the movements of the shy animal, and firmly had she kept her seat on its back during its rapid downward flight. With heightened color and beaming eyes—gratified by her successful horsemanship and exhilarated by the effort—there stood Louisa by the bedside of a feeble old woman, to whom she was offering some little delicacy from the supply which she was in the course of distributing. The picture was so lovely that the artist stood, an instant, in silent admiration, ere he advanced to express his anxiety and excuse his inadvertency.

After the lady's departure, Mr. Mandeville learned many a charming trait (from the old woman) of her consoling visitor, for he had lingered to talk about her.

He had obtained permission to call at the Parsonage, but the charming girl observed, with a smile, "Not to inquire after me, for you need not be under any alarm on my account, and I would not that my kind father should believe I had been in such peril as you have imagined; but strangers are always welcome at the Rectory."

It needs not to tell a tale of courtship, the smooth and pleasing tenor of which was unbroken by cruel friends or adverse fate, and which terminated in a happy bridal, with a perspective of competence and content. This delightful exception to the general rule is left for the reader to supply, and the feeling mind will rejoice that such instances do occasionally occur, in bright relief, amid the checkered course of humanity!

Not till it became desirable to relinquish the desultory life of frequent removal from place to place, and settle themselves for a permanency, could the Mandevilles forego the delightful variety that had made their married life a succession of pleasant excursions. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, each had been traversed, and not unprofitably to the tourists, who as yet had never been separated. The birth of their first child had occurred in the latter country, and they had remained there for some months, as plenty of scope for the artist's skill rendered the delay not irksome.

London was selected as the theatre of the aspirant's future labors in working out the ideas and plans which he had accumulated. They had been in the metropolis but a few weeks, in their really comfortable new abode, and yet they had found that time long enough to feel

"at home," when the conversation with which we introduced the happy pair took place.

Let the believers in presentiments, or forewarnings, attribute to such the unaccountable sadness of Mrs. Mandeville on that occasion, whilst those who are incredulous about these matters may assign any other reason; but it so happened that the interesting little prattler, the darling of her mother's heart, the sweet Evelina, was, the next day, attacked with measles in the most fatal form; and despite care and expense, neither of which were spared, its little eyes were closed in death, and all its troubles over, before two short weeks had passed away. The mother mourned exceedingly, though she strove to attain a proper submission to the will of Providence. The father more easily reconciled himself to the bereaving stroke. The wife rejoiced that he felt not more acutely, though the mother grieved; and for his sake she repressed the utterance of her deeper sorrow.

Too soon the husband learned the weight of woe that the death of a deeply loved-one brings. She, who, till then unappreciated by him, had realized its agony, was soon to be as deeply and as sincerely mourned, as affectionately wept over by her husband, as had been the little Evelina by her fond mother. The hour that gave to the light of mortal existence a second infant daughter, terminated the life of the beloved Louisa Mandeville.

All unprepared for this terrible blow to his domestic felicity, the artist, the late philosopher, was, for a time, completely stunned. One so young, so highly prized, to be deprived of—for *her* to be consigned to the tomb—it was a hard trial! It was indeed unusually so, for their

companionship had been, beyond an ordinary degree, affectionate, endeared, and intellectual.

As the unceasing wheel of time revolved, Mr. Mandeville sought and found some relief by intense application to his profession. At first, his child, his Louisa, had been viewed with a shudder, as he thought of the price she had cost, and she was seldom brought into his presence. But he had promised his *lost* Louisa to love the motherless babe for her sake, although he had been disappointed in its sex; and when the little creature began to talk and run about, he was surprised to find how she twined around his affections, and how her resemblance to her mother, as it daily increased, endeared her to his widowed heart. By degrees this sole object of love became not only a source of relief, but a pastime, a delightful relaxation from study, and she was almost idolized by her only parent, who concentrated all the tenderness of his affectionate nature on this cherished legacy.

The little Louisa, thus loved, cared for, and indulged, had reached her third year, when, alas for her father and herself, what a change!

Mr. Mandeville's accustomed solitary dinner was over, the dessert was on the table, and this was a happy hour for the child, who was usually permitted to enter at this time, to sit on papa's knee; in fact, this look-for pleasure was rarely interfered with by company or absence. Why comes not Louisa this time? The bell is rung to summon the nurse. In tears, and trembling, she answers the call.

"Gracious powers! what has happened? Is my child ill?"

"No, worse than that!" sobbed she.

"Worse! Not dead?" stammered the terrified parent. Then turning to the attendant footman, who had just entered, he exclaimed, "For goodness sake, Robert, what has happened?"

"Really, sir, I do not know for certain!"

The confused and compassionate look of the man, and the terror of the nurse, completed the alarm of Mr. Mandeville. For an instant he remained speechless, gazing anxiously, first at one and then at the other, afraid to hear, yet anxious to know the truth. At last the woman took courage to exclaim—"Lost! Lost! My darling is not to be found!"

"*Lost*, careless woman?" said the now fearfully aroused father, and he shook her by the shoulder with no gentle hand. "When? Where? How?"

Confused was the relation of the almost distracted nurse, as she told the brief but heart-rending tale to the wretched listener. All he could make out was, that his beloved Louisa had unaccountably disappeared in the crowd assembled around some mountebank exhibition, whilst the attention of the careless, now contrite, guardian of her motherless charge was absorbed with the amusing performance. Wildly she had sought around for the missing child, but no tidings could she gain; and, in the faint hope that the little one might somehow have reached her home in safety, she had just returned, wearied with her fruitless exertions, terrified at the thought of her master's anger, and sincerely bewailing the loss of the interesting girl, whom she loved as her own.

What words can convey the anguish of the father at

this shocking intelligence? Too powerful for angry feelings, (towards the weeping culprit, whose want of vigilance had caused the sad disaster so distressing to both,) all his soul was full of the overwhelming idea, that his child, his cherished little Louisa, was a miserable wanderer in the vast maze of the huge, heartless city, exposed to all kinds of accidents, dangers, and alarms—or else, still more dreadful the fate foreshadowed, as the possibility of her being *stolen* arose in startling vividness to his parental solicitude.

Dire was the perplexity how to recover *the lost loved-one!* With the utmost dispatch he set about publishing descriptions, and offering rewards for the restoration of the little girl. No expense was spared to advertise, far as well as near; but day after day passed, and no clue to the fate of the missing one cheered his heart, or repaid his incessant exertions and liberal outlay. How eagerly he perused each morning messenger of news, dreading to meet a notice of her untimely end, perhaps of the discovered corpse of that little being, lately so radiant with life, health, and joyousness! yet in agony he was forced to confess that, compared with a life of poverty, degradation, and sin, death might be hailed as a boon and a blessing kindly vouchsafed.

How dismal the suggestion that the thoughtless innocent had been stolen, as she must, in that case, have fallen into the keeping of the vile! To the gold chain, small and delicate as it was, three times wound about her little, fat neck, was suspended a locket of Mrs. Mandeville's hair, encircled with stones of value. For this, perhaps, she had been enticed away: what, alas! might be her future fate and destiny?

The prospect was extremely shocking to the sensitive delicacy of a refined and doting father. His despair was harrowing, for the sudden loss seemed to have increased a hundred-fold the love he bore to his daughter. Indeed, so thankless are we prone to be for the blessings actually in possession, that mercy sometimes ordains their withdrawal by way of salutary correction.

Mr. Mandeville's physician, a kind, worthy man, finding that the agony which his patient endured was too great for long continuance, without greatly impairing his mental and bodily powers, and seeing that he was likely to become a prey to monomania, by concentrating every thought on his misfortune, persuaded him that by travelling about he would have a better chance of meeting with the abductors of his child (if kidnapped) than by remaining in London. The sympathizing doctor hoped the change of air and scene, with constantly reviving hope, might benefit the suffering parent—though he had little expectation that the lost one would be recovered.

Mr. Mandeville, gladly catching at the feeble chance, sold off all that he possessed, and with the whole of his worldly wealth in a disposable shape, set out on his journey, resolved to spend every farthing in the search.

PART II.

Year after year passed on, during which the disconsolate father indefatigably traversed all the parts of his native land which once before he had visited with his dearly-loved wife. But oh, how different now the man! How changed the aspect of every thing—yet the scenes,

the places had remained unaltered, the variation was in the stricken heart of the spectator !

How bleak and desolate seemed the most beautiful spots of the natural scenery, which had been so attractive and so much admired when he was accompanied by the lost partner, who had truly been the joy of his life ! The bitter gall of misery tinged his feelings and impaired his taste. Not that he could no longer discern the beautiful, the sublime,—or depict in glowing colors objects the most worthy of a painter's skill or poet's choice. Neither did he murmur and repine with fretful impatience at the sad dispensation which had bereft him of all that was dear to his heart. No ! But, though scientifically and exquisitely he wrought on the magic canvas, yet he seemed not to feel the usual satisfaction and triumph of success—he no longer experienced paternal joy in surveying the offspring of his own genius. Having apparently lost enthusiasm, and seeming to work mechanically, nevertheless, his productions bore the marked impress of the purest imagination, and the vivid touch of fervent feeling, whilst the most interesting shade of melancholy characterized them all. So if, as a Christian pilgrim, he strove hard to bear his burden with becoming resignation, still the oppressive weight, at times, would extort a painful groan ! Not long, though, does *He* who "*tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,*" leave uncared for those who devoutly appeal to Him—and *hope* would come, like an angel of mercy, to the aid of the wanderer, infuse fresh vigor, and renew his strength.

Thus it was with Mr. Mandeville ; and it may easily be imagined that the artist was frequently obliged to

have recourse to his profession, when his money was expended, to renew the means of prosecuting his unremitting search. His story became known, and was so touching, that, whenever he resorted to his easel for that purpose, kind-hearted purchasers for his exquisite gems were ever to be found. It was only when his funds were exhausted that he gave up his mind, for a season, to the beautiful creations of art, and then only to be enabled to pursue the dictates of affection. He hoped, by leaving no town, village, or remote nook of the United Kingdom unexplored, he might, peradventure, sooner or later, stumble on the *lost loved-one*! Could he but recover the precious relic of the never-replaced wife of his youth, he might remedy the want of education and refinement. So he alternately toiled on, hoped on, (with occasional lapses of despondency,) and travelled about; which variety of scenes and incidents, most probably, alone saved him from insanity.

What is the gentle removal, by death, of the loved, the idolized, compared to such harrowing suspense and such fearful anticipations as must have agitated the unfortunate Mr. Mandeville?

Four years had rolled on and left their traces—the wrinkled brow, the blanched head, and care-worn cheek—on the bereaved father. Poor and dispirited, he had lately returned to the scene of his heavy affliction, like the hunted hare to its *form*, or the jaded fox to the *cover*, from whence it had been driven by worrying hounds and ruthless men! He had ever associated the recovery of his daughter with the nurse's oft-repeated story of the itinerant mountebanks, and connected them with her loss. Thus every Punch and Judy exhibition,

every strolling party of tumblers and jugglers, drew him as eagerly and attentively as the gaping rustics, or light-fingered sharpers; for, with the patient faith of the persecuted Jew awaiting the coming of the Messiah, he looked forward to the reappearance of his child.

One might think that such indefatigable inquiries and diligent research, if unattended by the least success, would have abated his ardor or extinguished his hopes; but occasionally a fancied resemblance, amongst the many children whom he saw, to the cherished image, or some suspicious circumstance, like a fitful *ignis fatuus*, lured him on to be left in gloom and disappointment, when a fresh glimmer would again renew the ardor of expectation.

At length the weary man became cast down by repeated failures, and the dismal reflection that, unless he should soon find his lost jewel, he might not be able to recognize his own child's altered features—that her manners and disposition might be irretrievably spoiled, or even that the whole moral system might be tainted by the contamination of depravity. Dreadful thought! No wonder, then, that it was with less than ordinary hope that, by habit, he prepared, as usual, to attend the annual fair of St. Bartholomew, held in Smithfield-market, London,—which he made a point of doing, because, at such a time and place, are vagrants of all kinds sure to be congregated. No chance appeared to remain that his Louisa had fallen into the hands of the worthy or good, for so much had he spent in advertising her loss, that any intelligent person must have learned it through that medium, and would have relieved his oppressed heart by her restoration.

To the fair Mr. Mandeville went, listlessly, and, as it were, mechanically, strolling about; not, as of yore, eagerly and hopefully searching everywhere, with the energy of faith in his endeavors. The games, the sights, the various amusements were all in full operation, and the motley concourse of people was at its height. The artist-father had begun to view the scene in its dramatic light, and was considering it as a fitting subject for his pencil; the sad occurrence (seldom long absent from his mind) was for the instant banished from memory, and he was absorbed in the imaginings of his professional genius.

All at once—as he gazed on a group of infantile performers, of various antics and steps, on the tight-rope—a wild gleam shot from his staring eyeballs! A little girl, who had been playing on the tambourine during the previous performances, now laid the simple instrument aside, and, with manifest reluctance, advanced to act her part. As she stepped on the rope, although her face assumed a smile, yet a close observer might remark an involuntary shudder, which shook her slender frame. Such an attentive witness was Mandeville! He noticed, also, the warning finger of the man who superintended the youthful actors, and he was near enough to hear the ominous injunction—"Take care, Rebecca, or it will be worse for you."

The child nodded, gayly replying, "Never fear!" and tripping along the frail support, like a little fairy, she was greeted with shouts of applause. The delicate limbs, the gaudy tinsel dress and bright curling locks, made the sylph-like creature an object of admiration to the rude spectators. But there was something in the

upturned countenance of the little girl that riveted the attention of the agitated parent, who fancied he saw a likeness in it, (as she raised her eyes to the proper point to preserve steadiness and prevent giddiness,) a similitude to the lost Louisa, as she used to gaze up in his face when fondly standing by his knee, to be caressed, in days long gone by. Taught, by sickening experience, to distrust his hopes and feelings, and hardly daring to trust his senses, Mr. Mandeville spoke not, moved not, but his heart beat with unwonted throbs, and he watched every movement of the child, with quickened pulse and quivering nerve.

See! She is about to lose her balance and fall! She extends her tiny hands, and, as the showman catches her in his arms and she begins to weep, Mandeville can bear it no longer! Passing forward, he snatched her from the rude grasp of the task-master, who, not having expected such a movement, was unprepared for resistance. But he instantly demanded, in angry tones,—“What right have you to meddle with the girl? I caught her, and the careless little thing is not hurt!”

“Oh, forgive me! I will do better next time!” sobbed the weeping child, as she clung closely to the neck of the person who, during this brief space, had held her to his heart.

“Come, no nonsense,” was the rough reply. “Who wants to hurt you? Go to your mother, and Sarah will take your place. See, the folks are getting impatient.” So saying, the man pulled her stoutly, to draw her away.

“Hold!” cried Mr. Mandeville, loudly. “Hold! I believe this to be my child: let me see if it is not my lost Louisa!”

At this exclamation the eager crowd pressed closer to the scene. "Here's a pretty to do!" said the manager of the little troop. "How dare you claim her? What are you about?"

"We shall soon see. If she is my child, she will have a mark, low down on her left shoulder-blade. There should be three moles altogether on it. That will prove the question."

Having said this, Mr. Mandeville proceeded hurriedly and awkwardly, trembling with agitation, to unfasten the child's dress, the people around favoring his examination. Her back and shoulders exposed to view, there was plainly to be seen the cluster of moles as described, which fully identified her as his stolen child—his long-lost darling! But what a spectacle, also, did it reveal! The livid welts, the emaciated frame, showed the severe usage to which the little innocent had been subjected!

"Gracious God! My poor child, how the monster has used you!"

In the madness of the moment, fury got the mastery of the hitherto gentle sufferer, and he sprang savagely on the man, who stood with guilty looks, an object of general execration. "Wretch! Villain!" he cried, or rather, yelled forth—"You have done this!" Then, with maniac strength and maniac hate, lifting him up in his arms, he dashed him down on the hard pavement and furiously stamped upon him.

It was but the work of a moment, and the man's skull was fractured. There he lay, apparently dead! The sight of the oppressor of his child unresisting, prostrate, and motionless, quelled the paroxysm of the ex-

cited parent, and the spectators were appalled at the sudden doom of the kidnapper.

The police came forward at this juncture and seized the unhappy Mr. Mandeville, whom, together with his rescued child, they bore off to prison, followed by an immense mob. The wife of the senseless man having appeared, was vociferous in her grief. She claimed the child as her own; but as she was threatening in her language to it, for the poor trembler's share in causing the catastrophe by her careless fall, and fiercely swore at the tender little one as a stupid, lazy girl, who deserved all the marks of chastisement which she bore, she looked so unnatural a mother, that it gave strength to the accusation of Mandeville. Besides, the girl's terror of the brutal woman was so excessive that the officers took her in charge till examination should be made in the case; for, if Mr. Mandeville's story were true, the woman might be an accessory to the fact of the theft of the child.

The testimony of the nurse and others fully substantiated the identity of the Dancing-girl—she was, in very truth, the *lost Louisa*! But as the man died in the course of the night, the wretched father had to stand a trial for murder. How horrible the circumstances attending the discovery which, for many years, had been the chief aim of the wanderer's life!

To cheer his despondency, whilst in his cell, he had been told of the sympathy of the public, and the anxiety evinced, by numbers of females, as to the result of a deed which so many actually applauded; but in vain the attempted consolation. The deluded man entered the prison full of the belief that his vengeance was

just—that in the sight of Heaven he was an innocent man—that it was not in human nature to view the author of his misery, and that of his child, without inflicting summary justice on his person. Whatever might happen to himself, he said, the world would not execrate him as a murderer, or confound *him* with a base assassin, who was but the natural avenger of his stolen and ill-used child.

These erroneous views of his conduct served, for the moment, to appease the conscience and uphold the courage of the prisoner. He asked to be allowed to see his child, his dearly purchased girl, and daily she was brought to him. Then it was that he experienced that which so many are doomed to feel—that we may *obtain* the object which for years we may have sighed, toiled, prayed for, and deemed indispensable to our happiness, and the *fruition* of our desires may overwhelm us with disappointment, or be the means of plunging us into misery.

To the case in point. The long-lost loved-one was restored to the persevering pilgrim. Yet what a change in her looks, thoughts, words, and actions! To a certain extent, the father was prepared for this. He knew it was not likely to be otherwise. But he did not expect to find his child turn from him with dislike. “You killed Papa!” she said, and tears filled her eyes.

This surprised the father, who, on her account, had done the fatal deed, and who, for her sake, had endured so much loss, fatigue, and misery. “And are you sorry that the man is dead, who stole you from your happy home, and beat you so cruelly, Louisa?”

“No,” she replied, “it was not he. It was mother

who used to beat me when I could not dance without falling off the rope. Papa loved me, and would give me cakes, and kiss me afterwards, when *she* did not see him."

Here was a new view of the case, and by no means an agreeable one to the prisoner. Had he then killed, in his blind rage, one who had been kind to his forlorn babe? Almost hoping the reverse, he asked Louisa why the man did not prevent his wife from ill-using her?

"Oh, he dared not," was the child's reply; "she would strike him too, and beat us worse, whenever he tried to save us."

"Did she beat the rest of the children, also?"

"Yes; always when they did not please the people much by their tumbling and dancing, and whenever we did not get money enough. Oh, she is a bad woman; I only wish you had killed her dead!"

This was said by the girl with the unmistakable earnestness and intensity of bitter hatred. Young as she was, her breast was filled with the angry passions engendered by harsh treatment and evil association. Her father shuddered as he witnessed those youthful features distorted by ferocious hate, and listened to the coarse and shocking oaths in which she vented her complaints against the tyrant of her life.

The little girl had been made to comprehend that she was free from the power of the cruel woman whom she had called mother, or else she would have had cunning or sense enough to have held her tongue. But as her new father was sad and in prison, she was not so glad as might have been expected from the change; for

poverty was associated with the idea of a jail, and her sad experience had taught her to look upon want of money as the greatest evil to be dreaded. Besides, gratitude had endeared the dead mountebank to her seared heart, which, unconsciously, retained the impress of the kindness of her infant home, and made it warm towards the only being from whom she had, since her abduction, received any marks of affection.

It was, indeed, a sad task! but the miserable man rested not till he had learnt all he could from the child (and others) of her past life and sufferings. The result fully confirmed the unpleasant fact, that the man he had sacrificed in his fit of temporary madness, though guilty of connivance in his wife's kidnapping and dishonest detention, as well as the ill-usage of poor Louisa, and doubtless of many other illegal acts in her case, had shown as much mercy as was compatible with his mercenary and cowardly nature, and had softened the hard fate, and won the love of the stolen one!

Alas! for the sorrowing father, this dreadful discovery was needed to bring home to his bosom a full and abiding conviction, in the spirit of the passage: "*Vengeance is mine—I will repay.*"

The act for which Mr. Mandeville was indicted was committed in the presence of so many witnesses, that it would have been useless to deny the fatal deed, had he been desirous of so doing. All that could be hoped, in his favor, was to convince the jury that the provocation was so great as to induce an extraordinary, sudden, unpremeditated impulse, devoid of malice aforethought—which alone could make it justifiable homicide.

A fresh source of alarm was suggested. If he should

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be found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to years of confinement, what was to become of Louisa during that time? He could not repair the injury done to her moral and mental perceptions by his instructions and parental watchfulness, neither had he any money wherewith to support and educate her. What, then, would be the fate of the poor bereaved creature?

It is not to be believed that Mr. Mandeville kept these fears to himself, or that his peculiarly distressing situation did not bring kind individuals to see him. They reminded him of the generous institutions to be found in the metropolis, and assured him that she would be provided for. But this did not tranquillize his mind. How irksome would the wholesome restraint be, to his, lately, vagrant child! How different the mode adopted to reclaim and ameliorate, by severe strangers, to that prompted by the tenderness of a parent, mourning over the victim of the vile and cruel! Bitterly, now, the unhappy man regretted having taken the law into his own hands! Could he but have mastered his passion and abstained from violence, the miscreant pair would have been punished, whilst he would have been guiltless of blood, and in a position to enjoy the restoration of his daughter, and mould her still flexible mind to refinement and virtue—himself unshackled and unstained.

Before the trial came on, Louisa had learned to love her only parent, and had heard and understood the story of her infant days of happiness in his home. She had wept over his pathetic narration of his hopes and fears, whilst searching, for years, after her own self, and had listened, with breathless interest and confused ideas,

to the glowing picture of her real mother; the (to her) incomprehensible description of a kind, accomplished, and virtuous lady, portrayed in polished terms, and with the force of deepest feeling. To one who had no previous conception that such beings existed, and but the faintest idea of the attributes embodied in such a nature—what a flood of light was here presented!

The desired impression was made! The hardness of heart was melting away, her little soul seemed to expand, and new light and life to spring up within her.

The time of trial came. The bearing of the prisoner was different from that which might have been expected, from the perpetrator of the dreadful deed, by those who knew not his previous character, and his remarkably mild and gentle nature. No exultation, at having recovered the long-sought object of his love, lighted up his heart with gladsome fire! No self-satisfaction that he had avenged his child and relieved the earth of a monster of cruelty! Deep sadness pervaded his sunken features! Was it fear of the consequences of his violence? Remorse or disappointment? He felt he had done a grievous wrong, and he was also ashamed that he dare not say any thing that would have a tendency to lessen the execration in which his victim was generally held by the public for his supposed cruelty. His desire to escape the probable penalty of his guilt was prompted more for his beloved Louisa's sake than his own.

Nothing to weaken the favorable impression towards the prisoner came out before the court. The suddenness of the whole occurrence, the excitement to temporary madness, were deemed, by the jury, sufficient

grounds for acquittal. He was pronounced *not guilty*—and, amidst the deafening applause of the mob outside, at this unusual verdict, he was set free!

A contribution was made for the child's benefit, and pressed on the grateful and contrite father, who, wishing as soon as possible to escape notoriety, had resolved to remove to another country, where their painful history would be unknown, and where he hoped to follow up the judicious training of the daughter, whom he trusted would yet become an ornament to society, imbued with those religious principles which his misfortunes had taught him, more than ever, to prize.

Mr. Mandeville and Louisa disappeared without leaving a trace behind, except in the hands of an old friend. That America was the chosen land of refuge was readily surmised, as *there* may the stricken and sorrowing stranger find solitude and peace, repose and oblivion. Another reason existed to induce the removal to a different hemisphere—to avoid the vengeance of the virago-widow of the man whom he had unpremeditatedly killed. This woman had sworn revenge, alike on him and his child. She had been acquitted on the charge of kidnapping, because her story of having found the child in the streets, and that she never knew to whom it belonged, could not be disproved, though it was not credited. But her imprisonment broke up the troop of youthful performers, who were disposed of amongst the charitable institutions devoted to such objects, and she was thrown on the world with worse feelings and dispositions than ever. Threats from such a person, therefore, were not to be despised. There was no telling of what plot she might not be capable, and too much had already been

endured, through her agency, for the Mandevilles not to be desirous to keep out of her path.

The knowledge of the comparative innocence of the man who had been slain added greatly to the poignancy of Mr. Madeville's feelings, and he reproached himself for having withheld the truth—as the moral effect of divulging it would be, to show the great injustice and crime incident to interference with the law-appointed mode of redress for private wrongs. It weighed greatly on his mind, to know that his escape with impunity might lead others to think lightly of taking summary vengeance into their own hands—even to the shedding of innocent blood.

Calmed and purified by past painful experience, and taught to seek wisdom and strength from on High, as well as pardon for human infirmities and sins, may not a placid present and a glorious futurity be imagined as the lot of the aged pilgrim and the precious charge confided to his guardianship—*the lost loved-one*? And oh, if *his* were to be the chosen instrumentality that should lead to a reunion of father, mother, and daughter, in the everlasting realms of bliss—how happy he! How sweet, to him, the uses of adversity!

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE spirit of the shower,—
Of the sunshine and the breeze,
Of the dewy twilight hour,
Of the bud and opening flower,—
My soul delighted sees:
Stern winter's robe of gray,
Beneath thy balmy sigh,
Like mist-wreaths melt away;
When the rosy, laughing day
Lifts up his gladsome eye.

Spirit of ethereal birth,
Thy azure banner floats
In lucid folds o'er air and earth,
And budding woods pour forth their mirth
In rapture-breathing notes!—
I see upon the fleecy cloud,
The spreading of the wings,—
The hills and vales rejoice aloud,
And nature, starting from her shroud,
To meet the bridegroom springs.

Spirit of the rainbow-zone,—
Of the fresh and breezy morn,—
Spirit of climes where joy alone
Forever hovers round thy throne,
On wings of light up-borne:—

Eternal youth is in the train,
With rapture-beaming eyes,
And Beauty, with her magic chain,
And Hope, that laughs at present pain,
Points up to cloudless skies.

Spirit of love, of life, and light!
Each year we hail thy birth,—
The day-star from the grave of night
That set, to rise in skies more bright,
To bless the sons of earth:
With leaf, and bud, and perfumed flower,
Still deck the barren sod;—
In thee we trace a higher power,—
In thee we claim a brighter dower,—
The day-spring of our God!



LORD OF THE CASTLE.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

"LORD of the Castle!—Oh, where goest thou?
Why is the triumph of pride on thy brow?"—
"Pilgrim, my bridal awaits me to-day,
Over the mountains away and away."

"Flora in beauty and solitude roves,
List'ning for thee in the shade of the groves."
"Pilgrim, I hasten her truth to repay,
Over the mountains away and away."

"Guided by honor, how brilliant the road
Leading from cottage to castle abode!"
"Pilgrim, its dictates I learn'd to obey,
Over the mountains away and away."

THE BEACON OF LIFE'S OCEAN:

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY BROTHER EDWARD.

ONE pleasant summer day, I found myself wandering along the skirts of a lofty promontory which overhung a bold, rock-encircled coast. I had been alternately scrambling over cliffs, and descending into deep gorges, until at length, having reached a high point where the wide, wide ocean was seen, stretching away almost into infinitude, and being awed by the mingled beauty and grandeur of the view, I sought repose. I sat down under the shadow of an old tree that grew in a fissure of the rocks, which it overhung, yielding myself to the reach of thought, and the depth of feeling, which a view of the open sea always inspires.

A little cove circling inland lay at my feet, so deeply inclosed by two strong projecting points, that shot out far into the water, that the ordinary tide scarce disturbed it; and now in the profound calm it slept, undimpled by a single wave, as if it had been, indeed, one solid crystal; while the outline of that picturesque and sublime shore was reflected in its crescent-form mirror.

The old oak itself, which must have sprung from some acorn of the primeval forest, that flourished in the morning of Time, appeared subdued and softened by the scene. Its shattered arms and gnarled front had hurl-





Lighthouse

E. Walcott, N. York

ed back the scathing blasts, and battled with the storms of uncounted centuries ; and now it beheld its image in the clear expanse, smiling as if the vanity of sapling days had come back, to gladden the old heart once more with a sense of its own beauty ! So the ancient matron, yielding to the magic power of memory, beholds her school and troth-days reflected from the mirror of the Past, while the shadows of evening brighten for a moment, as with the fair blushes of the departed morning.

Far as the eye could stretch away over the sea, all wore the same expression. Vessels of various and beautiful forms were seen gliding on the calm and silvery surface—now skimming away, their white wings spread to catch the delicate breeze, which is to waft them haven-ward, or perchance to climes afar ; now resting on the soft, round bosom of the deep, each with the duplicate of its own form, “more delicately touched,” pencilled in the depths below. Ocean-birds peopled the air, giving to its whole expanse the beauty and the interest of life. Sometimes they appeared sweeping in majestic curves through the blue serene ; and again, their white forms hovered on the horizon like masses of intenser light. Anon they darted away in the distance beyond the reach of vision ; and again returning, being suspended for a moment, the sunshine touching their plumage, as it sometimes touches snow, with a line of gold ; and then they drop down suddenly through the air. With a true eye, and an undeviating aim, they plunge into the clear flood—disappearing only for an instant, and then, with shrill cries of joy, bear off their glittering spoil.

Below, the unwieldy porpoise was seen, now spring-





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ing above the surface, now plunging down into the deep water, while clusters of them were tumbling into somersets, like rude boys at play. Their uncouth gambols were finely contrasted by the agile motions of the fair and graceful dolphin. The great whale lay reposing on the liquid expanse, now and then sending up jets into the still air, that sparkled as with molten diamonds in the flashing sunshine. The scene was lovely, and glorious to behold. It was also a season of pleasure and delight. Even the great ships seemed to loiter on their way; and, like gentlemen of ease in the gay promenade, bowing and lifting their caps to each other, with seemingly pleasant recognition, and all proper courtesy, they passed on, each its own way. One of the largest of these, a fine ship, whose graceful yet majestic bearing had especially attracted me, yielding to the breeze, which was setting landward, made a long curve around the point, and came up into the mouth of the cove. Then, as if she had been an actual living thing, and were governed only by the caprice of the moment, she made a sudden pause, and sat still, looking down into the clear depths where her fair form was so delicately pencilled, like some coquette in the sweet complacency of her own private boudoir, questioning her mirror, if the praise her beauty had won were indeed true. The wind was lulling quite away, until at length not a single ripple stole up, with love-kisses to greet its fellow; and the whole expanse lay calm and still as the breast of Beauty, from which the life-breath has just taken flight.

A strong feeling of human fellowship seemed to attract me to that "peopled deck." The fraternizing

principle, that bindeth each with the other, cast its electric chain around my soul, and drew me to the unknown brethren I now beheld for the first time. I watched all their motions and occupations, with the intense interest of a common fellowship. What if they *were* the hard-handed children of Toil; yet had they not one common origin—one common destiny, which was also mine, and every other man's? They shared the affections, sufferings, hopes, joys, and sorrows of the Race. Each of them, doubtless, had looked up, a happy and smiling babe, into the eyes of a loving Mother. Each of them had been separated, for a season, from his domestic joys or sorrows; and each knew some single dearest, sweetest, fairest spot on the wide earth, however humble it might be, where blooming loves sprang up around the hearth-stone, and made it home! They had grown strong in peril; and their brows were wreathed with the high majesty of daring, won from familiar and oft-recurring danger. I went out over the waters, and, none the less that they knew it not, greeted them as brethren. And so I sat watching them, with the interest of a new-born fellowship. The helmsman was lolling carelessly on the wheel; and the sailors, gathered in various groups, were seated beneath their awnings. Some were engaged in mending either their canvas or their own garments; and as they worked busily on, pleasant conversation, or the exciting yarn, wrought also downy plumes into the hovering wing of Time. Here and there might be seen a solitary one in his secluded nook, enthralled by the magic pages of some enkindling story of adventures kindred to his own, or reclining himself amid the luxury of day-

dreams, whereon beloved scenes and forms were portrayed with the warm and truthful lineaments and coloring of life. I turned from these to the picture of the ship below. The rounded front sat upon the water softly as the bosom of a sleeping swan; and even fairer—even softer, was its depending image, while every delicate spar shot its clear, tapering lines through the translucent blue.

Have you ever roused the sleeping tiger, or trodden on the folds of the famished anaconda, or seen the hungry lion springing forth from his lair? Thus, with terrific and savage power, awoke the STORM. Thus suddenly sprang forth the tempest, which had been cradled on the bosom of that deceitful CALM. Without a single note of warning, the STORM KING leaped forth from his cavernous depths. He called the great WINDS out from their ocean-caves. He held the unsheathed lightnings in his right hand, while his left grappled with the thunderbolt. His brow was wreathed with the terrors of the whirlwind; and CLOUDS and DARKNESS walked before him. The dense and sullen vapors, volume after volume, rolled out from the depths of the air; and the sky was overspread with a deep and rayless gloom, along which hurried dark and frowning masses, smiting each other as they met, like huge warriors going to battle. Birds of evil omen filled the air with their dismal cries; and as the great ocean eagle flapped her murky wings over the tall cliff, true to her instincts, she uttered a shriek of joy. The SEA, like a chafing war-horse, spurning curb and rein, came rearing and plunging landward, tossing off the white foam with every swell; while the awful voice of its roaring boomed over the surging depths.

The waves, continually gathering volume, mounted over each other, pile on pile, until they stood in lines of dark gray mountain, against the battlements of the jutting sky. The stormy petrel, gathering her tribe by thousands, sported in the deep tunnels, now toying with the foam-wreath, now riding gayly over the embattled mountains, uttering in sharp, shrill cries, her clamorous omen of the approaching banquet.

The entire absence of rain heightened the terrors of the scene. A single burst of water would have softened and relieved the dark and frowning sky; but it continually grew blacker and harder, and not a drop came. In the darkness I lost sight of all the vessels, save the one ship I have attempted to describe. That alone had come within the present eye-shot; all the others were shut out by that impenetrable wall of water and cloud. The gallant barque had, perchance, weathered many a tempest; but now all the artillery of earth, air, and ocean seemed to be discharged at once upon its single form. But a moment gone, and she was dallying so coquettishly—so daintily with the coy breezes and the dimpling waves. Now every sail was reefed; and every spar seemed braced for a heroic purpose, as if some delicate nymph, in the luxurious abandonné of her toilet hour, had been suddenly assailed; and in the excitement of danger, had caught from the scene itself the spirit and the power of a startled Amazon.

All hands were on deck, and every eye was fixed on the captain, as they stood ready at a moment's warning to obey his order, and even anticipating his commands. I saw that brave leader silently pacing the quarter-deck, with a practised eye scanning the horizon; and I

bowed down in spirit, with a willing homage to the heroism and grandeur of soul that could act so calmly in such a season! How impressively then came the words of the Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters, these see the mighty acts of the Lord, and behold his wonders in the great deep."

Still the noble barque sped on, now scudding over the mountainous waves like a frightened bird, now plunging headlong into the deep caverns, that were walled and roofed with the black and terrible waters.

I would have shouted to those brave and manly spirits, to keep clear of the rocks and shoals towards which they were fast hurrying; but how could a single human voice be recognized amid all the din of the storm? or even if it were heard, how could they control the motions of the ship against such fearful odds!

The scene was horrible; yet there was a grandeur in it which no language can describe—no imagination can truly conceive! And those brave and struggling souls were invested with a heroism almost supernatural, in their brave and determined struggle for life. Darkness anticipated the night, spreading the sable folds of her thick and impenetrable curtain over all. No single star shone out to guide or cheer. Overwhelmed with the intense anguish of sympathy, I clasped my hands, crying out in my despair: Is there none to save my brethren from this horrible fate!

Was it a star that woke just then, beaming so kindly and so sweetly over the troubled abyss? It was the beacon-light, looking forth from its sea-girt tower, with the eyes of a protecting angel.

Another and more desperate struggle was made ; and even while the breaker fiends were gnashing their teeth, and in their horrible madness spitting forth the white foam as if already gloating on their prey, a happily effected movement brought the ship out of the jaws of immediate destruction, under shelter of a headland, where a bold promontory broke the fury of the open sea. The rain began to pour in torrents, and the demons of the tempest quenched their fury in the genial floods. There was but one point by which the haven could be reached, and the beacon-light had revealed the true course.

But soon it was perceived that the good ship had sprung a leak, and was rapidly sinking ; and signals of distress streamed out with a red glare on the impervious gloom. They were answered by the minute-gun—the cheering, blessed “minute-gun at sea ;” and then they knew the life-boat was coming, for the brave had called, and the brave responded to their cry. Lights were seen moving to and fro in the distance. They neared the ship that was reeling as if drunken, and tottering on the very brink of destruction. O God ! but for a few brief moments ! They are granted ! They are given ! The boats are laden with a freight of human life ! Men and treasures are all removed from the ship !

They have withdrawn a space, and pause to witness the impending tragedy ; for the good ship, to many of them, was not a mere machine, or engine of transportation. She was the personification of a true filial affection ; for she had encircled them with her white arms, and taken them to her bosom, a gentle and loving mother ! and now that she was about going down to her long ocean-sleep, they would pause, even at the peril of

their lives, to pay the well-deserved funeral honors. She hovered a moment on the brink of a tremendous gorge; then every timber groaning as if in mortal anguish, down she plunged—down, down! A heavy sea rushed over the chasm; and the beautiful SHIP was seen no more forever!

As this scene was witnessed from the boats, by those who had barely escaped, tears of mingled sorrow and gratitude coursed silently down the bronzed and manly cheek; and then the boatmen pulled hard away for the light-house!

The scene passed as a dark and troubled dream. I found myself still sitting beneath the shadow of that venerable oak, whose polished leaves sang musically in the summer wind, at whose light breath the waves dimpled, curving shoreward, with stories of travel for the shining pebbles. The slanting sunbeams shot their golden lances from the western horizon; and the departing day, ere he bade the world adieu, flung his gorgeous banners over the occident.

“And is there no point—no special meaning in all this!” I exclaimed, as, warned by the gathering shadows, I arose, and turned homeward. Then a spirit seemed to whisper in mine ear: “Behold the true solution of the parable. The ocean is human life! Its unstable elements, now sleeping in a peaceful calm, now rent by terrible storms, are subject to all the variations of wind and tide. The ship is the adventurer, and is alike the type of the individual, and the family. The disturbing forces represent the selfish and antagonistic elements, which are so deeply mingled with society. The boatmen are our divine messengers—our home angels—

Friendship, Love, and Truth; and behold in the GOOD DEED the spirit of our Order; for amid all its storms, its sufferings, its perils, truly and peculiarly is ODD-FELLOWSHIP THE LIGHT-HOUSE OF THE WORLD!"

What the beacon is to the tempest-tossed mariner, such is odd-fellowship to the children of sorrow and suffering. Amid the storms of life she sheds a ray of light when all around is shrouded with gloom and sadness. Her ministry is one of gentle charity and beneficence. To the poor she contributes of her bounty, to the bereaved and sorrowing she comes with soothing accents of sympathy, and the erring she seeks to win back to the paths of virtue and peace. The motto of her banner is the divine maxim—the golden rule—"to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us." She distributes to the needy with a liberal hand, when most her aid is required; and without ostentatious display, which renders her gifts the more grateful; acting upon the maxim, "they give twice who give kindly."

It has been objected to odd-fellowship that it is a secret association. Like objections may be urged against most other institutions, for are there not secrets which it would be impolitic to reveal in the other departments of our social economy? This is necessarily an essential feature in our religious system, and in the affairs of every-day life; and why should it be thought strange that it constitutes a characteristic of odd-fellowship? We are enjoined in sacred writ, when we do our alms, "not to let our left hand know what our right doeth;" and in our devotions, "to pray to our Father in secret," that "our Father who seeth in secret may reward us

openly." The practice of odd-fellowship is based upon this sacred principle. She claims to be her own almoner; and instead of proclaiming to the world her boastful charities, she pours out her blessings with a lavish hand, and sheds the tear of sympathy unseen, except to the eye of suffering. That which is pompously done by public institutions, at the expense of private delicacy and feeling, she confers as a right. The irksome feeling of obligation for bounty conferred, is not imposed upon its recipient at her hands. It is another noble aim of odd-fellowship to fraternize mankind—to mitigate the innate selfishness of our nature, and to foster those better feelings of the heart which tend to universal philanthropy and benevolence.

Although naturally constituted a social being, man is too isolated in his feelings and selfish in his pursuits; it is the design of our excellent institution to neutralize these influences, and to centralize the interests of mankind into a common brotherhood. The effect of extreme selfishness is to debase and brutalize the affections: while that of the opposite is to elevate and refine them. Were the glorious principles of odd-fellowship to be fully developed, pauperism and its long train of evils would soon cease to exist; for the golden age would return to bless the world; and the ills of life would be soothed and mitigated under the benign reign of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

THE PREDICTION.

CHAPTER I

THE declining days of an October sun poured a flood of glory through the windows of the vast apartment, in the old mansion of Hardwicke, known to this day as Queen Mary's council-chamber. The room had a gloomy aspect, from the heavy folds of tapestry that covered the walls on all sides; and now the sunbeams flickered and danced over the full-length figures wrought upon them, throwing such fantastic lights and shadows, as to give a life-like appearance to the grim forms that told their own history in the eye. At an embroidery-frame, near the centre of the apartment, with the light falling full upon the gorgeously wrought devices that had wiled away so many of the tedious hours of her captivity, was seated the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Her fingers had forgotten their task, and it was not on the gay flowers her fancy had woven, and her skilful hand had called into existence, that her gaze was riveted now. On the frame before her lay a bunch of wild field-flowers, and her face wore an expression of intense melancholy, as her eye scanned each little leaf and flower that touched some memory of the past, or conjured up some sad anticipation, some awful dread of the future. Whole volumes were written on their

tiny folds, and their soft perfume bore messages of the free air she was never more to breathe—of other scenes she was never more to gaze upon. Deeper and darker seemed to gather the shades of thought upon the beautiful face, to which long confinement had given the pale, spiritual hue, that supplies so exquisitely the place of color in the cheek, when the massive door was thrown open, and the Countess of Shrewsbury (Queen Mary's jailer, as she was called) entered abruptly. Her high, haughty spirit, and unwomanly temper, seemed chafed and vexed to an unusual degree, and as her eye caught the small bouquet on which her prisoner's gaze was fixed, she pointed to it, and asked, in a tone of mingled scorn and rage, whether the paltry tribute were a "*gage d'amour*" from the Earl of Shrewsbury, or a signal-token from some other traitor to his country's interest and Queen Bess's honor? Mary Stuart must have been accustomed to these ebullitions of feeling; for she scarcely raised her eyes, and a slight curl of her lip added to the expression of scorn on her face, at this betrayal of jealousy on the part of the Countess. Her calmness seemed still more to irritate her visitor; and, in a phrensy of rage, she bade the Queen remember, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Mary Stuart's face changed instantaneously, and the expression of scorn yielded to one of sadness, as she replied, in low, but impressive tones, "Ay, Bess of Hardwicke, 'Pride goeth before destruction;' thou mayest prove the prophet of thine own fate. The eagle eye that lifts its gaze so high, and would fain pitch its eyry mid the purple folds of royalty, may find its prospects dimmed

by the same clouds that gathered over my sad destiny. God help thee! the blast that but bends the willow, will shiver the oak; even I can pity thee." It could not be the vague prophecy couched in these words, nor the sad tone in which they were uttered, but certain it is, that the expression in the Countess' face changed to one of mingled dread and curiosity, as she looked steadily at her prisoner, and strove to ascertain whether a knowledge of circumstances, it seemed impossible she could have obtained, had prompted the reply, or a mere wish to rebuke her unwomanly ambition and avarice. Her endeavor was apparently unsuccessful, for she withdrew her searching look, and quitted the apartment as abruptly as she had entered it. Mary's two attendants, who had stood silent spectators of this interview, glanced at their mistress, as if for an explanation of the scene; but she had sunk again into a revery, and they forbore to interrupt her.

CHAPTER II.

Two months had passed. The clouds and storms of winter were gathering over the scene, and darker clouds, foreboding dire storms, were gathering over Queen Mary's fate. But it is not with her we have to do. In the west gallery of Hardwicke, beside one of the range of massive windows that look out upon the bleak north, stood a girlish form, whose fate, if the expression of her face might speak prophecy, was destined to wear a far different aspect from that of the unhappy Queen of Scots. Her attitude was that of a

watcher, for ever and anon she raised her eyes to the door at the end of the hall, (through which, superstition still asserts, Queen Mary nightly entered at the watching-hour of twelve;) but there seemed more of expectation than anxiety in the look, and the fearless expression of her deep blue eyes, the perfect flood of golden curls that shaded her face, together with the brilliant color in her cheek, gave so much joyousness to her whole appearance, that it was impossible to anticipate a grief or care for such a being: she seemed made but for sunshine. The door at the end of the gallery opened, at length, and Cecil Talbot, the son of the Earl, and stepson of the Countess of Shrewsbury, entered. This was apparently the person for whom Elizabeth Cavendish (the youngest and favorite daughter of the Countess, and step-daughter of the Earl) waited; for she looked up inquiringly into his face, and as she read its expression, the bright color died away from her cheek, and she sunk back against the casement for support. A less interested observer might have divined that Cecil Talbot's tidings were of hard import, so utterly sad and hopeless was the expression of his face. The features were of a melancholy cast naturally, whilst the depth of soul revealed in the dark eye, and the raven hair, that fell in masses over a face delicate almost to the hue of ill-health, made it seem paler by the contrast. His lip quivered as he attempted to speak, and the sound died away half uttered. His companion asked, in a hurried, agitated tone, and as if the aspect affairs seemed to have taken were too unexpected for her to realize it—"My mother has, then, rejected your suit?" "'Tis no part of my step-dame's policy to wed her favorite daugh-

ter with a portionless younger son." "And yet," remarked his companion, "she urges the marriage of my sister with your brother Gilbert." "Ay," replied Cecil: "a coronet glittered in perspective, and, to her ambitious nature, it was matter of moment that the regalia death will one day snatch from her own brow, should encircle that of her descendant! Yes, she scorned my suit, as unworthy to be listened to, and bade me seek elsewhere a titled dame to gild my insignificance:"—and his dark eye flashed as he recalled the insult. Elizabeth's voice was broken with emotion, and her hand trembled as she laid it on his arm, and, looking up into his face, appealingly asked, "And can you leave us, Cecil?" His whole frame shook convulsively, as all that her question implied came up before him; but, with a violent effort, he mastered his emotion, and replied: "Better that it should be so: the Countess has already sown bitter dissension between my father and his children; my presence here can but add to these difficulties, and I could not bear to look calmly on the events whose train my step-mother is plotting: when I am gone, there will be fewer impediments to the plans which her determined nature will carry out at all hazards—less of difficulty to irritate her harsh temper." Elizabeth Cavendish seemed, in a great measure, regardless of his communication; and the allusion to plans with which his residence at Hardwicke interfered, she either did not heed, or could not comprehend; but, as a future, without his presence, came vividly before her, she asked, in a tone whose wildness startled him—"What will life be to me, Cecil, when you are gone?" Emotion choked his utterance for

some moments; but when he did reply, self seemed utterly forgotten—his only thought was for her. "God will watch over you, my own beloved! I feel that you were not destined for the storms of life, and in his care I leave you, with a perfect confidence that no shadow will darken your path—no evil will fall upon your head. For myself, I go forth into the world with the faith of my mother as my richest inheritance; with the knowledge that all thought of my early love must be free from any alloy of earth, and that my struggle must now be, to make the ties that have hitherto bound me to this world (which now has nothing left to offer me) serve as links to unite me to that home where, alone, the crushed feelings and bitter parting of this day can be forgotten or atoned for."

A few moments more, and they had parted: she, to serve as the tool and victim of her mother's unbounded ambition; he, to forget, amid the storms and struggles of other scenes, the stray gleam of sunshine that had illumined his early path, making the contrast darker with his after-life.

CHAPTER III.

BUT a little time had elapsed since the eventful parting detailed in the last chapter, when the plans of his step-mother, to which Cecil Talbot had alluded, were, to her great joy, accomplished.

* * * * A few dim lights immediately around the chancel struggled with the darkness of the unfrequent-

ed chapel, and threw their fitful gleams upon a bridal party, standing before a minister, whose hurry and evident trepidation bespoke the task he was performing one of some risk. He had proceeded a short distance in the ritual of the Established Church, when the clank of a spur upon the marble pavement startled the party by its contrast to the death-like stillness that had prevailed. All eyes, save those of the bride, were turned towards the intruder; but he paused midway in the chapel, and leaned against the door through which the bridal party had entered. The Countess of Shrewsbury and the dowager Lady Lenox occupied the right side of the chancel, whilst a few attendants formed the only witnesses to the ceremony that unites the fates of Elizabeth Cavendish to that of Lord Lenox, the younger brother of the murdered Darnley, the cousin and husband of the Queen of Scots. There was an expression of fear and anxiety on every countenance, even that of the stern Countess; but the ceremony proceeded hurriedly, and, without comment or congratulation, the bridal party left the chapel. As they passed the narrow door through which they had entered, the young Lady Lenox felt the clasp of a cold hand upon her own, and the pressure of colder lips upon it, and, raising her eyes, encountered the melancholy gaze of Cecil Talbot. His step-mother cast a glance of withering scorn upon him as she passed—but he heeded it not: he had eyes but for one object, and upon that he had looked his last.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE short year had elapsed since the marriage of Elizabeth Cavendish, and the greater part of that time had been spent, by the dowager Lady Lenox and the Countess of Shrewsbury, in prison. The Court of England, and, more than all, Queen Elizabeth, had been astounded by the audacity that had planned, and the hardihood that had accomplished, a marriage so opposed to the Queen's wishes, and menacing so strongly the quiet reign of succession to the throne of England. Gradually, however, the first surprise had subsided, and after months of petition and entreaty on the part of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had been kept in complete ignorance of the intended marriage, the Countess was liberated, and suffered to rejoin her family.

It was that season of the year when autumn seems just merging into winter, and a few withered flowers are all that remain to tell of summer's faded beauties—sad mementoes of sunnier hours: the long gallery in which we first presented Elizabeth Cavendish to our readers, wore the same aspect as of old; but as you approached the large apartment to which it led, and from which Cecil Talbot had come to "the trysting-place," on that occasion, its quiet appalled you. The daylight was excluded from the chamber, and its place so dimly supplied by artificial lights, that it was difficult, for a moment, to distinguish objects as you entered. On advancing into the apartment, the arrangement of the lights threw their glare upon a state-bed, beside which crouched, rather than sat, the Countess of Shrewsbury,

and upon which rested the form of the young Lady Lenox. The same exquisite features were there, but they wore the contracted expression that told of suffering; the same glory of golden curls was around the face, but they mocked its marble paleness; the long lashes rested on the cheek, but a heavier hand than sleep weighed down the eyelids, and the eyes were never more to waken to joy or sorrow in this world. Cecil Talbot's prediction had been fulfilled: she was not destined for the storms of life, and the God to whose care he had committed her, had taken home his charge.

A light step sounded in the apartment, and Mary Stuart glided in, and knelt for a moment beside the dead; then rising, placed a few small flowers beside the cold, clasped hands. She might well have envied the quiet sleeper, yet tears fell thick and fast, whilst she gazed upon the marble face; and as the Countess of Shrewsbury raised her eyes and beheld her, the first look of kindness that had ever fallen upon her unhappy prisoner softened the expression of her stern face. At this moment the wail of an infant was heard, and the Countess rose from her kneeling posture, and left Mary Stuart the sole living occupant of the room. She was alone but for a moment, when a door from the opposite side of the apartment opened, and Cecil Talbot entered; his face was even paler than its wont, as he approached, and his dress assimilated somewhat to that worn by the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, and which, in those days, subjected the wearer to great risk. He gazed long and fixedly upon the face that had made life's sunshine for him, but his own betrayed less of emotion

than when he parted from her last, and gave a convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. There was no outward show of feeling, as he stooped and imprinted a kiss upon the marble brow, which a coronet had weighed down unto death. Thus terminated Cecil Talbot's last visit to Hardwicke.

Who does not know how the after-life of the Countess of Shrewsbury was passed? She, whose whole previous career had been one effort at self-aggrandizement;—whose ambition had hewn a path from a comparatively humble station in life, to a position that enabled her to brave even Elizabeth herself, “the lion-porter Queen,”—she, in whose hands husbands and children were the mere playthings of her scheming, plotting intellect,—even this indomitable spirit was crushed at a blow. “The storm that would have bent the willow, had shivered the oak.” The only being that had ever wakened a human feeling in that stern worldly heart, had gone. Death had struck a mighty blow, for it had prostrated alike the frail beauty of the idol, and the earthly faith of the worshipper. Henceforward, Bess of Hardwicke's life was spent in seclusion; guarding, with a jealous eye, the treasure committed to her care, the infant daughter of the young and beautiful Lady Lenox. Her efforts, however, were vain; for the sad history of Arabella Stuart proves that all her grandmother's care could not ward off the blows of fate, and that her destiny resembled that of her beautiful mother, in an unhappy affection and an early death. History says nothing of the after-life of Cecil Talbot; but the traditions of his house speak of him, as devoted to the things of another and a better world: struggling, in a far-off land, to forget the

pangs of wounded feeling ; or, at least, to make the ties that had bound his heart to earth, serve also as links to unite him to

“ That far home,
That hope, and faith, and fear of dying,
Builds for us in a world to come !”



LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND TRUTH.

BY E. A. MORTON.

WHEN the sky overhead all looks gloomy and dark,
And our pathway is chilling and drear ;
When the light of the beacon that rules o'er our barque
Is dimmed with the dew of a tear ;
When fled is the music, the mirth, and the song,
That gladdened the age of our youth,
What memory can freshen our track mid the throng
Like the motto—Love, Friendship, and Truth ?

The hand of a brother to help on our way,
His wisdom to counsel and guide ;
To point out each error that leads us astray,
With a love that is proven and tried ;
To rear by our hearth-stone an altar of peace,
All green with the garlands of youth,
When the full heart may taste of those joys that ne'er cease,
And dwell in Love, Friendship, and Truth.

BETTY VAN ANTWERP.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY REV. S. LOCKWOOD.

"O passi graviores; dabit Deus his quoque finem."—*Virgil*.

Great woes you've borne; but God shall give an end.—*Trans.*

ON the post-road from New York to Albany, where the stage "used to go" lumbering along with its load of honest Dutchmen, at the "goot shpeed of four mile in von hour," in bad weather, and the dangerous rate of six miles an hour in good weather, on this famous road, about a mile from the village of Peekskill, stands a small dilapidated tenement, which, tradition says, occupies the site where once stood the first white man's residence in that part of the State. Then the Manittoe Indian disputed possession with the "pale-face." Then the whole country was thick with gigantic trees, and summers were shorter, and winters longer. Then the day was vocal with myriad birds of cheerful song and brilliant plumage, and the night was terrible with the wild-cat's scream, the panther's yell, the wolf's dread howl; and this dismal anthem echoed from the forest dales to the wooded sides of the old "BIG TORN" mountain. In due time this ancient home had neighbors, scattered at intervals of perhaps a mile. The family about which this tradition is concerned were among its last occupants, when the homestead was fast going to ruin.

"Betty," said the aged matron, a fine specimen of Dutch rusticity, whose cotton cap set to her head with an embrace too close to permit any of the venerable gray hairs to be taken away against their will, and whose petticoat of home-spun wool was so warm as to defy the "rumatticks" to "pest" her aged limbs, and then its dimensions, so snug and tidy as to preclude the matron's running too fast in her old days. "Betty," said she, to a girl of "sweet sixteen," "what's the matter? You look as if you mought ha' seen a spook, so solemcholy-like."

"Mother, I can't say that I am very unhappy; and yet, I do feel a little sad."

"Jist a leetle, eh? Well, what mought it be about?"

"Why it's about my wedding to-morrow. I don't know why I feel so," said the maid.

"Ah, my child, I see how it is. You feel a kind of glad, and a sort of sorry too. And to speak the truth, Betty, I feel a leetle so myself." And the matron wiped a big warm tear from each eye, with the corner of her clean check apron. This caused the maid to weep also.

An interval of silence succeeded, in which Betty, in her perplexity, had well-nigh spoiled a white rosette, which she was making for her "bridal gear;" and the matron actually dropped *three* stitches in her knitting; a thing which never before could any neighbor bring against Mrs. Van Antwerp, for if there was any thing on which she "prided" herself above other folks, it was that she had a daughter who never, in all her life, disobeyed her parents, and who knew the Heidelberg Catechism by heart, without being told a single word,

(as a reward and testimony of which Dominie Von Twiller gave her one of his best Christmas sermons in Dutch;) and lastly, that she herself never dropped a stitch in knitting. Then to think, the stockings she was knitting were of the best lamb's wool, and intended as a present for the dear old Dominie. How provoking! It is due the good woman to say, that her temper did not sour on this trying occasion. Perhaps Betty, who was reputed to have "good mother-wit," did not give it time, for she broke the silence.

"Mother, I had a dream; and I don't know why, but it will hang on my mind."

"A dream! Well, now, of all things! Tell it me, child; for I heerd Deacon Van Dyck say, he believed dreams, and spooks, and such like, to be warnings. But here's father coming to take a smoke. Let him hear it, for he's powerful in explaining such things."

"A dream, eh?" said the old man, looking grave, as he took his seat. His pipe filled and lighted, with a thoughtful look, he said, "Go on, Betty. Let's hear it."

The blue smoke, as it rose in spiral wreaths from the farmer's pipe, seeming eager to unite with and dissolve into the azure sky, was finely symbolical of the purity of that girlish heart, from which the spirit offerings on maiden

"——— breath,

Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death."

"Father," said the maid, "I have more faith in the ministry of unseen angels, than in these troublesome dreams."

"Well, now!" exclaimed the matron, "if Betty ain't

preaching to her father, who's been an elder of the church *four* times."

"Go on, girl, with your dream. I know best about these things," urged the farmer.

Thus overcome, the maid obeyed. "Well, father, I dreamed that it was morning, and I was looking at the old rose-tree, and a pretty bud came out, and this, on a sudden, burst into a beautiful flower, and then all at once this flower became a dark, mournful-looking something, which I can't describe. And I awoke, crying, for it affected me very much."

"You don't know what that *black something* was, eh, child?" asked the old man, thoughtfully; knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and depositing it in the roomy pocket of his ample waistcoat.

"No, father," was the answer.

"It wa'n't a bear, nor a wolf, nor nothing o' that sort?" suggested the matron.

"Oh, no, mother. Nothing that I can describe."

"Well, now, if that ain't orfully queer!" exclaimed the old lady, spreading her hands, and permitting her knitting to cease for a good half-minute.

"Wife, bring me your specs and the Bible," said the farmer.

The "specs" were well rubbed on the "gude vrow's" apron, and at length placed on Mr. Van Antwerp's nose: the seer opened the oracles, and examined the subject of dreams. He read straight that of Nebuchadnezzar, with its interpretation. But it afforded no aid. Nor fared he better with Pharaoh's, Jacob's, and Joseph's. Closing "the Book" in disappointment, he said the trouble was, that they were all *men's* dreams, and

thus couldn't throw any light on a girl's dream. It was plain that he must venture an interpretation out of his own head. Slowly laying the "glasses" on the table, and deliberately refilling his pipe, to which the vrow applied a lighted chip, then taking a few whiffs, in unusual energy, he spoke:

"The *morning* means the wedding-day. The *bud* means the maid. The *flower* means the wife:—and what the *black something* means, neider me nor *dunder and blixen* knows."

This rather disappointed the matron, who rejoined with, "It must mean good, whatever it is. I've 'Book' proof for that: for Betty is an obedient lass, and Benson Eltinge is a pious lad. So there must be a blessing."

"And if he wa'n't, he shouldn't have Betty. But Vrow, what do you make of that '*black something*'?"

"I should think it was something to be after the wedding. I've heerd Benson say, how he'd like to have the plot where the black-walnut tree stands—Who knows but—"

"Now just stop, old woman," said the farmer, smoking most desperately. "Stop, Vrow, I know all about it, and perhaps mought tell you, if you'd let a body get a word in. Betty's dream means that she is to be a maid, and a wife, and with Benson, is to get the black-walnut lot, somehow or other, and all in one day."

Again were the ashes knocked out of the pipe, and it deposited in the spacious pocket of the huge "grizzly gray" waistcoat. The dream-seer was satisfied and much relieved.

* * * * *

"I tell you, Vrow, I don't like it, that Dominie Von Twiller's not going to marry Betty and Benson."

"You're my way of thinking, husband. It's an orful put-out. But they say he can't get past the Britishers. And if he can't be got, he can't be had. They've sent Pompey for the Church of England minister, a few miles up. I hear he's a godly sort of man, and that's a great thing."

"Why, see, old woman—they're crazy! Ain't Benson a liberty man; and ain't we all 'gainst England, tooth and nail? And you want to have my daughter married by one o' these fellows!" And the old man was so aghast with indignation, that he forgot the extra whiff of smoke, for emphasis.

"Nay, father; we are not opposing England, but its oppression; and the English Church, Dominie says, has good and wholesome doctrine like ours," interposed the maid.

"Just so, Betty," urged Benson Eltinge. "And Betty," he whispered, "tell your father, that the Dutch church in New York, when the 'Piscopals came over from England, opened their church for them to serve God in.* Tell him that, Betty."

At this the old man declared that when his reverence should come, he would ask his pardon for saying such bad things behind a good man's back.

The parties were ready for the wedding. Plain, yet very neat, was the attire of the bride. A pure white

* This is a fact. For this generous act of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York city, the Episcopal communion has long constituted the senior minister of the Collegiate Dutch Church in the city an officer in the board of Columbia College. Which shall we admire most, the generous act of the one, or the perpetuated gratitude of the other?

dress, with a sash of narrow sky-blue ribbon, the ends hanging low from the waist, her arms bare, and a small rosette of white satin, with a natural white rose-bud in the centre, and this pinned on one side of her natural ringlets, completed her bridal array. That of the bridegroom was in keeping with his time. The fabric was homespun cloth. The coat of quakerish style—the waistcoat long, reaching below the hips—knee-breeches, white lamb's-wool stockings, well-greased and substantial brogans, and the hair done up in a cue behind, which, being rather short, had an obstinate way of sticking out at a right angle to the back of his well-combed head: the whole, in those days, was esteemed a suit to be admired.

The door opens, and Pompey, his eyes rolling like two pigeon's eggs, made his appearance.

"Massa Wan Antwerp, dis gemmen am de rebrand Massa Goodheart, de 'Piscopal minister."

The particulars of the reception cannot be detailed. It was cordial, and the worthy clergyman was pressed to take a draught of cider, with the apology that wine they had none.

The presence of the minister set the bridegroom in a flutter. His heart beat at his side as if it were cramped for want of room, even in that commodious waistcoat. It was suggested that the ceremony had better begin. At this Benson Eltinge, lest he might sink under the ordeal, braced up his nerves and muscles so determinedly, that he stood firm as a gate-post, in rather grotesque comparison to the blushing bride, who stood graceful, though like a flower drooping with its load of dew. The minister opened his mouth, and the bridegroom trembled. At length the ceremony reached the part in

which the parties separately repeat the words of the clergyman :

"You must say after me," said the minister.

"You must say after me," repeated the docile bridegroom.

"No! no!" was the remonstrance.

"No! no!" was the response.

"Mr. Eltinge, stop," said the embarrassed clergyman.

"Mr. Eltinge, stop," gasped the worse embarrassed bridegroom. Meanwhile the cue persisted in sticking out at a right angle from the back of his head, and now, in sympathy for its owner, it trembled like a twig in a stiff breeze. The slave, Pompey, observing the pertinacious motion of the cue, was suddenly struck with the belief that Massa Eltinge's wits were oozing out at its end, as if a spigot had escaped from the faucet of a cider cask. The negro, "keeping dark," slyly took the tongs, and held fast the little troubler, which was determined to "stick out," to the last. Whatever the cause was, from that instant the bridegroom made a fair start, and went through with tolerable composure to the end. This slight irregularity, however, should be mentioned: when the clergyman said *Amen*, he added, "I'm *glad* it's over," and wiped the perspiration off which stood in great drops upon his face.

"Dere den," said Pompey, releasing his hold. "Next time, Massa Eltinge, you tie your cue tighter. Me been pinching de end wid de tongs to perwent de senses from leaking all away."

The loud laugh which followed was but short, for it had to give way for the many good wishes. And right hearty ones they were, too; for everybody loved Betty

Van Antwerp, and nobody but thought well of Benson Eltinge.

"Benson, my lad, take care of Betty. She's a good girl, and has always minded her parents. God bless you both, my dear children," said the old man.

"May God help me to love her," said the honest-hearted swain, his voice husky with the emotion of deep affection.

"Betty and Benson—God bless you both!" ejaculated the matron, her eyes blind with tears.

Merry was the wedding cheer, and innocent the mirth, and harmless (though plenty of it) was the envy; for the girls wished they had Benson Eltinge, and the young men wished they had Betty Van Antwerp. Nor could they make up their minds to call her "Mrs. Eltinge."

"Well, Betty," said the old man, who had been cracking some jokes with the clergyman, whose heart and the old man's had become as nearly one as had the smoke from their pipes. "Betty, the dream's coming on. Here's the wedding day, the rose-bud and the flower, that is, the maiden and the wife: only one thing more is wanted."

A dash of gloom saddened the bride's heart; but cheerfulness, like a veil, concealed it all.

The bridal party began putting the chairs around the room, for they were preparing to play at "PAWNS," and wanted the middle of the floor to twirl the "platter." All is ready; the party are all numbered except the two old folks and the clergyman. Benson Eltinge, being "No. 1," takes the plate: advancing to the middle of the floor, he stoops to twirl it; but all ears are startled by a cry:

"*Turn out, turn out for Liberty!*" Suddenly the door was opened by a man with a gun on his shoulder. "Come," said he, "I'm sorry to disturb a wedding, but you that wish your country well, and can carry arms, had better do so. The Hessians are moving from Hessian Hill,* and we need a company of scouts to watch 'em. Come along! We're a'ready thirty strong, and all got guns but three, and *they* hev' swords."

Hurried were the "good-byes," and tremulous, though loving, the shaking of hands, as the brave youth broke away from the fair maidens, all pale with mingled emotion.

"My Betty," said the noble swain to his bride, who, with a death hue on her face, had sunk into a chair by his side; "my Betty, love for my bride says *stay*, but love for my country says *go*. Which shall I obey?"

"Your country!—Benson," said the maid, in a firm, clear tone, like one determined, as she rose erect in an instant. "Your country! Benson!" she repeated. "Fear not the issue, my husband. We both fear God; and he will be a wall of fire round *you*, and will see that the winds blow not too roughly on *me* while you are gone."

The two aged parents stood like mutes in consternation. The clergyman, astonished at the energy of the frail, though beautiful being before him, ejaculated, "What wondrous power in this trust of God! Truly

* "Hessian Hill," so called at the present time, is a beautiful spot uniting with "Mount Airy," not quite a mile north of Croton. It commands a fine sweep of the noble Hudson, for about eight miles north, and more than twenty south. During a part of the Revolution it was occupied by the Hessian troops, hence its name.

saith the Holy Book, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him !' "

The work of a moment, and that gentle creature had burst from girlhood into womanhood. It was not a bud blooming into flower ; but the slender sapling becoming on the instant a vigorous tree. And while her young husband stood pressing both hands on his eyes, which shed hot drops like the white sparks falling from two fire-balls, the hands of the maiden bride attached to the person of the bridegroom patriot the accoutrements of war.

"Go, my Benson—and while you are away, I will pray God for you. This wedding suit could not be better worn than in the cause of freedom."

"May God keep you," said the young man with difficulty, for he was almost choked. Embracing the bride, he kissed her fervently. Feeling her fortitude sinking, that gentle being hung upon him like a lily on its natural stem. Gently separating himself, the young volunteer for freedom reached the open door, and with averted face, lest his resolution might fail, and his flowing tears be seen, he waved his right hand behind him in token of *Adieu*, then broke away with his comrades, leaving the bride, her aged parents, the good minister, and all the maiden guests absorbed in tears.

The clergyman, as if he had forgotten something, ran out on the road-side, and as the little company were about turning a rock in the distance, the venerable man cried out with a solemn voice : "God's great blessing be on you, ye brave sons of our hope ! The God of battles go with you ; 'For the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in Idumea !' Jehovah, Lord of hosts, speed you, and cause you to come again with

conquest 'from Edom, and with dyed garments from Bozrah!'"

"Oh, father!" said the bride, recoiling at the remembrance of her dream; "*that dark and mournful something!*"

The old man shook his head.—But not a word.

"Oh, sir," said the maid to the minister, her own hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, "won't you pray for my Benson?"

And all knelt down. What a group! The aged and sorrow-stricken parents—the sobbing maidens—the bereaved bride, like a lone lily among the flowers—the faithful slave, his eyes red with crying—the venerable servant of God, like the ancient Patriarch, pleading with Jehovah! Nay—leave the scene for angels to study and admire.

* * * * *

How sublime! a bride in the dark silence of her bridal chamber, wrestling with Him who dwelleth in the midst of light ineffable, in behalf of a husband of but an hour's duration, before the stern necessity of war had snatched from his wedded love!—Hide that heart with its wild emotions from the gaze of vulgar eyes, for the maiden's orisons are broken upon by the abrupt tidings that the bridegroom soldier is borne away, a wounded, dying man, in the jolting march of an exulting enemy. The black pinions of despair enwrap her soul with the memory of that mysterious "*dark and mournful something.*"

"Ah!" sobbed the bereaved one, "it is now plain—that dream—*I am maiden, wife, and widow, in one short day!*" and bitterly she wept.

But she has a faith, which is a spiritual heroism. When the whirlwind turmoil of that agonized heart is becalmed enough for utterance, with clasped hands, and upraised eyes, and voice tremulous with woe, yet soft with hope, she breathes: "God is just, and kind, and good; and he *will not* forsake my husband!" As the bright lightning pierces the white cloud, so that living flame from a believing heart pierces the celestial azure; and the Recording Angel, at the great White Throne, breaks off a sprig of heavenly amaranth, and with it dipped in love, on a fair white page of "the Book of Life," chronicles that virgin vow of faith in "Him that liveth."

"Oh!" said the clergyman, for he had tarried over night to condole with the family in their grief, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel! Alas! my friends, when I said the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, I did not think our sons would furnish the victims. But his will be done!"

"Amen, Massa Goodheart," said the negro; "God's will be done. And he hab gib me work to do. Good-bye, Massa, and Mrs., and Miss Betty."

The last seen of Pompey, the slave, was his entering the British lines. "Ah," said the neighbors, "the black rogue has turned traitor!"

* * * * *

"Who is that sad-looking creature with a sash of black ribbon round her waist?" was the inquiry made concerning Betty, who had disappeared in the woods. The inquirer was a venerable-looking man, clad in entire black. He wore small clothes, very high boots

with black tassels, and a three-cornered hat. He was of fine stature, mild face, and gentle speech.

"Sir," said the man addressed, "she is called, in these parts, the Virgin Widow. She's daughter to Mr. Van Antwerp, who lives behind yonder hickory grove."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, as he turned his horse in the direction pointed out. "So that's Betty, my good friend Meinheer Van Antwerp's child. A Virgin Widow, verily!"

"*Virgin Widow.*" What a beautiful, unstudied epithet! It is the thoughtless dropping of a poetic gem from the lips of such as are no poets. Beautiful is that virtuous sorrow which hangs by golden threads to the shining mercy-seat of the great Sympathizer. Chastened grief is like chased gold, beautiful and precious. In the maiden's face there sat a dreamy intelligence, like the foreshadowing of future communings. It was resignation, but not forgetfulness—No. Oblivion could dig no grave for the memory of her husband, for Hope unweariedly held his image to her eyes.

* * * * *

"Well! well! Here's the Dominie!" exclaimed the old lady, running to shake hands with the stranger whom we have noticed, and not waiting for him to dismount, before she began to pour the family sorrows into the good man's ears. Again and again was the recital made as Dominie Von Twiller smoked his pipe in company with the old man.

"Mine goot people," said the Dominie, as if he were addressing a congregation; "mine goot people," he reiterated in a tone almost oracular, "you shall see dese things just turn out right. God's promises are not meant

only to be *read* in your house, and *preached* in his, but to be *trusted in* by the hearts of his people. It is to be expected that Betty should 'lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth.' But there is good stored up in God's right hand. Why even the primer and commandment agree :

'Obey thy parents with thy heart and hand,
And thou shalt live and prosper in the land.'

Ah, mine friends, it made my heart faint within me, when I heard that 'our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised,'* was destroyed. It was there Betty was baptized. But God can make its ashes praise him."

And in such method talked Dominie Von Twiller to the bereaved one, at suitable occasions.

* * * * *

The seasons rolled away: summer and autumn, and winter and spring, and summer came again. It was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and the night had come, and the Virgin Widow sat in her bridal chamber, reading the "Word of God." She read of angels, thus—"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The revelation filled her mind so that she heard not the trappings of horses on the road. A something whispered the sentiment that,

"Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive,
Upon the honey'd middle of the night."

* Is. lxiv. 11. The old Dutch Church on Verplanck's Point was destroyed by the enemy.

She gazed from her window at the sky. What constellated glory—what lavishment of celestial jewelry! She saw an inebriating vision. Her spiritual nature swam upon the scene like summer gossamer on rose-odored air. And what a change! Where are the “floods of interstellar air?” Where are those “cressets of immortal fire?” The gates of heaven seem open wide, and the celestial minarets appear, and what seemed twinkling stars, are gentle seraphim smiling through the lattices of heaven like innocent infants laughing in their nursery windows. And now two large fair angels come,

“With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.”

And between these ministering spirits—can it be!—her own dear bridegroom! In full advance they tread the star-flowered carpet of the snowy way.

The vision of the spirit is broken, for a voice of earth is heard calling to the bereaved one—

“Come, daughter, come!”

“Yes, come, Missy—come down, I be Pompey come back, and I’ve brought something for you. De work dat God gib me, I hab done.”

But there was not a moment, ere, like a deer, young Eltinge sprang up and caught in his arms the sinking girl. Pearly joy-drops fell from those loving eyes, and in a slow, firm tone went up from maiden lips—

“I thank thee, Father, that I have not trusted thee in vain.”

“Well! well!” ejaculated the old man, when he *did* come to his senses, for it seemed that he never would, “it is better to trust in God than in dreams.”

“Yes,” said the old lady, “it’s a miracle complete,

and if the Dominie will favor us, we'll have a sermon on it, in the barn, next Lord's day."

"It's the wedding-day, after all," suggested the slave.*

That starry night threw its mantle of love around that bridal chamber, and ministering angels whispered tender assurances, as they kept their spiritual vigils over the couch of Benson Eltinge, and his, not *Virgin Widow*, but MAIDEN BRIDE.

TO THE SPRING.

BY ALIQUIS.

Up, and away, and let us sing
 A pæan for the new-born spring!
 For hark, the feathered minstrels' song
 Reverberates the groves among:—
 The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
 Join, too, the hymning of the birds;—
 All with a glowing ardor burn
 To greet the jocund Spring's return!
 Shall human voices only be
 Untuned to nature's minstrelsy?
 Shall man alone forget to raise
 To nature's God the song of praise?—
 Nay, with our hearts we'll gladly sing
 A welcome for the joyous Spring.

* The escape of Eltinge was due mainly to the faithful slave. Perhaps we may in a sequel give this transaction at some other day.—AUTHOR.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY ROSE DU SUD.

How oft we bend us at some shrine, whereon
Our heart enthrones what seems a deity!—
Bends the rapt spirit lowly, with pure prayer,
And deepest worship; with a faith sincere,
To give a seeming God the priceless wealth
Of her unchill'd affections. We may well
Tremble for each dear idol! God within
Hath high enthroned a jealous monitor,
That ever whispers, "Cease from man;" but we,
Too oft forgetting the Invisible,
Give to the creature what is due alone
To the Creator:—Hope still lures to dream
That what we worship is too noble far
For blight, or ruthless change, or quick decay;
And, Conscience hush'd, we bend the willing slaves
Of mad idolatry.

But slighted Heaven
Will reassert its claim;—nor yet too late,
To teach how wild and blasphemous our worship.
If, that its angry lightning spare our idol,
Decay,—that still with beauty veils its blight,—
May crumble it within our clasping arms,
Or passion's fiery tempest shiver it!
And, oh! how slight may be the word—the tone—
The glance,—perchance familiar to our sense,
But never, till this hour, wing'd with heaven's light,

To pierce the veil, shrouding what we had dream'd
Was beauty's self; and, to our blasted view,
Humanity's deformity reveal!
Had death but strewn the altar of our hopes
With ashes, yet one feeble spark had left,
To kindle faith, that, in reunion blest,
Beyond the confines of this mortal life,
We might regain the past:—this, this might soothe
The wounded spirit; but the heart, the victim
Of an unworthy love, unsolaced sinks
Beneath a sea, upon whose darksome wave
There breaks no radiant light to cheer, from heaven;
Above whose roar is heard no voice of hope!



TO CHARLES SWAIN;

With a book of American Literary Autographs.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE genial hands that traced these varied lines,
In an eternal brotherhood of thought
Are clasped with those who Albion enshrines;—
For, by the same exalted nurture taught,
In blood and language they are kindred yet:
And while one sounds the tocsin of reform
With brow undaunted, though with eyelids wet,
And one depicts the glorious battle-storm
Where Freedom's martyrs won their deathless name,
Others for Nature's scenes beneath our sky,
The world's glad reverence would fondly claim,—
And all with England's lettered genius vie,—
In England's boundless tongue;—O let this bind
Both nations in sweet harmony of mind!

THREE PHASES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once, as a child of almost superhuman loveliness ran past us. She had disengaged her hand from her mother's grasp to pluck the wild-flowers by the way, and was now chasing a gorgeous butterfly, whose motions seemed scarce less aerial than her own. Her bonnet had fallen from her head, and her rich clustering curls fell in the most luxuriant abundance over her face and neck; the rich glow of health suffused her cheek; the sparkling light of a happy heart beamed in her large dark eyes, and every movement was eloquent of the free and unrestrained grace of childhood. On, on she pressed in her fairy-like pursuit amid the flowers, whose stems scarce bent beneath her airy tread. Now her clear, glad voice rang out in a joyous laugh, as she almost grasped the beautiful insect, and anon she gazed in childish wonder, as it sailed on its bright wings through the blue air. "Beautiful child!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "God grant that no shadow may ever rest on thy bright spirit, and no cloud shut out the sunlight from thy heart!"

"How beautiful!" whispered every tongue, as, leaning upon the arm of one noble and manly in bearing, she passed through the gathered crowd, and knelt be-

fore that altar which was to witness her vows of love:—she seemed rather like a vision than a reality of beauty, in her white robe and her snowy veil, which half shaded, but could not conceal, her angelic loveliness. The same spiritual beauty which had slept on that lofty brow, and wakened in those dark eyes when a child, still slept and wakened there; and when she pledged those vows which bound her in the most enduring of ties, I knew by the tone of her sweet, low voice, and the glance of her soul-lit eye, that the heart sealed what the lips uttered—that the soul, in full trustfulness, yielded up its treasured hopes and affections to another. Years passed, and the holy love of the mother had entwined itself with the fond affection of the wife:—yet was her happiness of that deep and earnest kind, which betrays not its intensity in words, but reveals itself in every glance of the eye, in every varying expression of the face: every beautiful thought and bright hope which had hovered like a dream about her childhood, had wakened into bright realities; and daily did she wreath with fresh flowers that altar which witnessed the deep idolatry of her heart.

“How beautiful!” whispered the pale lips of weeping friends, as they stood around her dying bed. I had seen her in her days of happy, gladsome childhood, beautiful as the flowers mid which she strayed; in her bridal hour, lovely as the hopes which clustered around her; in her own loved home, radiant with the happiness of a wife and mother;—but never had I seen her so surpassingly beautiful as when, with the light of a holy faith beaming in her eye, and the brightness of a

triumphant hope illumining her features, she resigned her earthly treasures, and, with the calm trustfulness of a dying Christian, she sweetly murmured,

“Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.”



INNOCENCE.

BY MRS. KIMBALL.

On the worn threshold of my home,
The broad, gray, hospitable stone—
While evening, struggling with the day,
Was stealing all her bloom away,
And only one faint, feeble ray
Of her lost splendor scattered lay,
In broken fragments, mid the gloom—
There, on the broad, bright beacon stone,
A figure, in the flickering light,
Nor robed in phantom raiment white,
Nor with the pilgrim staff and gown,
Stood, in torn garb of russet-brown :
From piercing cold, or searching dew,
Her limbs a shelter never knew.

A youthful creature, light and small,
Was the strange vision ; and her all
Of life and love, and warmth and joy,
Shared her young breast with such alloy,
As Want, whene'er she thinks to toy
With Fortune, gathers to destroy.
Yet resolute, the little maid
Stood, with free, firm, uplifted head ;
And the clear starlight of her eye
Shone with bright faith exultingly.
Nor home nor lineage had she,
This branch of an uprooted tree—
Yet her sad state needs no defence :
Her spotless name was Innocence.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S SONG.

This world was made for labor—not for dreaming
In flowery arbors, 'neath mild sunset skies;
Not for the poet's trance—an idle seeming
Of fairy forms and Hope's resplendent dyes.

This world was made for labor—to heal sorrow
By kindly tones and words of gladsome trust,—
Showing the stricken heart a brighter morrow—
Raising the sinful from their clinging dust!

This world was made for labor—and each mortal,
Who, in the spirit of a *brother's* love,
Raiseth the erring from crime's darksome portal,
And giveth him a gleam from Truth above,

Feels that *such labor* brings its own repayment,
In downy peace more precious than the dew;
Clothing the spirit with a heavenly raiment,
Imparting thoughts of all that's good and true.

This world was made for labor—we are *brothers*—
Let us, then, gild our path with song and prayer;
Feel that our joy is blended with all others—
That we are travellers to a home more fair,—

And, passing onwards, may our footsteps ever
Linger in love, for those who slowly go;
May we all thorns from their rough path dis sever,
And wipe with gentle hands all tears that flow.

And when is gain'd Death's solemn flowing ocean,
Deep words of calm shall still each foaming wave;
For Friendship, Truth, and Love's divine emotion,
Shall beam triumphant o'er the narrow grave!

LOUISA.

A SKETCH.

BY C. M. EAGER

BEAUTIFUL? Ay, beautiful. As a poet's dream? Not as a poet's dream. As an artist's vision? Not that. As a midnight star? Not that. As what? *As a thought of God embodied in the image of woman!* Ay, very beautiful was Lilly Lynson when first I saw her, on a summer's eve, her fragile figure draped in spotless white, and her dark hair falling luxuriantly upon her beautiful bust, concealing but partially the rounded shoulder, and the string of pearls which encircled her faultless neck. And the light came from her blue eye so softly and so lovingly! And she was so young, so gentle, so timid! Oh, she *was* beautiful! And yet it was not the peerless beauty of face and form alone that enchanted me; it was not her youth that threw a spell upon my senses, (and the slender fingers on which her classic head was resting could scarcely have plucked the flowers of her eighteenth summer :) it was her attitude of repose—graceful, dignified, unapproachable repose, and sorrowful withal. Her youth and loveliness seemed guarded by an undefinable, yet unmistakable sorrow, which it were profanation to disturb. I gazed upon her as one in a dream, motionless and absorbed, till, suddenly meeting my gaze, she sprang from her graceful posture, threw her arms around me,

and drew me to the window, then, as if conscious of the blight upon her young heart, threw herself upon the ground, buried her face in her rich tresses, and murmured touchingly and hopelessly, "Milnor!"

I gathered what few incidents were in the possession of my friend relative to the history of this interesting stranger, whose attractions, afflictions, and loneliness had so won the sympathy of the benevolent Mrs. A——, that she had taken her to the retirement of her own home, and cherished her with all the watchfulness and fidelity of a parent.

Reared, not in the lap of luxury, but of love, Lilly Fenmore was the pet and pride of her cottage home—a rural, vine-embowered cot, that nestled securely among the hills in the north of Wales. Lilly's first sorrow was the parting with an idolized sister, who had emigrated to France, to inherit the immense estate of an old and eccentric uncle; but her grief was soothed by gentle caresses, such as woo the heart back to the present, and wed it to the future, and veiled in the glorious vision of a trans-Atlantic Paradise, an Eden in the West—an Eden without the forbidden tree: its Eve, her own bright, beautiful self; and the dark, full eye that looked so tenderly in hers, gave promise that that earthly paradise was not without its Adam. Confidingly those doting parents gave their youngest born to him whose love seemed deathless as their own; and, 'mid their blessings and their tears, he bore their birdling from its nest, to sing the music of his heart in the garden of the West. A speedy and prosperous voyage landed them safely in New York, where they decided to remain a few weeks, before proceeding westward. Mean-

time, the city was visited by a fearful and fatal malady, by which hundreds found a premature slumber in the arms of death! Among its earliest victims was Milnor Lynson. For several days he struggled with the unrelenting foe, then expired in the most excruciating agony.

No tears had that young widowed bride—no groans, no sighs, no murmurs. The shroud enfolded her idol, but she saw it not; the coffin, the pall, the bier, faded from her sight, but she knew it not: her heart was broken, but she knew not how. Unknowing and unknown, no ties, no kindred, alone, and—a maniac!

Her exceeding beauty attracted the admiration of the stranger-crowd, and her helplessness and misery won the sympathy of a few; among them, Mrs. A——, who removed her immediately to her home, and dispatched a messenger to far-off Wales, announcing to her aged parents the sad and helpless fate of their cottage Lilly.

In a few weeks after this thrilling recital of my friend, the father came. And oh, that meeting! the stricken stem, the blighted flower! Long and bewilderingly she gazed upon his features; then for a moment Nature triumphed, and she fell upon his neck, whispering clearly, "Blessed father!" It was but a moment, and a shadow darker than before shrouded the light of filial love in the strange eye of Lilly. Words cannot express the boundless gratitude of the bereaved parent to my friend for her unparalleled generosity; and so attached had Mrs. A—— become to her beautiful charge, that she would not allow the father to depart without herself accompanying them across the

wayward deep, to continue the watchfulness which was so much needed. And thus they bore the birdling to its native nest, where, with folded wings upon its breast, it drooped its beauteous head, and died :—sweet, sunny bird ! sad, stricken Lilly !



THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

BY T. W. RENNIE.

OH ! it is sweet to look on Nature's face,
When, casting from her form her vestments sear,
With radiant brow and an ethereal grace,
(Like that which ravished Jove when beauty's Queen
Rose from the wave with arch-celestial mien,)
She rises on the world, and makes career
The vivifying warmth, where Winter late
Sole, proud, and melancholy monarch sate,—
Bidding the South-wind blow, and the slant beams
Of Phœbus with directer aim to fall ;—
And then, while through a thousand channels streams
The fresh and gushing life, new mantling all
She fructifies beneath her brooding wing,
Calls on the sentient world to hail the SPRING !

ATHLETÆ.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

"WILL is might."

THOU who, called to the arena,
Doubtful shrinkest from the fight,
Gird thy heart, oh youthful Athlete,
And bethink thee "WILL IS MIGHT!"
Strong in purpose and endeavor,
Look thou be not overthrown;
Wrestle boldly with the Present,
And the Future is thine own.
For with thews and sinews strengthened
In the struggle with thy fate,
Thou to Will, in the hereafter,
Destiny may'st immolate.

Thou the Beautiful pursuing,
Hoping, doubting, free of will;
Following ever on the pathway
Where the nymph eludes thee still—
Onward, Athlete! do not falter,
Though she fieth far and fast;
Though her feet were winged like Hermes',
Thou shouldst win the prize at last—
Like the Sun-God, who, pursuing
Flying Daphne, in the chase
Thought to clasp her, but the laurel
Met his passionate embrace.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP EAMES.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there!"

To weep! Ah, yes! she hath wept many and bitter tears *there!*

Vividly, but oh how mournfully, has the artist's skill portrayed the expression of profoundest sorrow in that widow's pale, sad face—the look of anguish in her tear-stained eyes! How truthfully, but touchingly, is the utter abandonment of grief pictured in her desolate attitude over the grave of her buried love!

And with what deep, filial, anxious affection do those fatherless children nestle closer to their afflicted parent, the younger one viewing her mother from time to time with a sorrowful sort of wonder and endearing pity! The young ever marvel that the experienced should be sad.

But that fine noble-looking boy is prematurely wise, if we may judge by the reverent and protective care he bestows, and the beseeching glance he gives his little sister, "not to worry mamma."

"But how pale poor mamma looks!" says little Amy, softly; and, in her loving mood of childish sympathy, she looked wistfully up in her mother's pale face, and asked—"Dear mamma, do you think our papa can look down from his home in Heaven, and see us *now?*"

"I fervently hope so, my child," was the reply.

"Then do you think," added the little girl, "that he could mean you to be so wretched, so very wretched, mamma?"

A succession of sobs was the only answer, and she mingled her tears afresh with her mother's.

"Hush, sissy," said the boy, "let me speak to mamma."

"Dearest mother," said the young boy, with sorrowful earnestness, "why will you still hide so much of your heart from your own Arthur, your 'summer child,' as you used to call me, mamma? I am very young, it is true; but good Mr. Vernon says I am old enough to be a comfort and blessing to my mother,—and so I am, if you would but let me. My dear, *dear* mamma"—and the affectionate boy caressed her cold cheek,—“do not fear to talk to me about death and the grave; it does not give *me* gloomy thoughts, mamma, to hear you speak about poor papa. How can I be blind to the change death has wrought, when day after day I witness your bursts of agony, and must myself mourn over the same bereavement *alone*? Dearest mamma, let me at least *try* to console you; let me wipe your tears. Dear papa is happier than *we*; and, as sister says, he does not mean you to be so very wretched! You believe in God, mother, and his precious promises: where father *is*, we shall also go, all in his own good time; and till then, till the heavens pass away from the earth, there shall be hope and comfort for us all!"

Not a breath stirred the surrounding scene as the young boy stood in the rich light of the sunset, a glory and a beauty not of earth beaming on his spiritual thought-lighted face. His dark religious eyes were sol-

emly uplifted to that heaven which was his father's home. None but the angels may know what visions were revealed to his far-reaching eyes in that musing hour; what a holy courage was imparted to his heavy but still hopeful heart.

"Oh, mother," whispered he, "father *is there*—among the inhabitants of that celestial city, where there is no more sickness, sin, or sorrow. Mother, you *will* be comforted!"

Yes, it was a holy spot that father's grave, round which the sorrowful survivors gathered as at a shrine, where, in the transfer of their thoughts and affections to *his* mortal remains, they might recall more faithfully the memory of the loved and lost.

With the early falling of the autumn leaves that grave had been made; when Nature, throughout her wide domain, proclaimed the tidings of decay and dissolution, *he* was laid down to slumber with the unconscious dead!

Poor Mrs. Vincent! Fourteen years of quiet happiness had she passed with the beloved partner who slept beneath. Two lovely children cheered the hearth and heart of the proud father and delighted mother. With him she had shared the refined enjoyments of elevated station, fortune, and dearly prized friends. No sorrow or trouble had ever come nigh their dwelling. All that could make this present life desirable was theirs: save that *now* "a small cloud not bigger than a man's hand" suddenly loomed up in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came—till at length it stood before the agonized wife a mocking yet terrible reality! Consumption had come upon the adored husband—he sickened

and declined rapidly—and before the year had passed its deepest cycle of decay, the sunlight of her life burned like a lamp in the tomb of her lamented husband.

Autumn had passed, winter was gone; the time of the singing of birds had come; the small wild-flowers sprung up in the green grass, and mingled with those that the hand of love had planted over the father's grave. And oh, how jealously guarded were those moldering relics of mortality!

Day after day the melancholy trio gathered round the spot 'neath which their treasure lay, still lingering near it, as though something more than common clay was there commingling with its native earth.

As for the bereaved wife, truly might she say,—“Thither, where *he* lies buried, is the whole world to me!” For ever amid the varied scenes of life her busy thoughts wandered to that one solitary spot consecrated to an eternal sorrow!

She had but to look into her own heart, and “the world of a departed day was before her.” Far away on the wings of Love flew Memory to the years of her untroubled youth, when not a single cloud dimmed the blue sky of her existence. To those sunny days succeeded a long bright time of hope and happiness, when her young heart was burdened with delicious dreams of its first deep, innocent passion: tender thoughts of a certain star-lit eve, when she stood in the deep light of the full summer moon, and her raptured ear drank in the whispered confession of a love that made her blessing and delight. The marriage vow and the bridal benediction mingled their tones together, and she

an adored and adoring wife. Later still rose up the sound of infant voices, and the merry laugh of childhood broke on her delighted ear. Yes, she *was* a happy wife and mother; step by step she went *back* through the long vista of years, and linked all fond associations, all endearing recollections, in one bright chain of memory. * * * * *

At length a time of sorrow came,
A time of sickness, too—
Consumption o'er her husband's form
Its fatal mantle threw.

To lingering days succeeded wearisome nights, and the woe-stricken but devoted wife watched beside her husband unceasingly. Through the long, languid, and fevered moods peculiar to his malady, she kept her place: not a moment did she waste time or attention on aught that was not connected with him. Not a thought did she bestow elsewhere. Soul, sense, feeling, labor—all were his, wholly and solely! In a word, this exclusive and devoted love had no parallel in its mournful beauty and imperishable truth!

Ah! might such Love conquer Death!

Never, in the days of his health, had Mr. Vincent appeared so well as on the morning that he requested the young Arthur to assist his mother in wheeling his couch nearer the window. This done, he laid his wasted hand on the boy's head, and, with an air of deep, earnest solemnity, embraced and blessed him. "Let your mother and sister be your first care in life, my dear son. Come here, Amy, my little love; give papa

another kiss :—God bless you both forever and evermore, my children ! Now go for an hour or so ;” and, taking his little sister by the hand, Arthur led her softly from the room.

The pair sat silently gazing into each other's eyes with looks of undying fondness.

“Oh, Amy,” said her husband at length, “I deceived myself when I dreamed that my love for you might bear me up against this fatal disease, and conquer death ! Nay, turn not away, my love ; the thought, though grievous, must be braved and borne. It will be a great comfort to you, Amy, (don't weep so, dear,) when I am gone, to remember that we have been unceasingly kind to each other ; that not a harsh word or wringing thought ever broke in upon our mutual love and happiness. Come, then, true wife, let me feel the clasp of your dear, dear hand once more ! In this solemn hour, let us forget all but the Eternal within us. Let us look upon this parting as a short absence. A little while, and you and our dear children will rejoin me, and—oh, Amy—my best and truest—there—be calm—so—”

Let us leave unrecorded the last sacred words that closed the communion of husband and wife on earth.

When the children stole softly back into the room, their mother motioned them to be still. She was pale, but calm ; for *his* sake she had conquered the pang of parting. Not one of the three stirred or spoke !

Cradled in the arms of unchanged love, the husband and father had glided, without a sigh, to rest—happy, most happy in dying thus !

But to return to Mrs. Vincent. Too bitter was the contrast between her happy past and miserable present.



THE END OF THE WORLD

BY MRS. J. H. B. B.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879



Fig. 10.

The Little Girl and the Boy

C. Walker & Son,

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Choked by her own emotions, the widowed mourner, vainly struggling to repress her sobs, bowed her head and wept!

Wrapt in profound grief, Mrs. Vincent did not observe that the clergyman had left his quaint old-fashioned parsonage, and was taking his way towards the quiet burial-ground. The children, however, beheld him through the trees, and the good man quickened his pace.

It was easy to see how dear those fatherless children were to him, as they softly advanced to meet him. He was to them an object of strong affection and deepest reverence. Their fondness delighted him, and he returned it with the tenderness of a parent and the benevolence of a pastor. His fatherly kindness in their late loss had linked them still closer; and to their mother his counsel and advice, as well as his society and sympathy, were invaluable.

"Mamma is *so* sad," said little Amy, clasping the minister's hand, "she does not even see *you*, dear Mr. Vernon; shall I call her?"

"Not yet, my dear; she will come in a moment; she is rising now." And, still absorbed in her own meditations, Mrs. Vincent, with slow step and downcast eyes, mechanically approached the little group in waiting.

With that reverence which grief ever commands from the human heart, the kind pastor drew near and offered the support of his arm in silence. It was a silence that spoke volumes; the widow understood and appreciated the delicate sympathy that avoided the hackneyed expressions of condolence and regret. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and the knowledge that arises

from bitter experience is farthest from the touch of others. Good Mr. Vernon, then, did not hope to dry the widow's tears by reverting to a "common loss." But he waited till something like tranquillity was restored to the overflowing tide of feeling; and then he drew her attention to the natural beauties of the scene surrounding them.

The sun was quite down, but its departing glories lingered in the masses of burnished clouds that lay stretched along the western horizon. Softly radiant fell the crimson ray on mountain, land, and sea; but oh! how spiritually beautiful the sunbeam lingered—how hopefully it smiled on that grassy grave! Something like the "joy of grief" o'erspread the mourner's pallid face, and lighted her tear-stained eye as it fell on the clear golden light that irradiated the one precious spot, and invested it with a mystic but holy charm.

"The sunset is a great emblem, dear Mrs. Vincent," said the pastor, soothingly: "even as we know that yon vanished sun will appear to-morrow to gladden the earth, even so we know that our heart's loved and lost shall rise again, encircled with the glories of the celestial sunlight—blooming in immortal loveliness."

"Ah! when shall *day* dawn on the *night* of the grave?" sighed the lady. "Oh! could you but know, Mr. Vernon, what a world of hope may be buried in a single grave! Yes," she continued, "the sunset and sunrise are alike emblematic and beautiful. The spirit of spring, too, is abroad in the earth, and thousands of human hearts thrill with a sense of its loveliness. But to me the light brings no gladness, the melody no charm. *My* place is beside yon sepulchre!"

"Let us be persuaded, my dear friend," returned the good man, "to trust in the Divine goodness. Let us with hopeful and thankful hearts drink in the meaning of Nature's lessons, and thus gain a higher hope and wisdom from her teachings. Yes! the spirit of spring is abroad. Greenness and blossoming deck the sod—sweet odors and soft hues return—the warm south breeze has come back again, and the singing-bird wings her flight homeward from beyond the seas. The earth is full of beauty and—Hope!"

"Yes," answered the widow, "but who shall bring *him* with the coming beauty? Who shall awaken him with returning life? Nature to me the letter is that killeth! for its renovating touch has no power, alas! to unseal the closed eyes, to restore life to the stilled heart and voice to the hushed lips! All material things return like morning after the shadows, but *he*, my loved, my departed, will return no more."

"He will, oh, believe me, he will!" said Mr. Vernon, solemnly. "In the new creation, he will come to you robed with the glory that angels wear; new youth shall clothe his wasted form, an immortal radiance shall enkindle his dim eye. *There* shall the golden clasp of spiritual love link you closely to your loved one, and henceforth your affections will be bound to the throne of God, where your treasures eternally are! Oh, my friend, does not *this* hope comfort you?"

"It does—it shall!" faltered the poor woman. And "Oh," added Mr. Vernon, "think of the ties that still bind you to earth—of the duties left for your performance. Think of the future that remains to your children, the cares and anxieties they must naturally keep

THE NOVITIATE OF SAMOS.—(SEQUEL.)

BY DANIEL ADER.

FIFTY years have elapsed since the opening of the scenes depicted in our first part. Mansfield, after passing with honor through the successive degrees of study presented to him, resolves to return to his native land, little expecting to find any of his early associates still living, it is true; but in hopes of benefiting, by some of the vast and stupendous secrets of nature that have been laid open to his enraptured ken, his countrymen and his race. Not that he could expect to share in the honor or profit arising therefrom, for he had not failed to learn, also, that disappointment is the lot of man in his struggle after the vanities of this life, and had also learned to appreciate those vanities at their real worth; and the first fruits of his lessons had been the realization of this knowledge. His associates were not surprised at this desire, but strove, with much earnestness, to dissuade him from putting it into execution, and for a time with success; but, though allayed for the time, they saw that it still remained strong within him; and, upon his again recurring to the subject, and expressing his renewed desire to return to his native land, they generously withdrew their opposition, and with unfeigned sorrow saw him depart, to mingle again with the busy world.

TO S. E. G.
A MOTHER'S CALL.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

COME to my grave when the night-dews fall;
Come when the moon throws light over all;
Come when the stars, in their silvery hue,
Chime, as they roll the spirit's adieu.

Come to my grave when the winds whistle by;
Come when dark clouds enwrap the blue sky;
Come thou at eve, when planets look pale;
When on the breeze is borne the wild wail.

When thy young heart is burdened with grief,
Haste to my grave, and there seek relief:
Think that I hear, and sigh out thy woe,
Where, 'neath the elm, thy mother lies low.

Come, when with care thy bosom's opprest,
To the cold earth, and lean on its breast;
List to the voice beneath the green sod:
"Seek thy Creator—remember thy God."

Child of the dust, to dust thou must turn;
This is a lesson thou shortly must learn.
Wipe now the tear away from thy eye;
Look up and smile, thy Saviour is nigh:

Nigh, to console with promises sweet;
Point thee above, where the pure in heart meet;
Where father, mother, children, all come,
To dwell evermore in heaven, their home.

in a salubrious isle, had passed like a pleasant dream, seeming to mature rather than weaken his faculties—had, in our own changeful clime, swept to their last home on earth all of his dearly loved kindred, and that loved but faithless one, in whom he had garnered up all the treasures of his first and only youthful love. He smiled as he asked himself where was she now. Her image had long since faded from the throne where it had once reigned supreme, and it was curiosity only that induced him to seek for *her*—and here, too, he met with the same success that had hitherto attended his researches. The grave had long since claimed her for its own, and it was while standing beside the grassy mound which had been pointed out as covering her form, and reading the few lines traced upon her tombstone, that a sense of utter loneliness and desolation which he had never before, even in his darkest moments, experienced, came over him; and the strong man bowed down and wept in unrestrained anguish. His first burst of sorrow over, he turned his thoughts to the accomplishment of the mission upon which he had returned.

His country, which, when he left her, had scarcely recovered from the terrible struggle through which she had passed to her independence, had now taken her place in the foremost rank of the nations of the earth, and had read to the toiling millions of the Old World a lesson, whose effects were shown in the tottering dynasties which were even now reeling to and fro, threatening to engulf in their fall the rulers together with the ruled. Flashes of light had pierced the dark clouds which hitherto enveloped, as with a pall, the great mass of the inhabitants of Europe; and the vision that was

Mansfield was not the first one who had thus left them with high-swelling hopes, full of ardor, revelling in the anticipation of the great results that should follow from the diffusion of the stores of knowledge—to which they had themselves had such unrestrained access—among their fellows to whom those stores had been hitherto closed. But instead of the triumphant reception and honor they expected, and really deserved, they had only been met at first with cold indifference, and too often, in the end, with persecution, which increased in intensity with its duration, and scarcely ceased when its hapless object was laid low in the dust.

It needs not that I should particularize any of that glorious band who have thus perished in their efforts to benefit their race. History alone does them justice, and her pages teem with their lives and labors, and the most careless reader will be at no loss to recognize them.

Mansfield reached the shores of the most northern extremity of the isle, and soon found a ship, in which he embarked for his distant land. His voyage, unlike his first, was now prosperous, and once more we find him in the busy streets of his native city—but how changed was all about him, and himself most of all! His dearest wish, that of finding his relatives still living, and of being of service to them, was quickly dissipated. Their names, and a brief memento of their virtue, he found engraved upon tablets of marble, in a beautiful cemetery in the vicinity of the city; and, upon diligent inquiry, he found some who had known them while living, and who could furnish him with some particulars of their death—but that was all. Fifty years, which, to him, while buried in study and healthful occupation

until it reaches its destination; where, discharging its enormous load, it is quickly supplied with another equally great, and dispatched to retrace its course, with the same headlong speed, which, though rapid as the flight of an arrow, is in reality but the motion of a snail in comparison with the noiseless messages that are traversing the country in every direction, with a speed that so far outstrips that of light itself, that time and space are annihilated, and by whose medium friends, though separated by thousands of miles, and in climes no matter how distant, can, and do, hold continual and instant converse with each other.

These results, wonderful as they appear, are but the beginning of those that are yet to follow, and are even now treading close upon the heels of their predecessors: results that for a moment dazzle with their wonderful achievements, and are as soon swallowed up in others springing up to the field of action.

With Mansfield, as a man, we have no more to do. The wonderful stores of knowledge of which he has made himself the master, he is disseminating to the world as rapidly as they can be comprehended, and to that world he leaves the working out of the amazing problems presented to it. Day by day the glowing pages, fresh from the mighty press, present to us new discoveries, and the unseen author toils on until his task shall be finished, when he will quietly sink to his rest, while his work, thus begun, shall speed onward in its course, until time itself shall cease to be.

thus opened to view, was such as to make the stoutest shrink back in dismay. To America the oppressed of all nations had learned to look for example and comfort in their distress, and she had long since come to be regarded as a refuge where kings and princes could never be.

To any thing appertaining to the character of a noisy, brawling politician, Mansfield had ever experienced the utmost aversion, and he now felt no inclination to enter the political arena. It was to walks of science that he therefore turned his attention, and here he was gratified at beholding the strides that had been made in every department, during the half century in which he had been buried as it were from the world.

The PRESS had become, what he had foreseen it would, the mighty lever by which error is hurled from her throne, and truth securely erected thereon. Through this medium he could inculcate lessons of wisdom, and hints at results, which, to have uttered half a century earlier, would have consigned him, if not to the stake, at least to a dungeon or to the mad-house. These hints, thus thrown out, were not long in attracting the attention of the savans of the age—but not these alone were to become partakers of the benefits foreshadowed therein. The MECHANIC and the AGRICULTURIST had become READERS, and they, too, received the good seed, and applied themselves to their application.

Behold their results! The steam-engine, in its onward march to perfection, flies over plain and valley, pierces the rugged mountain side, and, emerging with its thundering train at its heels upon the opposite side, darts onward in its rapid flight, swifter than the bird of prey,

until it reaches its destination; where, discharging its enormous load, it is quickly supplied with another equally great, and dispatched to retrace its course, with the same headlong speed, which, though rapid as the flight of an arrow, is in reality but the motion of a snail in comparison with the noiseless messages that are traversing the country in every direction, with a speed that so far outstrips that of light itself, that time and space are annihilated, and by whose medium friends, though separated by thousands of miles, and in climes no matter how distant, can, and do, hold continual and instant converse with each other.

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THE BENEFICENCE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. MARY L. GARDINER.

A MOTHER knelt beside her child,
O'erwhelmed with agony and grief;
Her face was flushed, her eye was wild,
She knew not where to seek relief.
The past, the past, the sunny past,
Came o'er her soul, a fairy train;
And hopes that dawned, too sweet to last,
Like lightning rushed through every vein.

Fond memory brought the morning bright,
When in her bridal robes attired,
With glowing face, and footsteps light,
She stood, the envied and admired;
When he she loved was strong and fair,
With stalwart arm and sparkling eye,
The raven's hue his flowing hair,
His cheek the rich carnation dye.

The nuptial altar met her view,
When, bowing 'round the sacred shrine,
He clasped her with devotion true,
And softly whispered, "*Thou art mine.*"
Forever true, impassioned, warm,
He filled each day her cup of bliss;
Her own, her infant's blended charm,
Shared equally his nectared kiss.

"Jane," said the yeoman, one evening, thoughtfully, to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our dear Annie's birth-night?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten; how could I forget the anniversary of the day, that made us all so happy? But times are bad. I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape enough together to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sunburnt arms, about her worthy parent's neck. "Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and the dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steele, dropping his knife, and holding out his arms for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as we feel for her, and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong—ay, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" and he glanced, with parental pride, on the three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipation for the future.

"We are happy, father," said the eldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and the spiced ale would have made us

THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS;

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.—FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

In vain you urge me to forget
That fearful night—it haunts me yet;
And, stamped into my heart and brain,
The awful memory will remain;
Yea, e'en in sleep, that ghastly sight
Returns to shake my soul each night.—AUTHOR.

RICHARD STEELE was the son of one of those small landholders who are fast disappearing in merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of excellent arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources passed into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his wife and family; which consisted, at that period, of three sons and one daughter, a lovely, blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence; the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but every succeeding year found them in arrears.

when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the Lord of the Manor.

"Jane," he said, grasping his wife's trembling hand hard between his own, "courage, my woman; the sooner we go now, the better. We have no longer a home in England."

"I was born here, Richard," said the poor creature, in a broken voice, and with her eyes streaming with tears, "and it is so hard to tear one's self away."

"So was my father, Jane, and my father's father," returned the husband, "and 'tis riving my heart asunder to part with the roof which sheltered an honest race for so many years; but duty demands it of me, and now the debt is paid."

"Oh, father, shall we ever love another place like this?" said Richard, the eldest boy. "I did not think that I should feel so sad at going away. Every thing looks mournfully to-day; and my heart is so full, I can scarcely speak without tears starting to my eyes. The dumb animals seem to know that something is wrong with us, as we pass to and fro, in a sort of stupid amazement. The very house, if it could speak, would tell us that it was sorry to change owners."

"Don't mention it, Dick, I feel gloomy enough myself. Strive to be cheerful, it will comfort your poor mother, under this severe trial. Women, my lad, feel parting with the old familiar places and faces more keenly than men."

The yeoman was right. His wife, who had been born and brought up on the farm, and had never known any other home, (for she was first-cousin to her husband, an orphan child, whom his mother had adopted,) was

happier," said the second; "mother makes such nice cakes." "So she does," cried the third: "it seems so dull to have nothing nice on Annie's birth-day. I should not care a fig if it were Dick's birth-day, or Owen's, or mine, but not to drink Annie's health, seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it yet," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water," and she filled their mugs. "Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! how it sparkles! I will never, from this day, ask a finer drink. Here is health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water." Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example. Oh, little did the gay-hearted girl think, in that moment of playful glee, of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water.

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that labor in his native land, could no longer give his children bread, and, unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes; his sons were delighted with the prospect of any change for the better; and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields, and her pretty playmates, the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedge-rows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear,

eral nights and days, the two youngest boys died, and were committed to the waters of the great deep, before Annie and Richard recovered to a consciousness of their dreadful loss. This threw a sad gloom over the whole party. Steele said nothing, but he often retired to some corner of the ship to bewail his loss in secret. His wife was wasted and worn to a shadow, and poor Annie looked the ghost of her former self.

"Had we never left England," she thought, "my brothers had not died!" but she was wrong. God, who watches with parental love over all his creatures, knows the best season in which to reclaim his own. But human love, in its blind yearnings, is slow in receiving this great truth. It lives in the present, lingers over the past, and cannot bear to give up that which now is, for the promise of that which shall be. The future, separated from the things of time, has always an awful aspect. A perfect and childlike reliance upon God can alone divest it of those chilling doubts and fears, which at times shake the firmest minds, and urge the proud, unyielding spirit of man to cleave to kindred dust.

The sight of the American shores, that the poor lads had desired so eagerly to see, seemed to renew their grief, and a sadder party never set foot upon a foreign strand than our emigrant and his family.

Steele had brought letters of introduction to a respectable merchant in the city, who advised him to purchase a tract of land in the then new State of Illinois. The beauty of the country, the fine climate, and fruitful soil, were urged upon him in the strongest manner. The merchant had scrip to dispose of in that remote settlement, and, as is usual in such cases, he only consulted

dreadfully cast down, and it required the united efforts of the whole family to reconcile her to the change that awaited her.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steele lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight, he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favored by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage were poor but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attentions, and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage, that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighborhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with two sons the age of Richard and Owen, and an elder sister—a primitive, gentle old woman, who had been once both wife and mother, but had outlived all her family.

Abigail Winchester, for so she was called, took an especial fancy to our Annie, in whom she recognized a strong resemblance to a daughter whom she had lost. Her affection was warmly returned by the kind girl, who, by a thousand little attentions, strove to evince her gratitude to Abigail for her good opinion.

They had not completed half their voyage, before the scarlet fever broke out among the passengers, and made dreadful havoc among the youthful portion. Steele's whole family were down with it at the same time ; and, in spite of the constant nursing of himself and his devoted partner, and the unremitting attentions of Abigail Winchester, who never left the sick ward for sev-

forest, with a noble open prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the farmer comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his situation ; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm ; and he was not alone. Richard was an active, energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained, by the maps which he had been given at Mr. ——'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night, and collected wood for their fire.

The young people were in raptures with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them. Never to them did garden appear so lovely, as that vast wilderness of sweets planted by the munificent hand of Nature, with such profuse magnificence. Annie could scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene, to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

"Mother, where shall we get water?" asked Annie, glancing wistfully towards their empty cask. "I have seen no indication of water for the last three miles."

"Annie has raised a startling doubt," said Steele. "I can perceive no appearance of stream or creek, in any direction."

"Hist, father!" cried Richard, "do you hear that?"

his own interest in the matter. Strangers are too easily persuaded. Steele thought the merchant, who was a native of the country, must know best what would suit him, and he not only became a purchaser of land in Illinois, but induced his new friends to follow his example.

We will pass over their journey to the Far West. The novelty and beauty of the scenes through which they passed contributed not a little to revive their drooping spirits. Richard had recovered his health, and amused the party by his lively anticipations of the future. They were to have the most comfortable log-house, and the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle, the finest crops, and the best garden-stuff in the neighborhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent. His mother listened to these sallies with a delightful smile, and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown.

Annie entered warmly into all her brother's plans; and, if he laid the foundation of this fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement, and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of man, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness, the stern realities of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants. They began to think that they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and when at length they reached their destination, they found themselves at the edge of a vast

est; but the habitations of the pioneers were so near that they were within call of each other.

To fence in a piece of land for their cattle, and prepare a plot for wheat and corn for the ensuing year, was the next thing to be accomplished; and by the time these preparations were completed, the long, bright summer had passed away, and the fall was at hand. Up to this period, both families had enjoyed excellent health; but in the month of September, Annie, and then Richard, fell sick with the intermittent fever, and old Abigail kindly came across to help Mrs. Steele nurse her suffering children. Medical aid was not to be had in that remote place, and, beyond simple remedies which were perfectly inefficacious in their situation, the poor children's only chance for life was their youth, and the merciful interposition of a benevolent and overruling Providence.

It was towards the close of a sultry day, that Annie, burning with fever, implored the faithful Abigail to give her a drink of cold water. Hastening to the water-cask, the old woman was disappointed in finding it exhausted; Richard having drank the last drop, and was still raving, in the delirium of fever, for more to drink.

"My dear child, there is no water."

"Oh, I am burning, dying with thirst! Give me but one drop, dear Abigail—one drop of cold water!"

Just then Mrs. Steele returned from milking the cows, and Abigail proffered to the lips of the child a bowl of new milk; but she shrunk from it with disgust, and, sinking back upon her pillow, murmured, "Wa-

The croaking of those hateful frogs is music to me just now, for I am dying with thirst;" and, seizing the can, he ran off in the direction of the discordant sounds.

It was near dark when he returned with his pail full of clear cold water, at which the whole party slaked their thirst, before asking any questions.

"What delicious water! as clear as crystal—as cold as ice. How fortunate to obtain it so near at hand!" exclaimed several in a breath.

"Ay, but 'tis an ugly place," said Richard, thoughtfully. "I should not like to go to that well at early day, or after nightfall."

"Why not, my boy?"

"'Tis in the heart of a dark swamp, just about a hundred yards within the forest, and the water trickles from beneath the roots of an old tree, into a natural stone tank; but all around is involved in frightful gloom. I fancied that I heard a low growl as I stooped to fill my pail, while a horrid speckled snake glided from between my feet, and darted, hissing and rattling its tail, into the brake. Father, you must never let any of the women go alone to that well."

The yeoman laughed at his son's fears, and shortly afterwards the party retired into the tent, and, overcome with fatigue, were soon asleep.

The first thing which engaged the attention of our emigrants was the erection of a log shanty for the reception of their respective families. This important task was soon accomplished. Atkins preferred, for the site of his, the open prairie; but Steele, for the nearer proximity of wood and water, chose the edge of the for-

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the old woman, turning as pale as death. "Is she not back from the well?"

"The well!" cried Steele, grasping her arm. "How long has she been gone?"

"This half hour, or more."

Steele made no answer. His cheek was as pale as her own; and, taking his gun from the beam to which it was slung, he carefully loaded it with ball, and, without uttering a word, rushed from the house.

Day still lingered on the open prairie, but the moment he entered the bush it was deep night. He had crossed the plain with rapid strides, but, as he approached the swamp, his steps became slow and cautious. The well was in the centre of a jungle, from the front of which Richard had cleared away the brush, to facilitate their access to the water; and as he drew near the spot, his ears were chilled with a low, deep growling, and the crouching of teeth, as if some wild animal was devouring the bones of its prey.

The dreadful truth, with all its shocking, heart-revolting reality, flashed upon the mind of the yeoman, and for a moment paralyzed him. The precincts of the well were within range of his rifle, and, dropping down upon his hands and knees, and nerving his arm for a clear aim, he directed his gaze to the spot from whence the fatal sounds proceeded. A little on one side of the well, a pair of luminous eyes glared like green lamps at the edge of the dark wood; and the horrid sounds, which curdled the blood of the yeoman, became more distinctly audible.

Slowly Steele raised the rifle to his shoulder, and set-

ter, water—for the love of God, give me a drink of water!”

“Where is the pail?” said Mrs. Steele. “I don’t much like going alone to that well; but it is still broad day, and I know that in reality there is nothing to fear. I cannot bear to hear the child moan for drink in that terrible way.”

“Dear mother,” said Richard, faintly, “don’t go. Father will be in soon—we can wait till then.”

“Oh, the poor dear child is burning!” cried Abigail: “she cannot wait till then; do, neighbor, go for the water. I will stay with the children, and put out the milk, while you are away.”

Mrs. Steele left the shanty, and a few minutes after, the patients, exhausted by suffering, fell into a profound sleep.

Abigail busied herself in scalding the milk-pans, and, in her joy at the young people’s cessation from suffering, forgot the mother altogether. About half an hour had elapsed, and the mellow light of evening had faded into night, when Steele returned with his oxen from the field.

The moment he entered the shanty, he went up to the beds which contained his sick children, and, satisfied that the fever was abating, he looked round for his supper, surprised that it was not, as usual, ready for him upon the table.

“No water,” he cried, “in the cask, and supper not ready! After working all day in the burning sun, a man wants to have things made comfortable for him at night. Mrs. Winchester, are you here? Where is my wife?”

panther from the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Steele, he beckoned to one of his sons, and suggested to him the propriety of instantly burying the disfigured and mutilated body, before the feelings of her husband and children were agonized by the appalling sight. First removing the insensible husband to his own dwelling, Atkins and his sons returned to the fatal spot, and, conveying the body to the edge of the prairie, they selected a quiet, lovely spot beneath a wide-spreading chestnut-tree, and, wrapping all that remained of the wife of Richard Steele in a sheet, they committed it to the earth in solemn silence; nor were tears and prayers wanting, in that lonely hour, to consecrate the nameless grave where the English mother slept.

Annie and Richard lived to mourn their irreparable loss, to feel that the mother's life had been sacrificed to her maternal love. Time, as it ever does, softened the deep anguish of the bereaved husband. During the ensuing summer, their little colony was joined by a hardy band of British and American pioneers. The little settlement grew into a prosperous village, and Richard Steele died a wealthy man, and was buried by the side of his wife in the centre of the village church-yard, that spot having been chosen for the first temple in which the emigrants met to worship in his own house the God of their fathers.

ting his teeth, and holding his breath, steadily aimed at the space between those glaring balls of fire. The sharp report of the rifle awoke the far echoes of the forest. The deer leaped up from his lair, the wolf howled and fled into the depths of the wood, and the panther—for such it was—uttering a hoarse growl, sprang several feet into the air, then fell across the mangled remains of his victim.

Richard Steele rose up from the ground. The perspiration was streaming from his brow; his limbs trembled and shook, his lips moved convulsively, and he pressed his hands over his heaving breast, to keep down the violent throbbing of his agitated heart. It was not fear that chained him to the spot, and hindered him from approaching his dead enemy. It was horror. He dared not look upon the mangled remains of his wife—the dear partner of all his joys and sorrows—the companion of his boyhood—the love of his youth—the friend and counsellor of his middle age—the beloved mother of his children. How could he recognize, in that crushed and defiled heap, his poor Jane? The pang was too great for his agonized mind to bear. Sense and sight alike forsook him, and, staggering a few paces forward, he fell insensible across the path.

Alarmed by the report of the rifle, Atkins and his sons proceeded with torches to the spot, followed by Abigail, who, unconscious of the extent of the calamity, was yet sufficiently convinced that something dreadful had occurred. When the full horrors of the scene were presented to the sight of the terror-stricken group, their grief burst forth in tears and lamentations. Atkins alone retained his presence of mind. Dragging the

Behold the throngs that tread the enamelled ground,
Age, youth, and childhood, with its joyous bound ;
While wealth and splendor greet the admiring eye,
And fountains play beneath a cloudless sky.
See beauty 'neath a thousand lights display
Her brilliant charms, and tempt the soul astray.
See lovers linger by the purling streams,
And whisper low their fancy's wildest dreams,
Breathe in soft pathos to the listening ear,
Quick'ning the pulses with delicious fear,
Wildering the mind with visions light as air,
As vain as false, and false as they are fair.

And here the lone, forsaken heart, with grief
O'erwhelmed—distressed—seeks, as its last relief,
The cheering spring, in sparkling ripples drest,
To heal the wound that rankles in her breast ;
Inflicted there by one she loved too well,
Who broke her heart, and like a demon fell.

See fathers, mothers, haste with eager pride,
Where pomp and fashion, like a rolling tide,
Bear all along, and with a fairy hand
Beckon them forth to the enchanted land.
Where gloom departs, the weakened nerve grows strong,
Beneath the melody of mirth and song,
Where the pale moon throws 'round her silvery light,
As day recedes for happier, lovelier night.
When the bland zephyrs, murmuring through the trees,
Toss the light curls that wanton on the breeze,
(Fan soft the brow of beauty, as they feel
Love's thrilling transports o'er their senses steal ;)
Where bloom the flowers, where the green woodbines creep,
Perfume the air, and bring ambrosial sleep.
Where all that art or nature can bestow
To tempt the taste, and make the passions glow,

SARATOGA.

BY MRS. MARY L. GARDINER.

Is this the forest where the Indian strayed?
The desert where, in wildest pomp arrayed,
He strode majestic o'er the mountain height,
Or sat in council by his altars bright?
Where beasts of prey prowled 'round with glaring eye,
Where the bald eagle sought his eyry high,
In rocky cliffs, to find his young a nest,
With the rich plumage waving on his crest?

This, the dense grove, where the brave Uncas lay,
When from the spring he brushed the leaves away?
Drank from the fountain flowing clear and sweet,
In liquid murmurs at his brawny feet?
Here, where the sisters, wearied and opprest,
In beauty slumbered on each other's breast?
The favored spot, where Cooper's muse awoke
His finest effort, and his master-stroke?
Where trees umbrageous lent their friendly shade,
And waved in concert o'er each sleeping maid?

The battle-field, where warriors nobly bled,
Where freedom hovered o'er her valiant dead?
Where liberty drank up the crimson stain,
From martyred heroes, on the ensanguined plain,
Caught the last murmur of their Spartan breath,
Wiped off their tears, and cheered their souls in death;
Twined the green laurels round the dauntless brow,
And sung their dirge with winds that whispered low?

THE MEXICAN EXPRESS.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

HUSHED is the cannon's deafening roar,
On Palo Alto's Plain,
The Raven flaps his dark wing o'er
The mountains of the slain—
"Hurra! hurra! a victory!"
Ten thousand tongues are crying,
And through the sulphurous canopy
The Stars and Stripes are flying.
Northward the waves of joyance roll,
Setting the world in motion,
As when towards the boreal Pole,
Fierce Auster rolls the ocean.
Triumph fills high her golden chalice—
Bonfires greet Glory's car,
As the Aurora Borealis
Welcomes some new-born Star.
Prattlers their little voices strain,
To swell the jubilee;
The Ethiop forgets his chain,
And shouts, "A victory!"
But, hark! hear ye no notes of woe,
Upswelling through this glee,
Like those sad undertones that flow
From out the frothing sea?
Hear ye no hollow wails of strife—
No gentle heart-strings breaking?
Ah! hear ye not the waves of life
Soul-freighted barks forsaking?

Are spread luxuriant on the lighted board,
And rich oblations to the springs are poured.

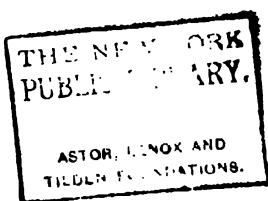
Here well-told tales beguile each lingering hour,
(If aught are here,) which in their magic power
Bring the delights, the scenes of other days,
And hearts transported, list the minstrel's lays.

Here stands the minister of God, whose soul
Oft weeps in secret, o'er the world's control ;
Weeps, when he sees the thoughtless gayly glide
Down the deep vortex, in the whirling tide,
'Mid thousand streams that rush towards that bourne,
That boundless ocean, whence there's no return.

Can Death be here amid so fair a throng ?
Finds he admittance 'mid the jest and song ?
Are any ready his grim face to meet,
Exchange their dresses for the winding sheet ?
Lay by their diamonds, and their gems, to rest
Their stiffened forms on earth's cold, dreamless breast ?

Ready or not, the morn or midnight hour,
The dewy eve, or noon-day's quiet bower,
Will list the wild wail, rising from the soul,
When fate's dark waters o'er the senses roll,
As life departs, yielding the vital breath
To him, who conquers all—Insatiate Death !







Mr. Brown

Mr. Green

The Harmon Express

THE TALKATIVE AND THE TACITURN.

BY FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

MAN is pre-eminently distinguished from the brute creation by the faculty of speech,—a noble attribute, and one indispensable to his happiness as a social being. The only exceptions, we believe, to the rule of his exclusive possession of this rare gift, are, first, that of the serpent, whose seductive and persuasive argument despoiled the fairest of mundane creatures of her innocence; the other, that of the despised ass who rebuked the disobedient prophet: and these were miraculously conferred for the occasion.

Doubtless our first parents possessed a perfect knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, by intuition;—of all languages the most musical, rich, and flexible of any since the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel. We are unquestionably indebted to the first of womankind, and her fair successors, for the preservation of that common inheritance—our *mother-tongue*.

A source of such varied pleasure may well elicit our profoundest gratitude, when even the faithful and devoted dog has emulated the possession of the gift by his bark, and the birds fill the air with their enchanting melody, or chirp responsive to our call, while many of the animal creation yield submissive obedience to the voice of man. How many a loved and well-remembered tone of some

Look on this altar of the heart,
By Susquehanna's River,
Where "THE EXPRESS" hath sped the dart
From out his teeming quiver,
And smote the breast of age with grief,
The pulse of childhood bound,
And beauty, like an autumn leaf,
Hurled lifeless on the ground.
The shouts of victory rend the sky,
As on the herald speeds—
O God! O God what mockery!
To souls in funeral weeds!
The sun no more will shine for them—
No beacon lure o'er land or flood—
Love's flowers lie withered on the stem—
Their star hath set in blood;
For far upon yon Mexic plain,
Where hungry vultures hover,
Reposes, 'mid th' uncoffined slain,
The Patriot—Husband— Lover.
And this is what the world calls Glory,
A nation's chivalry,
The deeds that are to live in story—
Fame's immortality.

liam, Prince of Orange, who made such a formidable stand against Spain, and founded the commonwealth of the United Provinces, was another instance of a sagaciously silent man. Cardinal Granville, a Spanish statesman, well knew the importance of this person's taciturnity, for, on receiving advice that Count Egmont and others were taken, he asked whether "the silent man" was also apprehended; and, having been answered in the negative, he replied, "Ah, then nothing is done." This gift of speech is the electric chain that links mankind together in the social compact: it is the living medium through which the resources of the realm of thought become an intellectual currency. This prerogative of our rational nature, therefore, should be devoted to the dissemination of truth, for, like all other endowments, it may be desecrated to unworthy ends, and be made the means of the most complicated evil.

Let us glance at a few of the less venial sins of the talkative,—for they are manifold, and to classify them all would require the nice discrimination of an ethical Linnaeus. We begin with the babbler, who is commonly an unhappy personage himself, for he has meddled too industriously with the affairs of others to enjoy any personal repose or satisfaction. Having made it the great business of his life to betray some hurtful secret, or aspersion on the fair fame and name of his neighbor, no one, of course, thinks it worth while to speak well of him while living, or even when his mischievous tongue becomes silent in death. These are the miserable creatures who batten upon the carrion and the noxious weeds of our social economy,—thrive most upon pestilential rumors and the infectious breath of scandal; all

sainted being, long since passed to the spirit-land, still holds us spell-bound, lingering in the mysterious cells of memory!

Whether induced by an undue or an excessive appreciation of the gift, we pause not to determine; but certain it is some persons indulge the faculty to too great an extent, and others, again, do the contrary. The former class we denominate the talkative; the latter, the taciturn.

Among the first named there are many who talk a great deal, while in effect they say nothing; others, by their "expressive silence," are far more acceptable members of society, because when they do speak, they speak to some purpose. A still tongue, according to an old adage, denotes a wise head; and Solomon says, "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, and is as choice silver." There are maxims manifold for teaching men to speak which are comparatively little required, since nature prompts us to utterance; but few suggest the superior wisdom of maintaining a judicious silence, which requires the restraint of reason and prudence. We have intuitively the art of saying much *on* a little, whereas few possess the wit to say much *in* a little. In the art of speaking, as in chemical science, condensation is strength; and in both cases the result is attained by a process of experimental analysis. Presidential addresses and Parliamentary or Congressional harangues are celebrated specimens of the verbose, as well as the rhetorical; and the three memorable words of a classic hero—"Veni, Vidi, Vici,"—furnish a splendid specimen of the *multum in parvo*, and an example especially worthy the imitation of modern times. Wil-

liam, Prince of Orange, who made such a formidable stand against Spain, and founded the commonwealth of the United Provinces, was another instance of a sagaciously silent man. Cardinal Granville, a Spanish statesman, well knew the importance of this person's taciturnity, for, on receiving advice that Count Egmont and others were taken, he asked whether "the silent man" was also apprehended; and, having been answered in the negative, he replied, "Ah, then nothing is done." This gift of speech is the electric chain that links mankind together in the social compact: it is the living medium through which the resources of the realm of thought become an intellectual currency. This prerogative of our rational nature, therefore, should be devoted to the dissemination of truth, for, like all other endowments, it may be desecrated to unworthy ends, and be made the means of the most complicated evil.

Let us glance at a few of the less venial sins of the talkative,—for they are manifold, and to classify them all would require the nice discrimination of an ethical Linnæus. We begin with the babbler, who is commonly an unhappy personage himself, for he has meddled too industriously with the affairs of others to enjoy any personal repose or satisfaction. Having made it the great business of his life to betray some hurtful secret, or aspersion on the fair fame and name of his neighbor, no one, of course, thinks it worth while to speak well of him while living, or even when his mischievous tongue becomes silent in death. These are the miserable creatures who batten upon the carrion and the noxious weeds of our social economy,—thrive most upon pestilential rumors and the infectious breath of scandal; all

wholesome truth becomes insipid to their vitiated and depraved appetites; and, like the fabled Upas-tree, they diffuse the breath of poison and disease wherever they go. Few, we suspect, pass in the procession of life without encountering a specimen of this class of injurious talkers, for their name is legion. They may usually be detected by their physiognomical developments; their sinister glance, malicious eye, shrunk face, and attenuated form, reveal but too legibly their ignoble character. They enjoy a kind of negative existence—their only stimulus being the fiendish mischief they effect, and the ruin they cause to the peace and happiness of all around them.

Another class of loquacious nuisances are those who deal in what is denominated small talk: they are of both sexes, and of all conditions of society. They are an impertinent set, constantly prattling about the commonplace matters of life, are ever obtruding their nonsense upon the forbearance of their friends, and are prodigal spendthrifts of time. These notorious news-mongers are the pest of the social circle; they do almost as much harm, in an insidious way, to the well-being of society, as the babbler, by their retailing of the petty scandal of the day, and their uncharitable strictures upon the sayings and doings of others. Small-talkers revel most at the tea-table,—a fact we do not pretend to account for, unless it be that they derive their special inspiration from the beverage thereat dispensed. Births, marriages, and deaths, and love-matches, *liaisons*, and divorces, and the thousand peccadilloes their greedy ears drink in from the perturbed stream of life, form the *materiel* of their senseless and incessant

These, we need scarcely remark, are of a naturally inquisitive turn of mind; they are most indefatigable searchers after truth,—they are most diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, and no difficulties impede their attainments. Curiosity is said to be our national characteristic, at least with the eastern section of our country; but it is, perhaps, a universal attribute of the female character. Women, by the way, are a strange enigma; for they are most skilful in extracting secrets: yet who discover so little tact in retaining them? They are, moreover, less ingenuous than the Hibernian, who excused himself for revealing a confidential matter committed to him, by frankly avowing, that as he found he could not keep the secret himself, he transferred it to his friend to retain it for him. Exclusive talkers are the bores of society; they generally have it all to themselves, and all their own way, for nobody is allowed to “divide the honors” with them. Though you know already every thing he is saying, you cannot, by any chance, add to his marvellous stock of information. He is a perfect cyclopædia of general knowledge; and, of course, is abundantly competent to instruct the unenlightened wherever he goes. If you essay to relate an anecdote or incident, he snatches it out of your mouth, and tells it for you, with the accompanying embellishments of his own extempore wit; and should you urge, after its recital, that his was a different version of the story, and seek to rehearse it in your own way, he knows the other version as well as you do, and again insists upon his own repetition. With such an incorrigible talker, it is a serious mistake to venture any suggestion of the kind, since one anecdote leads by concat-

equal offence to their immaculate taste. You modestly betray that you are well read in the classics, and they accuse you of pedantry; you conceal your bibliographical knowledge, and you are at once suspected of gross ignorance, both of men and books. You bring them old opinions, and they doubt whether you have any of your own; you deal in new ones, and they object to them as unsound, while at the same time they will adopt them themselves, if occasion should admit: they are, in a word, special pleaders for their own views, at all hazards,—mere sticklers for terms, with whom it is indeed morally impossible for any to agree.

Some talkative persons are ever dealing in exclamations, or are apostrophizers: these talk in admirations,—every topic, however commonplace, provokes their superlative wonder and amazement; they are incessantly interlarding their remarks with interjectional exclamations of surprise, such as the following: Gracious Heavens! You don't say so! Is it possible! You astound me! and the like. Such interlocutors are accustomed to be lavishly frequent in the use of the most excruciating emphasis: they are also addicted to the parenthetical style of discourse. Specimens of this class may be met with among elderly ladies, who fancy they know a great deal,—so extensive, indeed, is their acquaintance with things in general, that every new item of knowledge in particular produces an extraordinary effect upon their nervous system, they supposing it impossible that any thing further yet remains to be known in this world of wonders.

Others are constantly indulging in interrogatives,—all they have to propose is in the catechetical form.

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enation to a score of others, and thus you unwittingly get the loquacious locomotive under high-pressure, to your discomfit. You run into a like dilemma if you unwarily venture to cite a passage from some favorite poet; by the time you have quoted the first line, your interminable talker catches up the second, and not only saves you all further trouble in the matter, but rehearses twice as much as you intended, into the bargain. In all ordinary cases the luckless listeners fall asleep under the dreaded infliction of this tedious and insufferable "exclusive."

Another variety of the talkative, is the exaggerator,—one who despises the common run of phrases, and deals in grandiloquent terms and high-flown metaphors. He is an extravaganza in the social circle; every thing he utters is invested with hyperbole and glowing imagery: he scorns all colloquial phrases, and regards every thing below his exalted standard, mean and inexpressive. Whatever he has to say must be tinted up *couleur de rose*, yet while his habitual indulgence in superlatives and expletives gives spirit and force to his descriptions, it is exceedingly dangerous to admit his statements too literally. Even the witty cannot always appreciate his humor, and matter-of-fact people are at once utterly nonplused at his extravagance. A talker of this class is, however, amusing in company, for, after the mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, worldly cares, imaginary ills, or positive griefs, such a highly-spiced speaker is a capital antidote to ennui. Men must relax sometimes, or the consequences would prove fatal to their nervous system. That delicate machinery, by the way, has a severe ordeal to pass through in the

wear and tear of life: Lord Brougham once said, no man had any right to a nervous system, who was not possessed of two thousand a year; and we believe he was not far from just in his discrimination, for while we pay especial regard to the well-being of the stomach, we sadly neglect our more sensitive nerves. A little nonsense, therefore, occasionally, may not be inadmissible, when it can be thus harmlessly indulged. Nonsense is to sense, as shade to light—it heightens effect, making what is beautiful in itself still more beautiful by contrast. It is like an intended discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord the sweeter; like silent sleep after sorrowful watching—the calm that succeeds a storm—like cheerfulness after care—ease after anguish—or the sickly olive that gives gusto to old port.

This art of vividly magnifying minor objects into exaggerated importance, by exhibiting them through a kind of mental microscope, has a peculiar charm for the fireside or the table. It presents things in grotesque and monstrous distortion, which cannot fail of exciting our risible faculties. Dean Swift was, perhaps, the greatest specimen of this style of writing and talking. This habit of exaggerating a statement beyond its exact limits is one of the most common of colloquial misdemeanors. Some souls seem too big for their bodies—every thing must be *in extenso*; hence they transcend the restrictive limits of reality, and bound off into the regions of the ideal. Sticklers for matter-of-fact are, perhaps, equally tenacious of the opposite extreme; and they are no less obnoxious to good taste: they are as rigidly liberal as the former are poetical. They evince

a false zeal for truth, for they again leap beyond its limits, in their eager pursuit of details. With all the professed antipathy to exaggeration, they become meanly culpable in the very thing they repudiate. The man who would measure a hair or weigh a feather, is as guilty of an hyperbole as him who would transcend the just proportions of truth. Confront the two characters, and we see the result to be as we have described: the one is a fine precipitate, *ad libitum* fellow, warm of heart and hasty of tongue; the other, a simple, direct man, who looks at things in their just proportions, and is nice even to the smallest fractions in all his affirmations.

There are many minor varieties of the loquacious; for example, the slow-talker, whose drawling accents make the very atmosphere drowsy, and whose provoking prolixity is tantalizing to the last verge of endurance. Then there is the quick speaker, rushing with the impetuosity of a whelming cataract, sweeping all before him, and stunning your ear with his incessant volubility. We might also refer to loud talkers as among social nuisances, for, generally speaking, sound, in their case, is a screen for lack of sense and modesty—the two essentials of a good talker. There is yet another class, who are in the practice of violating good taste and decorum by the ever-recurring use of *outré* and unintelligible terms—flowers of speech—exotics from all the living languages, as well as the dead. These scorn the usual phrases of our vulgar vernacular, however inapt their adoption may be of foreign terms in their stead. Carlyle and Emerson may be mentioned as cases in point, although, it is true, they indulge rather in a habit of

Anglicizing German idioms, or torturing their mother-tongue into all conceivable distortions. The injudicious and excessive use of foreign phrases evinces a very questionable taste, and is characteristic of pedantry and a love of display, which those who value their reputation for scholarship ought scrupulously to avoid. We confess ourselves too charitably inclined to exhibit the foibles incident to another unfortunate class, who are prone to a fatal habit of telling what they have to say inopportunately, or who are frequently liable to perpetrate bad puns, and worse jokes, at which no one can even force a spasmodic laugh, for we all know Dr. Johnson's depreciative estimate of their character. They have but one exclusive privilege, of which most evince a ready disposition to avail themselves—that of laughing at their own pointless puns. *Elia* defends this right on their behalf in the following wise: "That a man must not laugh at his own jest is surely the severest exaction ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it,—to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his own venison upon the absurd strength of never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party."

Having disposed of our garrulous friends, what shall we say of the incommunicative?—those inane beings who so admirably supply the lack of statuary in the boudoir or library. Among this class are the men of elongated and lugubrious visage, who frown out of existence even the scintillation of a smile, and "shut up" every facetious mouth, however highly charged it may

be with intellectual electricity. The taciturn, whatever be their minor idiosyncrasies, are social nuisances; they damp the ardor, and repress the utterances of the heart wherever their influence extends. If a man be endued with a tongue and brains, it is fairly to be inferred they were designed for use: an incorrigible mute, therefore, sins against himself as well as society. Some persons very modestly shelter themselves under the plea that their silence is caused by their laborious habit of thinking; we regard this, however, as apocryphal at the best, for any man who has, however little, of the Promethean fire in him, must throw off sparks sometimes. Some of these wordless men vainly seek to atone for their provoking silence by assuming an interminable and senseless smile: others, again, sit in stolid indifference, looking as vapid and unimpressible as they probably are in reality.

There are others, again, who absurdly obtrude themselves and their private affairs on the attention of a mixed company: nothing can be more injudicious or indelicate. Others lie in wait for every opportunity to proclaim their own adroitness and wit, and are ever on the alert to elicit commendation and compliments. Some boast their gift of prescience; they call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a person from the beginning, and told him the consequences would be just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others, again, have a singular weakness or vanity of telling their own frailties and faults: they are the strangest men in the world—they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly—they

have lost advantages by it,—but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it.

To preserve a judicious silence is a very essential requisite in refined and polite society: this silence is not, of course, sullen or supercilious, but graceful and eloquent. Fontenelle is reported to have said that “he should leave the world without regret, for it hardly contained a single good listener;” and the days in which we live are not certainly very much better in this respect.

Having taken our exceptions to offenders against good manners in the matter of conversation, we will now venture to offer a few hints for the uninitiated. Conversation is one of the polite arts of life,—its end and aim being the cultivation of the graces and attractions of the social economy: he that possesses conversational powers in the highest degree, therefore, becomes a most efficient agent in imparting pleasure, and in contributing to the improvement of the social circle. Few acquisitions are of rarer attainment, from the neglect with which the subject is treated by the masses of society. It is not a little remarkable that many of the most cultivated minds are found deficient in conversation. Among the literati, perhaps the most illustrious and brilliant examples include the names of Rogers, the poet, and the late Countess of Blessington. Two things seem essential to the possession of good conversational powers,—a competent knowledge of men and books, and a felicitous habit of expression; the former is to be acquired by observation and study; while the latter is more commonly an intuitive gift. Topics upon which to descant are manifold and various; the whole realm of nature and

art, the boundless resources of knowledge, and the numberless incidents, phases, and accidents of human life, as well as the myriad forms of imagery that people the regions of thought and fancy,—all supply themes of interesting discussion. What, for example, could afford subjects more pleasing or fertile for a quiet and sociable *tête-à-tête*, than the variegated treasures of Flora, the ever-changing and exquisite beauties of natural scenery, the investigations of pure science, and the accumulated wealth of human lore? If anecdote and humor are the pearls of polite conversation, the above-named constitute the pure gold for their setting, reflecting a tenfold splendor. Those, therefore, who are *au fait* at repartee, or who fill up the pauses which occur in graver discussions, by brilliant flashes of extempore wit, or a piquant story, good-natured sarcasm, or playful satire, achieve no inconsiderable service in the social gathering. The circumstances of time, place, and the character of the company, ought, of course, ever to govern the choice of topics, and the manner and method of their presentation. It would be absurd to expound a problem of Euclid to an elderly lady whose sphere of attainments never stretched beyond the details of the dormitory or the domestic duties of her domicile; and it would be equally inconsistent to attempt a grave dissertation on the treasures hidden in the heart of the earth, to a fair nymph in love, whose interests lie all concentrated and clustered in the devoted heart of her lover. Fulsome flattery and all kinds of extravagant compliment, are as obnoxious to good taste as the baneful practice of indulging *badinage*, or even personal invective. To a well-balanced and educated man, the cultivated so-

ciety of the opposite sex offers the highest possible attractions ; for, in addition to the advantages to be derived from the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, the most fascinating arts and graces are exhibited, which exert a reciprocal and powerful influence, and which impart a brilliancy and charm to every thing that is spoken. If to excel in the art of pleasing be the secret of success in that of conversation, commend us not infrequently to the refining elegance and challenging graces of educated female society : in such a school of the art, the pupil who should fail of academic honors would assuredly prove himself unworthy to share them. Among the most delightful of mental recreatives may be classed the exhilarating pleasures of intellectual intercourse ; they constitute the very life-fluid of our social being.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Six thousand years, with ruin fraught,
Have swept across the earth and seas ;
Six thousand years ! and war has wrought
The only banners on the breeze :
In dust men's hostile feet have trod
The love of man, the fear of God.

And still, on every sounding gale,
The trumpet's clangor wakes the din,
And sabres, clashing, drown the wail
That fain would call some mercy in :
War stains earth's whole historic page
With widowhood and orphanage.

When shall it cease—and fields and plains,
With mingled tears, and sweat, and gore,
And whips, and gyves, and clanking chains,
And cringing slaves, be cursed no more ?
When Church and State, and priest and king,
Are crushed by Retribution's wing !

God speed the hour ! Earth's heart is sick,
Is drunk with blood, and woe, and crime ;
And, Retribution, be thou quick
When God shall set the blessed time !
The tyrant smite, the slave release,
And give the world an age of Peace !

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THERE are numbers of facetious and well-meaning people who delight themselves in this species of amusement: yet a more pernicious or fatal method of entertainment can scarcely be imagined. Most practical jokes have a malicious tendency, as the laugh is always raised at the expense of another; and the feelings of those upon whom they are perpetrated are *never once* taken into *consideration*. Some of the most cruel things have been enacted under the cover of a joke; and some of the most dreadful accidents have occurred from the *indulgence* of this propensity. It is my intention to illustrate this subject by relating an instance which I had from the lips of my dear and revered father, who was unfortunately, and to his everlasting regret, an actor in the tragedy.

In the town in which my father was born and brought up, and which now has merged into a portion of the vast metropolis of Britain, a few young gentlemen who had *distinguished* themselves at school, and were now engaged in acquiring various *professions*, formed themselves into a *literary association*, which met twice a week at the house of a friend. This was, in fact, a sort of debating society, in which subjects were given for discussion, and papers were written and speeches made to

illustrate more clearly the object in view. No drinking was allowed; and quarrelsome members were subject to a forfeit on the first offence, and expelled if they continued refractory. As the society was instituted with a view to mutual benefit, and the members were all friends and school-fellows from boyhood, their meetings were both harmonious and instructive.

"In this society," said my father, "I perfected myself in mathematics, and learned navigation and trigonometry; and this was chiefly to keep on an equal footing with my two friends, John and William W——, who both afterwards became Admirals in the British Navy. My brother and myself, the two W——s, and two fine lads of the name of Rosier, the sons of a widow lady, and great favorites with us all, constituted our class. One night our subject had been 'The belief in Ghosts,' that it had existed in all ages, and appeared to be sanctioned by the avowal made by the Saviour himself—'I am not a spirit.' This led to a long discussion upon the subject. Some of us believed, others disbelieved in supernatural agency; and Edward, the elder of the two Rosiers, declared his skepticism in such a decided manner, that John W—— asked him, if he would like to spend a night alone in a church?"

"With all my heart," was the bold reply. "If I found it disagreeable, it would not be on account of the ghosts that would trouble me."

"Edward," said my father, "I think your courage would fail you; for, independent of all superstitious dread, the loneliness of the place and hour, connected with other circumstances of a mysterious and awful nature, which cling about an ancient religious edifice,

would be enough to daunt a bolder spirit than yours. I am not a coward, as you all know, but I would not like to trust myself alone in such a place."

"Try me—that is all I request," returned Edward; "and if I turn coward, twit me with it ever after."

"And when will you make the experiment?" asked every one in a breath.

"To-morrow night, if you please."

"And the church?"

"Old Lambeth."

"You have made a bad choice," said all. "It is a solemn, awful place, and looks like the haunt of all the ghosts since the time of the Conquest."

"It is my native church. I was baptized there, and I love the venerable pile."

"Well, well, you shall have your own choice, but it would not be mine," said my father; "and now for arrangements—how is it all to be ordered?"

"I know the sexton," said Edward; "he will give me the key. I shall choose the belfry for my station: I don't mean the chamber of the bell, but that portion of the church which is situated directly under it. You must allow me a small table, a book, and four wax candles. The church is so large, that I should be fancying figures in the gloom, without sufficient light. At three o'clock I shall presume my watch ends, as you well know that all ghosts vanish at the first crowing of the cock."

We all agreed to this proposal, and promised to manage all these matters. The table, the book, (which, by-the-by, was Dr. Young's Night Thoughts,) and the candles were to be all ready by ten o'clock the follow-

ing night, and he was to meet us in the porch of Lambeth's old church.

Well, after the meeting broke up, and the Rosiers had shaken hands with us to part for the night, for their path home lay in an opposite direction, Henry lingered a moment behind, and whispered to my father:

"Tom, we must play Ned a trick. I have got a famous plan in my head: you shall hear it to-morrow."

Henry Rosier was a lively, rattle-brained fellow, clever enough, but too volatile to make the most of his talents; he was always up to all sorts of fun, and was the instigator of every mischievous prank in the town. There was not one of us on whom he had not played some practical joke; but his wit and good-humor made him a favorite with all. His brother and he were the most attached of friends, although nothing could be more unlike in character. Edward was a grave, serene, thoughtful youth, whose inclinations led him to the pulpit; but Henry had determined to follow his father's example, and enter the army.

Early in the morning Henry came to my father, and laughing very heartily, disclosed his plan; which appeared so innocent, that not only he, but the two W——s, entered heart and soul into it.

"First of all," said he, "I will go to Jones, the tallow chandler, and get him to cast four wax candles, leaving a hollow tin tube in the centre of the candle, or at the distance which he supposes it will take for the candle to burn down to by the witching hour of midnight; this tin shall be filled with gunpowder, and the candles, when they reach the powder, will be extinguished with a horrible explosion, and such an infernal smell of brim-

stone, that poor Ned will be forced to acknowledge that Old Nick himself put them out."

"We all laughed," said my father, "at the whimsical idea, while Henry, quite beside himself, clapped his hands and cut a thousand fantastic antics."

"It will be fine fun. We will all watch in the porch, and I long to see the grave face that our dear philosopher will make, when whiz, whiz, whiz, whiz, out go all the candles. Hee, hee, I think it will be his last night alone in the old church."

"At ten all was ready, and we accompanied Ned with lanterns, for it was a very dark October night, to that venerable old pile, which loomed through the heavy fog like the ghost of the vanished ages that had once witnessed its glory. For my own part, it was not without a feeling of superstitious awe," said my father, "that I unlocked the old church door, and we found ourselves standing within that ancient place of worship. My friend placed his little table beneath the belfry, which commanded a view up the main aisle, and lighting his treacherous candles, took his seat; and in a gay tone bade us all good-night."

"Edward," said I, "give over this frolic, perhaps you will repent your obstinacy when you find yourself all alone."

"Not in the least," said he; "I feel quite happy, and you may all go when you please."

We withdrew, but only to the porch of the church, leaving the door ajar, so that we could watch him unseen, and enjoy his astonishment when his lights expired.

The church clock struck eleven, but our friend still

continued calm and serene, reading his book. Once or twice, he took a turn round the church, and seemed wrapt in a sort of devotional meditation, which gave a finer expression to his very interesting countenance.

"Ned is a hero," said Henry, in a whisper; "but twelve o'clock will try his mettle yet."

Edward sat down to his book again, and seemed so lost in its pages, which were new to him, that he only raised his head as the clock above him commenced to toll the midnight hour. I thought his cheek looked paler than usual, but the night was very damp and cold; and the wind sobbed and howled its mysterious lullaby through the time-worn turrets of the old gray tower. He was evidently anxious to close his vigil. As he commenced counting the strokes of the bell, one, two, three, his voice was drowned in an uproar. The burning wicks of the candles, first one and then the other, were whirled aloft in the air, and went out amid a thundering din, and a cloud of smoke, which hid the poor watcher from our sight. We all burst into a roar of laughter, which was returned to us in sad and unearthly echoes through the long aisles of the building.

"Ned, my boy, how are you? has the devil flown away with you?" cried Henry, unclosing our dark lanterns, and rushing into the church.

But you may imagine what our feelings were, when we found Edward insensible upon the stony pavement, and to all appearance dead. One of our party ran for a coach, and with bitter tears of unfeigned regret at the sad termination of our frolic, we carried poor Edward home to his afflicted mother.

But this fit was only the prelude to a deeper woe.

Edward Rosier recovered to existence, but his senses had deserted him forever; that fine intellect, which was the pride of his mother's heart, was extinguished in mental darkness, and her adored boy was a moping idiot for life. This circumstance had such an effect upon the gay, thoughtless Henry, that he was never after seen to smile. The consciousness of having planned the joke preyed upon his mind, and literally broke his heart; and before two years had passed away, these two fine lads and their mother slept within the precincts of the old church, which had been the theatre of this frightful tragedy.

THE WINGED STEED.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

Author of "Atalanta," &c.

I.

WHAT! Laugh they to behold my steed?
They little know his blood and breed,
His fiery heart, his lightning speed,—
How soon he cleaves the height!
What glorious impulse gives him way,
When, breaking bonds of time and clay,
He sees the clouds around him play,
And beats them down in flight.

II.

They saw him first on lowly plains,
The harness crushing on his reins,
Grief in his soul, and in his veins
The feverish sense of wrong;
The lowly herd, with brutal force,
That balked him ever on the course,
Baffling his native free resource,
And trampling on it long!

III.

They saw him with his fires subdued,
In weary hour, in abject mood,
Worn in the conflict,—driven to brood
In pastures not his own;
They saw him droop beneath the yoke,
Shrink, smarting from the thong and stroke,
His limbs o'erborne, his spirit broke,
Scourged, scorned, and still alone.

IV.

They saw him ever, by the herd,
Wronged or abandoned, crushed or stirred
By usage base—still unpreferred—
 To service vile decreed ;—
They knew not that, by instinct taught,
Unerring, every heart was fraught
With rage, and into hatred wrought,
 As conscious of his meed.

V.

He was not of their race, he bore
A power to them unknown before ;
And still a haughty carriage wore,
 That goaded pride to hate ;
He loved not with the rest to rove,
Still went apart—still went above,
And lovely, seemed to seek no love,
 And matchless, found no mate.

VI.

For this they hated—strange, how well,
With what foul art and blasting spell,
Most worthy all the fires of hell,
 They wrought for his annoy ;—
How they pursued—how herded still,
To vex the soul, the spirit kill,
And goad with ceaseless work of ill,
 As seeking to destroy.

VII.

For long they triumphed—Oh ! how long
He sunk and suffered 'neath the wrong,
Gnawed vainly at the cruel thong,
 That bound him to despair :—
But still in soul and strength he grew,
When none beheld, or but the few ;
The secret power his spirit knew,
 Still taught him how to bear !

THE WINGED STEED.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

Author of "Atalanta," &c.

I.

WHAT! Laugh they to behold my steed?
They little know his blood and breed,
His fiery heart, his lightning speed,—
How soon he cleaves the height!
What glorious impulse gives him way,
When, breaking bonds of time and clay,
He sees the clouds around him play,
And beats them down in flight.

II.

They saw him first on lowly plains,
The harness crushing on his reins,
Grief in his soul, and in his veins
The feverish sense of wrong;
The lowly herd, with brutal force,
That baulked him ever on the course,
Baffling his native free resource,
And trampling on it long!

III.

They saw him with his fires subdued,
In weary hour, in abject mood,
Worn in the conflict,—driven to brood
In pastures not his own;
They saw him droop beneath the yoke,
Shrink, smarting from the thong and stroke,
His limbs o'erborne, his spirit broke,
Scourged, scorned, and still alone.

IV.

They saw him ever, by the herd,
Wronged or abandoned, crushed or stirred
By usage base—still unpreferred—
To service vile decreed ;—
They knew not that, by instinct taught,
Unerring, every heart was fraught
With rage, and into hatred wrought,
As conscious of his meed.

V.

He was not of their race, he bore
A power to them unknown before ;
And still a haughty carriage wore,
That goaded pride to hate ;
He loved not with the rest to rove,
Still went apart—still went above,
And lovely, seemed to seek no love,
And matchless, found no mate.

VI.

For this they hated—strange, how well,
With what foul art and blasting spell,
Most worthy all the fires of hell,
They wrought for his annoy ;—
How they pursued—how herded still,
To vex the soul, the spirit kill,
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That bound him to despair :—
But still in soul and strength he grew,
When none beheld, or but the few ;
The secret power his spirit knew,
Still taught him how to bear !

XVI.

He speeds, he bounds, he darts away,
At once unfolds the gates of day,
The skies come down,—with joyous ray
Suns round his pathway grow!—
Ha! *Now* they start—they see the wings,
Spread from each side, as oft he springs,
With flight that leaves all meaner things
Afar, behind, below!

XVII.

Where now the favorites of the crowd,
Hailed late with plaudits, long and loud,
The pride of hosts, themselves too proud
To toil with patient brow?
Shouts, plaudits, nursing friends and aid,
Sleek service, and the hirelings paid,
To lie for pertness in brocade,—
Are all but mockery now!

XVIII.

The strife is o'er, ere yet begun!—
The courser, kindred to the sun,
Usurps the field; the goal is won!—
The hooting hosts of Hate
Depart in fury—shut their eyes,
Deny—for Envy still denies—
The right to him who takes the prize,
The master, he, of Fate!

XIX.

See, where he speeds—how proud the flight,—
What giant wings to win the height,
Where, on the mountain-tops alight,
He sways the plains beneath!
How changed the shout, the cry, the song—
The servile souls that did him wrong,
Most clamorous now, with echoes long,
That speak their perfect faith.

XX.

Believe them, and they always knew
The wonders that his wing could do,
His matchless grace, his empire true,
And all the gifts he bore :
Alas ! how blasting first to sight,
The sudden glory of his flight,
That wing of majesty and might,—
That sway they curse no more !

XXI.

Blind mouths, that ponder as they breed,
That never knew their better need,
Still, for a life, on garbage feed,
Nor dream how base their fare ;
While daily, nightly, from the skies,
The quail and manna fall ;—their eyes
See not the heavenly food that lies
Around, and bids them share !

XXII.

They wander wide, in sterile ways,
Self-led, self-blinded, all their days ;—
The shepherd comes,—instead of praise
And thanks, the wolfish crew
Set on him with keen fangs and rend ;—
Ah ! God be merciful,—still send
The shepherd,—these to save, befriend,—
They know not what they do.

MEMORIES.

"ALPHA."

How pleasant and refreshing it is to seek a temporary reprieve from the strifes and feverish excitements of life, in the quiet survey of the past; to turn over the tablets of memory, and survey those scenes, delightful or depressing, which once caused the heart to throb with such deep emotion! This is especially true when those memories have become sanctified by the endearing associations of the beings we have loved and revered. The history of the past, thus, in a peculiar sense, becomes to us a present possession. So absorbed and fascinated indeed do we become with its illusive pictures, that we sometimes involuntarily surrender our hold upon the actual and the real; and so rapidly do we move onward in the "procession of life," that the things that are vanish almost before we become conscious of their presence. "Life is onward—life is earnest," and between the stir and bustle of the present, and the eager anticipations of the future, the past alone becomes the storehouse from which to derive our most real enjoyments. Next in value to man's boasted reason is that mysterious faculty—memory, whose prerogative it is to perpetuate the past.

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and glorious was Jerusalem in this, the day of her pride and splendor. David was the honored instrument of its preparation, but to his successor was reserved the greater glory of completing and dedicating the Temple. The zeal of both, however, was eminently conspicuous, and they shared alike in the splendid sacrifices required for its erection. The munificent contributions of David were lavish in the extreme, consisting of a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand talents of silver, a profusion of precious stones, besides vast quantities of brass, iron, wood, &c. He also bequeathed three thousand talents of gold of Ophir, seven thousand of refined silver, with which to overlay the walls of the sacred edifice. In fine, the value of the materials collected for the Temple before David's death was such as to defy calculation. Not only did the aged monarch make such vast preparations for the work, for the assistance of his son, but he gave him also the exact plan according to which the whole was to be made. In all this he himself was instructed by the same God that revealed to Moses the pattern of the Tabernacle on Mount Sinai. King Solomon consecrated himself to this stupendous work; and by the aid of many thousand laborers the stately edifice silently ascended, and, at the end of seven years, stood completed in all its glory. The summit of Mount Moriah, on which it was erected, was enlarged by art to make room enough for the courts of the sacred house. It was built much of the same form as the Tabernacle, but was of much larger dimensions. It consisted of the sanctuary itself, with its magnificent porch, facing the Mount of Olives to the east. And at the western extremity was the Holy of Holies. These

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

BY EVANGEL.

THE capital of the Jewish kingdom, called by pre-eminence the *Holy City*, it is supposed, by most historians, was originally called Salem : by the Canaanites it was called *Jebus* ; and several centuries afterwards, it was distinguished by the name of the *City of David*.

Jerusalem was built on three neighboring hills, Zion, Moriah, and Acra. On three sides it was bounded by valleys, separating it from the adjacent hills which girted it about. It was further inclosed by walls, which were fortified with numerous towers. The compass of the whole city, round about, was between four and five miles. Mount Zion was distinguished by noble and costly buildings, among others, the citadel and royal palace : but Mount Moriah was invested with peculiar honor, as having been the site of the offering of Abraham, and the *locale* of the great Temple. In close proximity with the city, was the Mount of Olives, the valley of Kidron, with its brook, which took its winding way by the Dead Sea—the valley of Jehoshaphat—the villages of Bethany, Bethphage, the Garden of Gethsemane, the pool of Siloam, and Calvary—all classic names, and endeared as household words to every reader of the sacred Scriptures, from their having been the scenes of the Saviour's sojourning and sufferings. Great

for washing the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed. The great brazen Laver was typical of the fountain of uncleanness, where the priests were required to wash before ministering at the altar of sacrifice.

The imposing ceremonial of the dedication of the Temple by Solomon, which took place B. C. 1004, is described as one of surprising splendor, in which the elders of the nation and a vast concourse took part. Sacrifices, almost innumerable, were offered on the occasion; and amidst the swelling harmonies of their solemn worship stood King Solomon, on a brazen scaffold, and blessed the people. After his celebrated prayer, one of the most sublime invocations to the Deity on record, a miraculous fire descended from heaven, and consumed the sacrifices that were on the altar, while the whole congregation were prostrate to the ground, doing homage before the God of Israel.

The Holy City, with its superb sanctuary, once the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth—was, however, doomed to overwhelming destruction. The temple, after various profanations, was utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, after having existed, according to Josephus, four hundred and seventy-four years.

The second temple, built by the Jews after their return from their captivity, which existed about five hundred years, although the boast of the Jewish nation of that day, was yet the occasion of the deep lamentations of the venerable sires who had witnessed the superior glory of the first. There was wanting in this second temple the five distinguishing signs which gave such supernatural splendor to the former,—the Ark, the Mercy-seat, the Shechinah, and the Urim and Thum-

min. Yet was the ancient seer divinely commissioned to proclaim to the Jews the prophetic announcement,—the “glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former.” This declaration, indeed, must have been difficult of comprehension by the Jews, whose system of worship had such direct reference to outward symbols and types. The comparative expenditure of means in the erection of the two temples, showed a vast disparity with respect to the latter. “According to the common acceptation of Scripture accounts,” says Dr. Prideaux, “it was estimated that the precious metals employed in the construction of the first temple must have amounted to upwards of eight thousand millions sterling,—a sum greatly exceeding the combined wealth of all the monarchs of the world.”

The religious system of the Jews was eminently adapted to subserve the purpose for which it was designed,—that of pointing to the advent of the Messiah. Luminous, however, as were these types, the Jews did not perceive their true significancy, for when, on one occasion, the Saviour said to them, “Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up,” they knew not that he referred to the temple of his body, for they responded, “Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?”

The Scriptures of the New Testament abound with similar allusions. In one instance, where the same figure is employed, Christ is referred to, as “The chief corner-stone of an holy temple in the Lord,” and elsewhere, as “The true tabernacle which God pitched, and not man.” The various offices of the ancient temple are also referred by the sacred writers for their ex-

position to their great antetype—the Divine Redeemer. The Shechinah, the crowning glory of the first temple, was the sublime supernatural emblem of Him “in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily.” He was the true temple of the Deity, revealing to mortal vision, through the veil of his humanity, the glories of the infinite God. He was emphatically, “God manifest in the flesh.” The predictions of ancient prophecy were all verified in the advent, the passion, and the death of Him, who, by “the one offering of Himself,” has superseded the rigid ministration of the law, sacrifices, and covenants, and introduced in their stead, “the ministry of reconciliation.” A truth so momentous to the interests of humanity, received the most unequivocal and divine attestation in the supernatural events which accompanied the Crucifixion, when the “veil of the temple was rent in twain.” It was when anticipating that fearful event, the Divine Redeemer wept tears of compassion as he looked upon the beloved city and its guilty inhabitants.

What wonder, then, that the Jewish sires should themselves thus sorely lament the desecration of their sacred temple, and the fearful desolation of their favorite city. But we refrain from further dilating upon the touching scene our artist has portrayed so effectively, in favor of a pen more capable of describing it. Some weeks prior to the lamented decease of our esteemed friend, Major Noah, he kindly proposed to furnish an article on this subject; and since we have been deprived of this expected pleasure, it mitigates in no small degree the disappointment, to be able to present the following interesting sketch in its stead, from the hand of his son.

THE DAY OF VENGEANCE.

BY MANUEL M. NOAH.

EIGHTEEN hundred years and more have passed without shedding a ray of happiness upon the Jewish nation. Assailed, in the early periods of their history, by the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks, and Romans—by each successively oppressed and proscribed, their armies destroyed, and the sceptre of Israel broken, the people chosen by the Lord to establish his unity and omnipotence were dispersed throughout the world, with no other shield than their Law, and no other buckler than the righteousness of their cause. Since the time of Vespasian, their history has been traced in blood and tears. Eleven hundred thousand were massacred at the siege of Jerusalem, millions perished during the reign of Adrian, and in combating on the plains of Palestine for their rights as a nation. With the sword of desolation hanging over them, they persisted in the supremacy of their belief over the idolatry and infidelity of the times—they remained true—and they perished. The world regarded their efforts with wonder and astonishment; their resistance was termed obstinacy—their struggles rebellion. The lapse of ages prove that it was a natural and proper defence of their rights; reason and truth have triumphed, liberty spreads her wings over a portion of the remnant, while

their persecutors exist only on the page of history. Their annals afford to this day a contemplative picture on which nations can reflect and be instructed. As a people, they solemnize days, chronicled in their history by good and evil, by rejoicing or humiliation; and among them none teach so effectively the all-wise dispensation of an overruling Providence as the tenth of *Ab*, (or August,) for never was the Divine displeasure called forth so thrillingly awful as on that day, which to this remote age is observed as a day of fasting, mourning, and humiliation. Thrice severally on that day was destruction and captivity hurled upon them as a nation; and twice, by a fatal destiny, was the Temple desecrated and destroyed.

Shortly after the Day of Atonement, a day of humiliation set apart by Moses,* in the year 606 B. C., Nebuchodonosor, the King of Babylon, laid siege to Jerusalem; and, on the 9th of *Ab*, he burned down "the house of God, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem,"† and the children of Israel, with their king, Jehoiachin, were led captive to Babylon. Then was this day set apart for a day of lamentation and expiation, on which all Israel to this day mourns. In the impressive language of Mrs. Hemans did Israel lament:

"Beside the streams of Babylon, in tears
Of vain desire, we sat; remembering thee,
O hallowed Zion! and the vanished years,
When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free;
Our harps, neglected and untuned, we hung
Mute on the willows of the stranger's land;
When songs, like those that in thy fanes we sung,
Our foes demanded, from their captive band."

* Leviticus, xvi. 29, and xxiii. 27.

† 2 Chronicles, xxxvi. 19.

The captivity of Babylon lasted seventy years, during which time Israel, through the wisdom of the prophet Daniel, rose into favor—so much so that Cyrus restored them the Holy City ; and, with the favor of Darius and Artaxerxes, they rebuilt the Temple under Ezra the scribe, to whom is due the honor of combining the various parts which now form the accepted portion of the Bible termed the Old Testament.

The children of Israel, governed by their high-priests, continued under favor of the Babylonian monarchs until their subjugation by Alexander of Macedon, who, impressed by the wisdom of their high-priest, Jaddua, forbore giving siege to Jerusalem, but took them also under his protection. After his death, Jerusalem was the scene of constant warfare ; and it sustained a siege by the Egyptians under Ptolemy Soter, who subjugated the city by a fraudulent surprise on the Sabbath, and carried a hundred thousand of the inhabitants into captivity. The Israelites continued, until the rise of the Asmonean family, to be under the yoke of the Egyptians and the Syrians—their country the scene of constant violence and bloodshed.

Judas Maccabeus rescued his country and people from Syrian bondage, and they enjoyed peace and prosperity until the quarrels of the brothers Aristobulus and Hyrcanus, second king of Jerusalem. After many years of civil war, the two brothers chose Pompey, the Roman general, as an arbitrator between them ; but the hastiness of Aristobulus exasperated the Roman, who laid siege to Jerusalem, and subjugated it on the fatal 9th day of Ab—verily, “The day of Vengeance!”

Pompey, however, with great liberality, left the Tem-



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ple and the treasures of the sacred edifice untouched. They continued under the tyranny of the Roman government for many years, but at length rebelled, during the reign of Nero, who dispatched his general, Vespasian, to subdue them. Vespasian, aided by his son Titus, overrun the country, but it was reserved to the latter to subdue and destroy Jerusalem and the Temple, which latter act was consummated on the 9th day of Ab, A. D. 70.

In the accompanying sketch, the artist has, with singular ability, pictured the deep desolation which covered, not only the land but the people, when the devastating hand of war and its accompanying horrors had swept Judea from the map of kingdoms, and blotted Israel from the scroll of nations. To this day the Holy City remains a shattered monument of the departed glory of Israel, surrounded by a handful of the faithful lamenting its desolation, and looking forward to the fulfilment of those prophecies which foretell its restoration to power.

"The Day of Vengeance" is solemnized alike in this country, as it is wherever the remnant of Israel abide; and in what country are they not to be found? But a day of happiness is to be seen in the vista of years, and Israel may once more rejoice. The example set the world by the United States has shown that toleration can stimulate to good deeds—that the Israelite can, and has received the entire confidence of his Christian brethren—that to an Israelite is to be ascribed greater meekness, and more virtues, than to the generality of his fellow-citizens. Yet, in darker Europe they still remain under the oppressor's yoke, bereft of every suffrage save

a name—bereft of country, habitation, speech, they are,
in the language of Byron—

“Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast.”

They but sojourn on the earth, for

“The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!”

IS IT REAL?

BY T. W. RENNIE.

Is it real, or but seeming—
Is it sober truth, or dreaming—
That this lower world is growing
Better, as it grows more knowing?

—Treads the foot of Power lighter?
Burns the hope of nations brighter?
Heard is now the voice of singing
Where the wail of woe was ringing?

Beats the heart of Labor prouder,
Speaks it in a language louder,
Now, than when, to Power kneeling,
All its privilege was *feeling*?

Does the eye that from the lowly
Turned, as they were outcast wholly,
Now with dewy moisture glisten
While the ear is bowed to listen?

Are the homes no more unfriended,
Starving, sick, and unattended,
Where the poor or freeze or swelter
In unchristian guise and shelter?

—Yes! man, YES! the world is growing
Better, as it grows more knowing;
And will grow, till each in other—
Of earth's millions—hail a BROTHER!

MADELINE.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

How calm she sleeps, young Madeline !
The heaving of her snowy breast
Seems musical as rippling waves
By Summer moonbeams softly prest.

She sleeps ; and by those trembling lids,
Which hide two orbs of living light,
Some dream is floating in her soul,
Filling her heart with fair delight.

Gentle and pure, young Madeline—
No lily on its fragile stem
Is half so spotless ; nor so bright
The diamond in a diadem.

Love is the impulse of her heart,
And Faith, which doubly thrives in youth ;
And these are guarded 'round about,
Ever, by honor and by truth.

She singeth when the sun comes up,
Whether the sun may shade or shine ;
For grief comes not to heart like hers,
Gentle and peerless Madeline.

She singeth when the sun goes down ;
For light her heart will ever run,
Since, steadily, through all her life,
Daily, some bounteous deed is done.

O, sleep thou gentle rose-cheeked one,
Angels are watching 'round thy shrine,
And ever will they guard thee well,
Loving and truthful Madeline.

THE FAVORITE'S ESCAPE.

BY MRS. L. MATHER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright autumnal afternoon—the rich, mellow, yet subdued light of the beautiful Indian Summer shed a joy and a blessing over many happy homes, and transfigured the many-hued leaves of the forest into diadems of glory. It was just the season for meditation and dreamy revery, when the cup of joy seems to be infused with a chastened tenderness and sadness, which speak of past hours; of once happy communings with lips, now, alas! touched by death's icy seal; of broken friendships; of sorrow and of change. There is something indescribably pleasing in the Autumn—something which, even amid the decay of leaf and flower, whispers to the heart most soothingly and trustingly—elevates it above the tumult, the din, and confusion of earth—gives it high and holy glimpses of the heavenly state, and imparts a delight which vibrates through the whole being.

Leonore Walter felt all these varying feelings, as she sat by her window, which commanded a fine view of the forest, and she decided upon a solitary walk to a neighbor's, thinking thus to enjoy to the utmost the mingled feelings which were swelling her heart and moistening her eyes. She quickly arrayed herself for her walk, by throwing a shawl over her finely proportioned shoulders, and the closely fitting, long-caped sun-bonnet just showed

the auburn hair smoothly parted over her high, white forehead, while from behind her ears floated out upon the breeze several stray ringlets of her silken hair. She kissed her three children as she left them in the charge of old Janet, a servant, who had never been absent from her a day since her birth. Her dark blue eyes rested for a moment most lovingly upon Lilla, the pet canary, who was enlivening the house with songs, and then she tripped off as lightly as though she herself were a bird.

The three children, Florence, Eugenia, and Ernest, then sat down on the carpet, and amused themselves with their toys and books. The latter, which contained many pictures of animals and birds, were a source of great amusement and enjoyment to their young minds, just catching indistinct and feeble glimpses of the wonders of the earth and sky.

"What a beautiful bird that must be!" eagerly exclaimed Florence, as she pointed one out in the book to her little brother. "Oh! I wish that we had it here alive."

"It *is* pretty, but not half so pretty as our Lilla," said little Ernest.

"Oh no!" said Florence, "no bird ever was so pretty as Lilla. Forgive me, Lilla," said she, going up to the cage, "for wishing any other bird here when *you* are so dear and so good."

The canary seemed perfectly satisfied with this apology, and hopped about full of gleeful song.

"I wish Lilla was out of the cage for a few minutes," said Eugenia; "it would be so pleasant to have it for company while mother is gone."

"We can take it out, and then put it back again, just

as mother does," said Florence ; and accordingly she let Lilla out of its cage, and it flew about joyfully from one object to another, warbling its sweetest melodies, to the unbounded gratification of the children.

Just as they were deciding to return it to its cage, old Janet came in and left the door open, and the bird, taking advantage of its liberty, flew out upon the lower branch of a tree in the rear of the house. Florence seized the cage and ran out after it, crying, "Dear Lilla, *do* come back—it will *kill* mother if you don't," and then with sobs and cries she offered it its accustomed food ; while Eugenia gave way to her grief, and stood silently apart, wiping away the flowing tears, which seemed as if they would never cease. Little Ernest, as he was seated on the ground by the cage, could only lisp, "Sweet, good Lilla, don't go—don't go."

In vain were all their cries and entreaties—in vain their despair, for the bird left the tree and flew towards the forest, and they followed it on, *on*, *on* into the very heart of the wild-wood ; and at last, when by alighting almost on the ground, they thought they were sure of it, it suddenly, almost from their very grasp, soared majestically out of their sight. Words cannot adequately paint the utter sorrow and despair which settled upon the children's hearts, as with the tenantless cage they sadly turned their steps homeward. Little, childish, evanescent sorrows they had had, but this was *their first great sorrow*—a foretaste of the bitter chalice, which their lips must often press, if for any length of time they should travel earth's thorny path.

"What will mother say?" burst from the lips of Florence, as she sank on the grass with bitter apprehen-

sions of her mother's distress and loneliness at the loss of her favorite.

Although the children loved it dearly, they knew nothing of the strong links of hallowed memory and association which made Lilla deservedly a favorite with its mistress. They only knew she *did* love it intensely, and watched over its welfare from day to day with untiring solicitude and care. For the present we will leave them on their sorrowful return, and sketch a few of the leading incidents of the mother's life.

CHAPTER II.

LEONORE ST. JOHN was the only child of parents in affluent circumstances, who resided in the romantic city of New Haven. They were noted for their hospitality and benevolence, as well as the graces of high religious and intellectual culture. Had not Mrs. St. John been a woman of strong mind and excellent judgment, the young Leonore might have been spoiled by the lavish praises bestowed on her beauty. But her mother's lessons counteracted all evil influences on that subject, for she truthfully and gently instilled into her mind, that there was no enduring beauty save that of the mind—that "the beautiful lives in the depths of the soul"—that the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" never grew dim by the mists and trials of time. And so Leonore learned to drink daily at the fount of true beauty and joy, and she grew up in all the freshness and dew of a holy, religious trust, while her mind was expanding in the sunshine of science and literature. Well was it for her, that

a gentle and yet strong-minded mother had thus early sown the good seed in the heart, and prepared it for the hour of conflict and of trial, for that hour soon came.

When Leonore was in her sixteenth year, her father died suddenly, and through the perfidy and flight of a friend in whom he had trusted, the wife and daughter were left almost destitute. One by one the friends of their prosperity dropped off from their society, and failed to recognize them whenever they met; yes, they who had clustered round the hospitable board of Mr. St. John, and who had ever been greeted with a heartfelt, earnest welcome, now scarcely noticed the downfall of his family from the high station they once occupied. How Leonore and her mother sorrowed for the death of him who was the sole attraction of earth to them! But Mrs. St. John lifted her weeping eyes to heaven, still radiant with the clear light of a serene and hopeful faith, for she "knew in whom she had trusted," and she set herself, with the energy which was her predominant characteristic, to the work of gaining an honest living by her own industry. Happily for her, she understood housekeeping in all its details, although it was a long time since she had undertaken to perform them all alone. With the assistance of a kind friend, she hired a suitable tenement, and advertised for boarders. Hard as was the parting, she and Leonore left their elegant mansion, endeared to them by holy ties of the past, and went to their new home to engage in the arduous duties of housekeeping and taking boarders. There was one who was faithful to the very last, and that was old Janet, who had lived many years with Mrs. St. John, and in the day of her trials clung closer than ever.

"You need not say any more to me, ma'am," she sobbed out, as Mrs. St. John urged her to accept of an advantageous situation which had been offered her. "I have lived with you ever since Miss Leonore was born, and you have always been so good to me, I *can't* leave you *now*."

Mrs. St. John was inexpressibly moved. "God bless you, Janet," she said; "as long as we have a home you shall share it with us."

And Janet was a great assistance in the large family over which her mistress presided, for her advertisement had gathered a number under her roof, who were happy to be members of her family. They were mostly students, young men, who looked up to her as to a mother, for advice and instruction. Mrs. St. John preserved the same courtesy and dignity in waiting upon the table, and in all her household arrangements, which had so strongly marked her when she moved in aristocratic circles. She and Leonore were happy, for they were doing their duty nobly; and they would have been perfectly so, could they have had the beloved head of the family with them. Leonore had been early taught that labor was a duty that she owed to herself, as well as a command of God, and she assisted her mother cheerfully in every department of labor.

As their boarders increased, Mrs. St. John hired a stout girl, and Leonore went a short distance from home every day, to learn dress-making, thinking it would be eventually more profitable for them. There, in the fashionable shop, she often saw those ladies who had formerly praised her beauty so much—now they did not seem to know her. Thanks to her mother's instruction,

she heeded not their neglect, for she felt that, despite the storms of adversity, she was all, and more than she ever could have been in prosperity. Besides, her education was not wholly neglected. When the business of the day was over, and she had come home into her mother's little room at the back of the house, where they generally sat alone in the evening, and taken her favorite low seat in the corner, there would be heard a low knock, and then a rich, manly voice saying, "Mrs. St. John, may *I* come in?" which interrogation was responded to, not by words, but by Leonore's jumping up from her seat and admitting him. How busy were they then! The centre-table was drawn closer to the grate, and studies were reviewed, and poetry discussed, &c. This was, indeed, an unfading oasis amid the sandy desert of work-day toil, and it sweetened and made light the labors of the ensuing day.

Leonore was an apt scholar, and indeed how could she help learning when the voice of Ernest Walter was gently encouraging her, when his dark, melancholy eyes lighted up with satisfaction at every fresh development of his scholar's mind? How expansive is his forehead, and the masses of black hair fall over it, as he slightly stoops to explain a passage in French to his lovely scholar on her low seat by his side!

It is now nine o'clock. "No more study to-night, Leonore," said her mother, with a sweet smile to herself and Mr. Walter; and so he arranges the table, shakes hands (as is his invariable custom) with the mother and daughter, and then retires to his own room.

Ernest Walter is an orphan, with no relative in the city, and this was the reason why he was rather melan-

choly, and sought the refined society of Mrs. St. John and her daughter; and not only that, but he saw he could be of assistance to Leonore, and divert her mind by introducing the society of books, and by keeping fresh therein her studies, which were not completed at her father's death. He came to Yale College about the time that Mrs. St. John advertised for boarders, and he at once established himself as a member of her well-ordered household. He was poor, but was educated at the expense of an uncle, then a resident of South America. He had fine talents, an amiable disposition, and enlarged devotional feelings, though on account of his parents' death, and his consequent loneliness, his mind had a tinge of melancholy.

Towards the close of a beautiful summer day, he was returning to his boarding-house, but he involuntarily stopped to hear the song of a canary-bird, which was in a cage hung outside of a shop window, labelled "for sale." A young girl was standing by the cage, apparently absorbed in thought, but as she partially turned her head at his approach, he saw that it was Leonore St. John, and that the tears were running rapidly down her cheeks.

"Is this you, Leonore, and sobbing, too?" he anxiously inquired, as he took her hand in his own and drew her towards him.

His kind manner redoubled her tears, and as they turned away and went homewards, she said, "Do not think harshly of me, Mr. Walter, for sobbing here in the street, for I cannot help it. That bird was my own Lilla, my dear father's present when we were all together and so very happy. You can know *how* happy, for *you* have had beloved parents to watch over you and

pray for you." She paused, for the hand that still enclosed hers trembled, and looking up into his eyes, she saw that they were filled with tears. "Forgive me, Mr. Walter, for touching upon such a sad theme, and making you as mournful as myself."

"You are forgiven, Leonore—only after this call me *Ernest*, even though I *am* several years older than yourself, for I once had a sister, innocent and lovely as you are, who called me so. She is sleeping sweetly now amid the flowers of our village church-yard."

"Mr. Walter—*Ernest*, do forgive me for making you so sad, and do not tell mother that I have seen Lilla. Indeed, I think it knew me, and as it carolled forth its sweetest songs for me, I half imagined I was at the dear old home, and my father with us. Do not tell mother, for she will wish to purchase it, and we are not able. Well do I remember our sad parting with it, after father's death," and the tears again gushed forth from her eyes.

Leonore went to her chamber and washed away all traces of tears, and as she sat on her low chair reading that night by the window, her mother suspected not that she had had such cause for disquiet. But hark! what sweet notes float out upon the air, close to the very spot where she is sitting? She gazes out of the window, and her mother also, drawn by the melody, approaches.

"It is Lilla, dear mother, and that explains why Mr. Walter has not come in to see us this evening. Yes, here is my name on the paper in the cage. How good Ernest is!"

"Ernest," echoed her mother; "how long is it since you have given him such a familiar appellation?"

"Only to-night," said Leonore, slightly blushing;

"but, dear mother, he requested me to do so." She then told her mother of their meeting and conversation, and of his sadness.

"I do pity him, and esteem him very highly indeed, Leonore, and you do right to call him Ernest, if he requests it. I wish you *had* such a brother for a protector, when I am gone."

Leonore threw her arms around her mother's neck at this allusion, and Mr. Walter, who had just come in, in time to hear Mrs. St. John's remark, said, "I *will* be a brother to Leonore, and be her protector to the extent of my ability, if you will allow it."

Mrs. St. John pressed his hand warmly, and *looked* the gratitude which she could not speak.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. ST. JOHN was dying—the labors and cares which she had taken upon herself had proved too much for her, although she had borne up steadily and serenely even to the very last. There was a pang which shot across her faithful and loving breast, as she thought of leaving Leonore alone in the world, and she stretched forth her thin, white hand and murmured, "Ernest! why are you not here?"

"Dearest mother," said the pale Leonore, tenderly, "Ernest *will* come—he does not willingly forsake us."

"I *do* believe it, my sweet Leonore; and I commend you to 'the Father of the fatherless,' in all trust and confidence. You may, you *will* have trials, my child, but lean on *His* arm. And should Ernest live to return,

you will have a faithful, loving human heart to rest upon. Kiss me once more, and now farewell, till we meet in the endless home."

Leonore kissed her mother, and with one more feeble pressure of her child's hand, her spirit soared to those calm regions where death, decay, and separation are unknown words in their angel dialect.

And now Leonore was alone—*alone*: how keenly she felt this, as, the night of her mother's burial, she sat in the little room, where her mother, Ernest, and herself had spent such precious hours! As she gave way to the mighty grief of her heart, she had not noticed poor Janet, who was kneeling by her side sharing her grief, nor the silence of the favorite canary. She looked up—yes, there was still left her the faithful heart which had watched over her childhood, and she embraced the old servant again and again. And Lilla—the gift of her father, and still later, her beloved Ernest's gift—*that* was with her to cheer her; but where was the donor?

Where was Ernest? After graduating with honor at Yale, his uncle, to whom he was so much indebted, had sent for him, fearing that he was dying, and Ernest had reluctantly left his home, as he called it, to obey the summons. He and Leonore were sitting as usual in Mrs. St. John's room, Leonore engaged with her studies, when Mr. Walter broke a long silence by saying:

"I must leave here immediately, Leonore, for South America, as I, to-day, have received a letter from my uncle, who is in a very precarious state. Although I have never seen him, yet I love him very much, and feel under the greatest obligations to him. It makes me very mournful, indeed, to leave you and this dear

home, where I have spent such blessed hours. But duty calls, and the sweet home affections and feelings which have again sprung up green and fresh for me beneath this roof, must be torn asunder."

His voice was inexpressibly sad, and as poor Leonore stole a glance at his fine countenance, she saw the tears falling down his cheeks. What could she say to comfort him? She had not till this moment found out that she *loved* her *tutor*—her *brother*, as she had termed him, ever since the memorable evening of their walk; and now the hot tears gushed from her eyelids, and she bowed her face on her hands and wept bitterly. Presently a trembling hand was placed on those auburn curls, which clustered in profusion on her neck, and that same mournful voice said:

"Do you, dear sister, sorrow for my departure? Is it possible that your heart feels for me?" And then, as her sobs redoubled, he added tenderly and sweetly—"Leonore, will you not be to me *more* than a sister? May I not look forward to a happy future, with you as my life-companion?"

Leonore raised her face, all dewy as it was with tears of affection, and her clear, answering glance, fell like sunshine upon the troubled depths of his spirit, while she confidingly placed her little hand within his own. The next morning he took his departure, for his wardrobe was packed the preceding evening, and in the little sitting-room, in the presence of her mother, Leonore received the first kiss of love, of betrothal, and, alas! of separation.

A year had now passed since Mr. Walter left, and one letter only, written soon after his arrival at his un-

cle's, had reached Leonore. That letter stated that his uncle lived but a short time after his arrival—that he had bequeathed to him all of his property—and although he spoke sadly of the present, surrounded as he was by strange faces and mementoes of the departed, yet he spoke most hopefully of the future, when Leonore would be his own, and all the visions of his life be realized.

It was towards the sunset of a bland, autumnal day, that a stranger, with dark hair, quite pale, and of a foreign appearance, was seen walking down one of the principal streets in New Haven. Suddenly a familiar tone arrested his attention, and pausing before a shop, he saw a female closely veiled, but with graceful figure, standing by the counter. "Will you purchase this canary-bird?" she inquired, in a low, almost heart-broken tone, of the proprietor. Ernest Walter, for it was he, stepped gently up by the side of the lady, and whispered, "Leonore." She turned round, gave a cry of delighted joy, as she pronounced the cherished name, "Ernest." It need hardly be said that Lilla, for it was the favorite, was not sold, but joyfully kept by its mistress.

As they were walking along, Ernest said, joyfully, "I have found you, dearest, at last. To-day, as soon as I landed, I went to the home where I left you, but only learnt that your mother was dead, and that you and old Janet had removed. I made inquiries of several of my old fellow-students, but they could give me no information respecting you. With a heart sick with 'hope de-



The Little Birdcage

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

ferred,' I was walking along undecided what to do, when your dear voice arrested my attention. How thankful I am, that we have again met—met to part no more! But how pale and thin you are, my Leonore!"

"We removed," said Leonore, "almost immediately after mother's death, as we were unable to carry on the establishment alone, and that event, and your long absence and silence, brought on a slow, nervous fever, from which I had barely recovered, when dear, old Janet was taken sick from her unwearied watching and anxiety on my account. It was then my turn to take care of her, which I did, most affectionately. In the mean time, sickness and death had diminished our finances, while my health was not good enough to earn sufficient, by my needle, to support us, and so one after another article of furniture was sold; and to-night, I resolved to part, almost with my own existence, in parting with Lilla. Here is our home, Ernest," said she, as they approached a small tenement in the suburbs of the city. They entered, and Janet joyfully received "Mr. Ernest," and welcomed, warmly, the restored favorite.

As Leonore threw aside her bonnet and shawl, Mr. Walter was struck by her altered appearance.

"This will never do," he said; "the roses must again bloom on your cheeks, Leonore."

"But, Ernest, you are not well, surely, for I think you are as much altered as myself."

"Very true, and that makes me recollect that I owe you a recital of the events which have taken place since I left you. My uncle died soon after my arrival, and there were many and embarrassing settlements to make

ere I could come into possession of the property which he willed me. Besides, there was a long-contested law-suit, of which I had to remain and see the issue. My strict attention to business, in order to return as early as possible, and the difference of climate, caused a severe attack of sickness, from which I have but just recovered. Happily, the law-suit was in excellent and honorable hands, and, by the time of my recovery, every thing was adjusted to my satisfaction. One precious letter I received from you, but I was unable to answer it. How often did your image arise to my view, in those hours of death-like sickness! And how many phantoms of fear crowded around my bed-side; fears of your death, of your doubting my affection! *Have* you ever doubted me, Leonore?"

"Never, *never* for a moment," responded Leonore, "although I was fearful of never more meeting you on earth."

Suffice it to say, Ernest Walter and his Leonore were united in a perfect union—such as seldom takes place on earth. Theirs was

"Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and *sympathy of soul*,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence, for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Many wondered that the distinguished Ernest Walter, for he *was* distinguished, as soon as it was known that he had returned rich from South America, should marry a poor girl like Leonore St. John, when so many fair ladies smiled most sweetly upon him. He heeded not their surmises; but not far from the beauteous

banks of the Hudson, he selected a cottage home, knowing Leonore's taste for the country, and adorned it with all that was beautiful and useful, while he, himself, although fitted to adorn the highest ranks of scientific pursuit, labored daily in a seminary of his own founding, to prepare young men for college, and young women for excellence in any station of life which might fall to their lot. He was benevolent, happy, and useful, and there was no tinge of melancholy on his intellectual face. His visions of a happy home have been more than realized, and Leonore was as beautiful as ever—ay, more so—her husband, her children, old Janet, and Lilla, were *her* world of intense love and joy.

CHAPTER IV.

WE left the children sorrowfully retracing their steps homeward with the empty cage. They had but just seated themselves in the sitting-room, when they saw their mother returning with a buoyant step and rosy cheeks, and the light of love dancing from her eyes. The heart of Florence beat rapidly, and she took Eugenia's and Ernest's hands in hers, while tears of sorrow ran down their little faces. Mrs. Walter came in and threw off her bonnet and shawl, then turned with a glowing countenance to meet her children, but was astonished at their silence and tears.

"Mother, dear mother, Lilla has gone," sobbed out Florence, as she knelt at her mother's feet: "I let it out of its cage."

"How *could* you do so, my dear child?" inquired

Mrs. Walter, as she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"Mother, *I* was to blame," said Eugenia, in plaintive tones; "I told sister to do it."

"No, mother, I was old enough to know better than to let it out. Punish *me*, not sister."

"You are both punished, dear children, in the loss of Lilla, for you both loved it. You are too young to understand why I loved it so well, but its loss will make me sad for many weeks and months."

"*Do* forgive us, mother," said Florence, winding her plump, snowy arms around her mother's neck. Leonore drew both her beloved children to her breast, and kissed them fondly, although her lips quivered with suppressed emotion. Neither was little Ernest forgotten, for his mother kissed away the moisture from his black eyes, and smiled sweetly upon him.

The evening of the day that had been so beautiful set in with a cold storm, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter, as they drew towards the glowing blaze of the wood-fire, thought of their favorite, and so did the children, who sat silent and dejected. Neither books nor play had a charm for them. They watched their mother, when she was not aware of it, and saw the silent sorrow struggling for utterance. When she put them to bed, she caressed them again and again, and when she had left them, they cried themselves to sleep. When Leonore went down stairs, she heard the "pitiless pelting" of the storm; she saw the empty cage; the tears welled up from their fount, and like a weary bird, she sought a place for repose and shelter, even her husband's heart, and as he folded her in a tender embrace, she murmur-

ed, "Dearest Ernest, you will not chide me, I know, that my tears flow for Lilla, when I think of the happy homes its voice has made even yet more joyful—when I think of the blessed dead, whose memory, by countless ties, is linked with that of our lost bird—when I think of the many hours of *your* absence, which its songs have enlivened—when I associate its melody with our children's sports and happiness. But I will mourn no more; you and the dear children are with me—old Janet still lives to enjoy much of life, and although Lilla's brief and beautiful existence is cut short, we will so live, that *our* days on earth may be filled with song and praise, to be resumed in celestial strains above."

"You are right, my Leonore, and I blame no one for strong attachments, even to inanimate things. The flower, which was bestowed as a memento of love, may be cherished, even though faded—the tree, whose foliage has been hallowed by revelations of friendship or devotion, is a sacred thing—and the moss-grown rock, upon which have been seated kindred beings, is as holy as a shrine. Our deserted cage shall teach us a solemn lesson. Soon our spirits will leave these frail bodies, even as our bird forsook its prison, and soar upwards to a holier realm, to be reunited to our loved ones." A smile of holy joy beamed on their countenances as they retired for the night, and as they gazed upon their children, they saw the crystal tears still on their cheeks, a memento of their suffering and repentance. Even in sleep, they were calling—"Lilla."

The next morning was as calm as though there had been no storm; and Mrs. Walter's sweet face, also, bore

no evidence of the storm of sorrow. Just after breakfast, old Fido, the house-dog, came in with the lifeless body of the "favorite." The parents controlled their feelings, but the children were overcome completely, and cried aloud. They buried the bird on a little flowery knoll, where the voices of singing birds seemed to chant a requiem over the grave of the canary. The children often visited the spot,—and this one example of disobedience, and its attendant sorrow and repentance, deterred them ever after from any similar offence, and they grew up affectionate and excellent beings, the pride and joy of their parents. Florence, Eugenia, and Ernest have long since been acquainted, by their mother, with the history of the "Favorite;" and never have they forgotten their mother's tears and silent sadness, when informed of "the Favorite's escape."

TO OUR FRIENDS, AT PARTING.

BY MISS E. F. FORD.

My dearest friend, I bring to thee
Some simple lines; not poetry:
To me that art doth not belong,
I am no favored child of song.

In vain I tune my feeble lyre,
Or wish to breathe poetic fire:
The muses all refuse their aid,
Nor will assist a hapless maid.

Yet still I know thou'lt lend an ear
My short and simple strain to hear;
And if no merit it can claim,
My muse, not I, must bear the blame.

For I would willingly rehearse
Thy praises in far nobler verse,
And weave a lay as bright for thee
As heaven's ethereal canopy.

How many happy days we've past,
Nor deemed they were too fair to last!
We cared not for the passing hours,
For they to us brought only flowers.

We had not learned the fairest day
Doth much the quickest flee away,
And that the flowers of eve and morn
Are each provided with a thorn.

Such ignorance must have an end,
As it has had with us, my friend :
For we have learned, (and who has not ?)
That happiness is ne'er our lot.

And now the hour that all doth fear,
The parting hour approacheth near ;
In vain I would my feelings tell,
I think of nothing but farewell.

Farewell ! farewell ! and can it be
That I must bid farewell to thee ?
'Tis even so : but from my heart
Sweet thoughts of thee shall ne'er depart.

Whate'er thy fate, whate'er thy lot,
By me thou'lt never be forgot ;
And in return, I'll ask of thee,
Sometimes to give a thought to me.

THE END.

